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OLD SERIES VOL. XXI.

NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

No. 1.

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Yours truly  
Charles Phillips



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MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES PHILLIPS, D. D., LL.D.

BY RICHARD H. BATTLE, ESQ.

*Brethren of the Alumni Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

SOON after the death of Dr. Charles Phillips it was intimated to me, as the wish of some of those nearest to him, that, as one who had long been his friend, I should prepare an address on his life and character, to be delivered here on some proper occasion. Though this expression of a wish was gratifying to me, and it was my pleasure to do all I could in memory of one who held so high a place in my affection and esteem, my reply was that it seemed to me more appropriate that some other friend, not connected with him as I was, should perform this labor of love. Thereupon Col. Wm. J. Martin, of Davidson College, his associate as professor here and at Davidson, and one much better qualified than myself, was selected and readily undertook to prepare such a memorial address. A few weeks ago, however, he notified the President of the University



that his health was such that, with his regular duties as a college professor, he found himself unable to do, to his own satisfaction, what he had undertaken, and the Faculty unanimously, as I am informed, elected me to take his place and prepare the address for this occasion. The question of delicacy was thus settled for me by gentlemen whom I could not but think well qualified to judge of such matters, and my appearance before you to-day, under the circumstances, seems to me a duty for which I need not further apologize.

I trust it will not appear that my estimate of the characteristics of the head and heart of our friend has been unduly influenced by my connection (by marriage) with him. I shall, at least, have endeavored to avoid any influence on that account, and to correct my own opinions I have sought those of others whose only relation to him was that of friendship or intimate acquaintance.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Phillips dates from the Summer of 1844, when he became a tutor in the University, my father having removed to Chapel Hill the Summer before. For three years of my college course, beginning in 1850, he was my teacher, and becoming tutor here myself in January, 1855, we were in daily association as members of the Faculty for three and a half years. From that time until he was removed from us by death I knew him well from correspondence and occasional visits. In what I shall have to say of his boyhood and its surroundings I have sought the help of one who knew all about them, and if I use some of the very language of my helper, I am sure you will be the gainers thereby.

When a great man falls in the midst of his usefulness, and dies with his harness on, the shock to the public at large and to his casual acquaintances is much greater than it would have been had he died after lingering sickness, by which he had long been retired from the popular gaze, and the expressions of the sense of the public loss, and the eulogies pronounced upon him are much stronger and more enthusiastic in consequence

of this shock. Dr. Phillips, before his death, was confined to his house, in enforced inactivity, for nearly eleven years, almost continuously, by painful disease, and, therefore, when, in May of last year, his death was announced, only those to whom he was personally dear were greatly shocked, and the notices of the event in the public prints were generally tame in comparison with what they would have been had he died suddenly or after a short sickness. Had his labors and his usefulness continued to the end of those long years of disease, to the lips of many of us would have risen the words which burst from King David when Abner, Saul's great captain, fell, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man is this day fallen in Israel!" For without doubt, intellectually and morally, Charles Phillips was a great man, and the State and the cause of education and religion lost much when he passed from the stage of action.

Charles Phillips was born in Harlem, New York, on the 30th day of July, 1822. His father, the late James Phillips, D. D., was an Englishman by birth and education, the son of Rev. Richard Phillips, minister of the Established Church in the parish of St. Roche. He held the Professorship of Mathematics in this Institution from May, 1826, to March 14th, 1867, when he died, as you know, suddenly on the rostrum in Gerrard Hall, within a few yards of where I now stand. President Swain, so long his associate here, thus wrote of his death and of him: "At his post, with his harness on, his recitation-room key and Pierce's Plane and Solid Geometry in his hand, prepared to begin the day's work with prayer, the last sound in his ears the familiar tones of the college bell, the last sight the students assembling for morning worship, he passed away. A better, nobler, braver man I have never known."

Dr. James Phillips remained an Englishman all his days and bequeathed many characteristics of his nationality to his children. With him life was duty. His faith, principles and practice were those of a Presbyterian minister of "the most straitest sect of that religion," notwithstanding his early train-

ing in the Church of England. His aim was to be in constant communion with his God. Who, that was here with him, was not impressed with the fluency, the fervor and the pathos of his prayers as uttered on yonder rostrum? Surely, if all who venture to conduct prayers in public were possessed of his gift in that way, those of us who contend for written forms of prayer would be deprived of much of our argument. An "*inexorable mathematician*," as Governor Swain expresses it, he was also a very ripe scholar in the ancient and modern languages and in general literature. The boys of our day greatly honored him. Perhaps they were not as regardful of the *amenities* as the young gentlemen who now fill their places, and they had nicknames by which their instructors were known among them; but I venture to assert that the name "John Bull," or "Old Johnnie," by which the elder Dr. Phillips was called in the private rooms or on the campus, as denoting his English birth, indicated no disrespect for him on the part of those who used it, as did not that of "Old Fatty," by which the son was called on account of his tendency to corpulency, and either name now mentioned in a company of those who were students here thirty or forty years ago would almost bring the tears of affection to the eyes of many as most vividly recalling the college memories of these departed friends. The mother of Charles Phillips was Julia Vermeule, the cultivated daughter of a New Jersey farmer of Dutch descent, and the sister of Rev. Dr. Cornelius Vermeule, then of Harlem. James Phillips was teaching school in Harlem when he was married and until he removed with his little family to Chapel Hill. Charles was his oldest child, and with his brother and sister was early initiated into a course of home teaching where the thoroughness required and the strictness of discipline were such as we can form but little idea of now, the modern school being ruled almost entirely by *moral suasion*, so called. It remains to be proved whether the present system will produce greater or better divines, orators, lawyers, politicians, physicians,

or *business men* than those who, educated under the old system, have made our country and our State what they are to-day. I do not know how it is, though I freely admit that those better qualified to judge than I are fully persuaded "the new is better." The conservatism of some of us older men inclines us to think the pendulum has swung too far. It was then understood that there was "no royal road to learning." *Per angusta ad angusta* was the maxim of those days. The road, if not yet a royal one, is much smoother now, and the willing traveller gets along faster, if his muscles are not strained and hardened as they were then. It is certain that James Phillips and his wife, after they came here, and the education of their three children became one of their principal objects in life, never thought to make learning easy to them, and whether their vigorous young minds were stimulated by fear of the birch, as I suspect to have been the case, or not, I know they received their training of the old-school, vigorous sort at the hands of their parents, and certainly I do not know in this generation, which is succeeding theirs, a family so well equipped for professional or literary life as were these three children of Dr. James Phillips and Julia his wife.

Our inland towns and villages sixty years ago were isolated to a degree hardly imaginable in these days of rapid transit and telegraphic communication; and Chapel Hill, up here in the hills, not a county seat and accessible only by execrable roads, and with a peculiar *regime* demanded by the college, was especially isolated. Few North Carolinians had then been trained for college professorships, and the Faculty consisted, largely, of Northern or foreign-born men, with no ties or relationships in the South; and being cut off by their isolation from forming even much acquaintance in the State, they remained a community *sui generis*. The village of Chapel Hill, not yet grown to very large proportions, had a population of only three or four hundred and showed little tendency to grow. When I first saw it, in 1843, I remember but

one house that looked as if it had been built within twenty years. Two or three stores, such as you now find at country cross-roads, supplied the frugal citizens with sugar, molasses, coffee, candles, and what they needed to wear, besides a few nicknacks and "notions"; while from two or three shelves in the doctors' little shops were supplied all the medicines they used. Before what is now Mr. Watson's hotel, without the *splendid* addition made by Miss Nancy Hilliard, of stuccoed brick, to accommodate President Polk and part of his Cabinet at the Commencement of 1847, swung the sign of "The Eagle Hotel," and in the street in front of Mrs. Thompson's boarding-house, at the top of a tall post, could be seen a large white sign-board with "Union Hotel" painted in large black letters. (I remember wondering, the first time I saw it, phonetic speller that I was, whether *onions* were the principal article of diet there). A small house, with a little belfry and bell, where the Presbyterian church now stands, and known as the "Village Chapel," was the only building for public worship outside of the college campus, and there on Sunday nights and in vacation the good people heard any minister who chose to occupy its pulpit. During the college sessions all the preaching was done in Person Hall until Gerrard Hall, a stately structure for that day, took its place. Chapel Hill was a little world to itself. The families of the Faculty, with a very few others, constituted their own society, and their children grew up under all the disadvantages attendant upon such a condition of things. Of the society of the outside world with its conventionalities and influences, at once restraining and expanding, they could know but little. At the annual Commencements only, when some of the magnates who constituted the Board of Trustees, and their fair daughters and their young friends, came in family coaches, did they have a glimpse of the grandeur and fashion to be found elsewhere. Books, indeed, were here, and more plentiful than elsewhere in North Carolina; but books for children, scarce in those times everywhere, were



especially scarce here. Few school-books even were to be had, because there was no village school, and the children were taught by their parents, or not taught at all.

The elder Dr. Phillips had an educated Englishman's prejudice for Greek and Latin as the substructure of all education. As soon as his children could read fluently he put them into the Latin Grammar, and as soon as they had read "*Historia Sacra*" and "*Cæsar's Gallic War*," they were introduced to Fisk's Greek Grammar and the "*Græca Minora*." The history of our own country and of that from which we derive our laws and civilization was postponed to the study of Mythology and Ancient Geography; and, by the way, Ancient Geography and Latin Prosody continued to be the *pontes asinorum* of applicants for admission into college, to my day. English Grammar was excluded altogether. Dr. Phillips taught his children at the odd times when he laid aside his own studies and was free from the punctilious discharge of his college duties, and long after other children were in bed and asleep, his boys would be rehearsing the tale of "*Pius Æneas*," or construing the Roman historians. The only school they attended was the Sunday-school, established and taught by the ladies of the Faculty, and probably the first ever organized in the State. It was held in Person Hall, until the erection of the village chapel, the only gathering place for religious and academical exercises. The forms and doctrines of the Presbyterian Church prevailed, that being the only denomination organized here then. Dr. Phillips himself was the superintendent for several years, and there are gray-haired men about here yet who recall his activity and zeal in this service.

And when the father was at college the mother was ready to supplement his work. She had in full measure the Puritan notion that it was half a sin to be amused. The reading of a story-book was an indulgence seldom allowed. She introduced her children to Shakespeare, and read his historical plays to them before they were in their "teens" and gave them thus their first glimpses of English History. She had the *Paradise Lost* and

Cowper and Young and Goldsmith and Gray largely by heart, and repeated or read their choicest pages freely to her young hearers. For *Sunday-reading* (and the distinction was strictly observed), they had Bunyan, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Sherwood and a considerable collection of religious biographies. Novel-reading was held to be a sinful waste of time. Household games of all sorts were frowned upon and cards were not to be thought of. If children must have recreation, there was "all out-of-doors."

That this training was too strict and too exclusive is manifest to us all now; and in after life home education, as compared with that of the schools, had no very warm advocate in Dr. Charles Phillips. He thought it tended to conceit, to undue self-assertion and arrogance, fostered ignorance of much that boys should know, and gave a narrow estimate of men and things. He often deplored the lack of appreciation of other people's opinions, the dogmatic temper, and disposition to override which he remembered to have characterized himself in early life. These traits, which in truth are apt to beset, and in some degree to mark all teachers, he averred were in him, largely due to his singularly exclusive home training. And yet, we may be sure, and results proved, that it was not an unwholesome atmosphere he lived in. When books were closed, the boys had unrestricted enjoyment of all that the woods hereabouts could do for them; and we are to imagine a very different state of things in these woods fifty or sixty years ago from the present, when, perhaps, you may tramp all day without seeing a single squirrel or a wild turkey. Game was plentiful in the thirties, deer being not infrequently brought in by the older hunters, to the admiration of the younger ones.

There was much hearty and healthful *camaraderie* among the Chapel Hill boys. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, they dressed and fared pretty much alike, and with their faithful dogs they bore each other company, under equal skies, in happy hours of hunting or fishing or going-in-a-washing or



skating or of bandy or "town-ball" or marbles. The life was wholesome, and Dr. Phillips would recall its scenes with glee to his latest years. He grew up, under such influences, a bright, active, aggressive boy, who generally took the lead and kept it, in all his pursuits. He received more knocks and bruises than most of his comrades, but was not unhappy in such proofs of his prowess. Passionate and quick in general, sturdy in defence of his rights or his opinions, he was a boy of a large nature and a warm heart. Then and through life, he seems to have had for his motto, "*Whatever you are, be it,*" with the addition "*Whatever you do, do it.*" That he was an expert in the sports of his youth was shown on one occasion many years after, when I was a college boy and he had been a teacher in the University for about ten years, having long since acquired the nickname to which I have alluded. Well do I remember it and my surprise and that of my fellow-students who were present. It was during a long cold spell, when the ponds were thick frozen over for weeks, and on a Saturday or a skating holiday, granted us on solemn petition, half of the college was on the large mill-pond near the Oxford or Durham road, when Prof. Charles Phillips appeared on the bank with long-unused skates in his hand. At once the attention of us all was called to it, and we were all expectation to see what he would do and how he would do it. His skates were soon adjusted and he was on his feet. Some who had, within a day or two before, "stood the hour out" at his blackboards, may have hoped for his failure and ignominious fall; but I believe the majority of us were chivalrous enough to tremble for his success. We did not have to wait long; for, with perfect confidence that he had not lost the accomplishment of his boyhood, and in entire disregard of his 250 pounds of avoirdupois, he struck out fearlessly from the shore and sped like a bird across the pond. A shout of genuine admiration arose from a hundred throats, and most of us, in our hearts, confessed him as much our master there as in the

recitation room. He was one of the few who did *not* measure their length on the ice that day. He had lost nothing of the art he had acquired twenty-five years before.

Charles Phillips entered the Freshman class in this University when he was nearly fifteen years old. He held a high rank in his studies all the way through, dividing the first honors of his class with his brother and two or three others, and delivering the valedictory at their graduation, in 1841. Though the college records show the *first-honor* men to have been reckoned as equal in scholarship, I have heard it said, by those who ought to know, that in mathematics and the scientific branches, at least, he was recognized as *primus inter pares*. The class of 1841 was the largest that had ever graduated here up to that time and for twelve years thereafter. Forty-three were granted diplomas as Bachelors of Arts; and in their Sophomore year their number had been sixty-four, only twenty-five less than the catalogue of the whole college showed two years before. And the quality of the class was equal to its size. Few of its members could have fallen below mediocrity, while many of them achieved merited fame in after life.

There was the gallant Frank P. Blair, Jr., a "jolly good fellow," though not much of a student and not remaining to graduate, a Major General in the Union army in the war between the States, a United States Senator from Missouri and a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Horatio Seymour. Then there was John W. Ellis, successively a Judge of our Superior Courts and Governor of the State, and dying in office just twenty years from his graduation. There was Samuel Hall, then a North Carolinian, but who died two or three years since, the Chief Justice of Georgia. There was Judge Jesse Shepherd, one of the best of men, who died at middle age, but after years of honorable service on our Superior Court Bench. There was Wm. J. Clarke, a precocious youth when here, a gallant Captain and Brevet Major in the Mexican War, a Colonel of North Carolina troops in the

Confederate army, and a Judge of our Superior Courts. There was Thomas Ruffin, of Franklin, for many years a member of the United States Congress from the Goldsboro District, resigning his seat to enter the Confederate army and dying in 1863, at the front, from wounds received at the head of the regiment he led as its Colonel. There was Samuel H. Walkup, of Union, the Whig candidate for Congress in the Charlotte District in 1860; and who, also, was the gallant leader of a North Carolina regiment. There was David Coleman, of Buncombe, a bright lad of thirteen when he came, compelled by sickness to leave and return for graduation in the next class, serving for a time in the United States Navy, a gallant Colonel in the Confederate army, a learned lawyer and a useful member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875. There was Angus R. Kelly, who left a lucrative practice in this State to reap a large professional harvest at the Bar in Alabama before his death. There was Robert Strange, Jr., graduating under eighteen years old, a paymaster in the Mexican war, a member of the Legislature and of the Secession Convention of 1861, for many years the Solicitor of the Wilmington circuit, an able lawyer, an accomplished orator and the very model of a Christian gentleman. There was Robert R. Bridgers, a *first-honor* man, whether as lawyer, farmer, legislator or railroad president, always a leader. There was John F. Hoke, Adjutant General of the State during the late war, but resigning to serve as Colonel of a regiment in the field, an astute lawyer and effective advocate. There was Richard B. Haywood of Raleigh and Richmond Pearson of Anson, honored and beloved physicians. There was Francis M. Pearson, brother of Richmond, the orator of the class at graduation, who ran a brilliant, if a little erratic, course at the Bar and in politics in Texas. There were the Dancy brothers, John S. and William F., the latter a leading scholar and dying young, both acceptably representing Edgecombe in the State Legislature, and the former one of the first presidents of the North

Carolina Agricultural Society. There was Archibald H. Caldwell, whom many thought the equal of his distinguished father, Judge D. F. Caldwell, the terror of evil-doers on his circuit a generation ago. There was James A. Long, successively lawyer and journalist. There was Samuel B. McPheeters, of never-failing wit and good humor, as a youth and as a man, for many years before his death—a death too early for the sinning humanity for whose welfare he labored—an eloquent preacher and influential Presbyterian minister and Doctor of Divinity. All these have finished their course on earth. And there was John H. Dillard, one of the *first-honor* men during the year or two he was here, one of our Supreme Court Judges, and, though compelled by feeble health to resign from the Bench after a short term of service, recognized as an able and impartial jurist, and now enjoying, in a rare degree, the reverence and affection of the Bar of the State, a LL.D. of his *alma mater*. There was Thomas Badger Wetmore, also a leading scholar, then of Fayetteville, now a leader at the Bar in Alabama. There was William J. Hawkins, M. D., a man of rare capacity for business, long the efficient President of the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad Company, and recently made President of the Citizens' National Bank of Raleigh, and his brother, John D. Hawkins, a successful planter in Mississippi and commission merchant in New Orleans. There was Montfort McGehee, Esq., now of Raleigh, who served the people of Person faithfully and well in the Legislature and the people of the State as Commissioner of Agriculture, an accomplished, scholarly gentleman. There was Vardry McBee, of Lincoln and Stephen Graham, of Duplin, eminent for their virtues and intelligence as citizens, who have not sought public office, the latter the only representative of the class at the reunion of the alumni a year ago. There was James H. Viser, a *first-honor* man, and remarkable for the ease with which he acquired knowledge, an able practitioner of the law, successively in Mississippi and Kentucky, but who does not seem to

have sought the honors of public life. There was James A. Dilk, LL.D., a minister of the Gospel and professor in a female college of high reputation in Georgia; and there was Samuel F. Phillips, LL.D., brother of Charles, a *first-honor* man, though graduating at seventeen (a little younger than Strange, Coleman and James F. Taylor), who, after enjoying many honors in this State, was for twelve years Solicitor General of the United States, and now, as member of the Supreme Court Bar at Washington, is generally recognized as fully the peer of any on its Bench.

Such was the class of 1841, and I may have omitted some who have made their mark in the world. The Faculty of 1890 will pardon the suggestion that if they and their successors can manage to turn out one such class every ten years there need be no further fears for the future of this institution from the failure of sufficient appropriations for its support. The influence of such a succession of alumni will be potential enough to provide against that. With such men Charles Phillips competed successfully for college honors, and had he at once chosen one of the professions in which distinction in the eyes of the world is generally won, he never, while health lasted, could have been behind the foremost of them. While he might not have developed, with that impetuous nature of his, the cool judgment which has characterized some of the most successful in after life, take it for all in all, I have been assured by their contemporaries here, his was considered the most vigorous mind of the class, and his energy would have more than made up for want of coolness. I hope the survivors now will not think I take an unpardonable liberty in making comparisons among boys of half a century ago.

It is not surprising, in view of this early promise, that many years after, when at one of the General Assemblies of his church, he met Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, then perhaps the most distinguished Presbyterian minister in the country, that that great divine was so struck with the vigor of



his intellect and his wide range of accurate information that he said, with emphasis, to one of the older members from North Carolina, "How have you kept this man Phillips hid? His brains are as big as his body!" A no small compliment, as our friend had about that time attained his greatest physical proportions. The war which followed soon after and the chaos it brought in its train for Southern teachers, the closing of the University for a season, and occasional attacks of severe sickness, which gradually became chronic, prevented the spread of his growing reputation as one of our greatest thinkers, and deprived other great men of the country of forming a like estimate of his capacity and attainments. He was then splendidly equipped for the race for honorable distinction in the ministry, to which he was soon to be admitted; but fortune opposed his winning it. The war came on when his powers were at their zenith, and *inter arma literæ legesque silent*. Then, too, the preacher of the Gospel of Peace could make but little impression except at the bedside of the sick and the dying; and he who preached war and prophesied success when the clouds about us were dark, alone could attract the attention of the excited public. But I anticipate.

Charles Phillips was a member of the Dialectic Society and was faithful in the discharge of the duties required of its members, though it does not seem that he ever cultivated the graces of oratory. His career in college was interrupted by a long and almost fatal illness with pleurisy or pneumonia from which, it is probable, his constitution never wholly recovered, though he always retained a somewhat florid complexion and presented the appearance of perfect health. Soon after graduation he began the study of medicine under the direction of the late Dr. Johnston B. Jones, so long and favorably known here and at Charlotte as an accomplished physician and then recently returned from a medical course in Paris and settled at Chapel Hill. But after a year or two our medical student was diverted from his chosen profession. Being on a visit to

his class-mates, Samuel B. McPheeters and Wm. J. Clarke, in Raleigh, in the Spring of 1842, during a revival in the Presbyterian church, conducted by the late Rev. Drury Lacy, D. D., of blessed memory, his mind and heart underwent that change rightly termed a *conversion*. For, from seeking only the things of time, he began to think of eternity, and he became, and ever afterwards continued to be, a devoted Christian. Soon he resolved to become a minister of the Presbyterian Church and entered on a course of study to that end. In the Summer of 1843, in company with his friend McPheeters, he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary. There he pursued the study of theology, in all its branches, for a year with great zeal, success and delight. In answer to a letter of inquiry about his career at the Seminary, a member of the Faculty informs me that he was a class-mate and friend of the distinguished Dr. A. A. Hodge, and left the highest reputation for ability behind him. Before he had been in the Seminary a year he was elected to the Tutorship of Mathematics in this University, as successor to the late Ralph Graves, Sr. His illness while in college had left a weakness in one of his lungs which gave his friends concern, and they strongly urged him to lay aside his intention to preach for awhile and return to Chapel Hill and assist his father in teaching mathematics. Doubtless President Swain, who always entertained the highest opinion of his ability and worth, and knew how valuable an assistant he would be to him in the Faculty, had a hand in the movement, though he did his part of the work, good politician that he was, through the anxious father and others. With great reluctance Mr. Phillips yielded to these solicitations and accepted the appointment. His intention was merely to defer his theological training, and he never abandoned his purpose to preach. Enthusiastic as he became as a teacher of mathematics he was always an ardent student of the Bible and of other learning required to make a theologian. His *heart* was ever in the ministry, and all the while he would greatly



have preferred the pulpit to the teacher's rostrum, though to him the functions of the teacher of youth were very noble, second only to those of the preacher. Well do I remember the emphasis with which he said in my presence when I was a little boy, "I would rather be a teacher with a torn shirt, than a lawyer with an income of \$10,000 a year!" But as he grew older, and realized more and more the blessedness of ministerial work, he deplored that he had suffered himself to be diverted so long from the sacred ministry to even so useful and noble a profession as that of the teacher of young men; and in the last year of his life he declared he would rather preach to the poorest and most obscure country church, than to be hailed as the greatest mathematician of the age. This from one whose life was as useful as his, points a moral not lightly to be disregarded: that, in the choice of a profession, as in other momentous decisions in life, a man should follow the dictates of his own heart and conscience rather than mere policy, or even, as he did, the advice of friends.

In old times the college year was divided into two equal terms of four and a half months each, one beginning about the middle of July and the other, the middle of January. Mr. Phillips began his service as tutor here in July, 1844. In 1853 the Chair of Civil Engineering was established and he was elected professor of the department. He spent the Summer and Fall at Harvard in the study of the growing science of engineering, and in communion with Mr. Pierce and other great mathematicians, and in January, 1854, he entered on the duties of his professorship. While still tutor and afterwards he lectured to the Junior Class on Natural Philosophy or Physics as it is now termed, and conducted experiments in electricity, magnetism, etc. His new department was an elective course, the first interruption of the old curriculum, and might be taken by Seniors in place of President Swain's department of Political Economy and Constitutional and International Law. Only a few ardent mathematicians and others who

thought of making the building of railroads their life-work, elected to take the engineering course. The Institution grew rapidly in numbers during the decade before the war, and a subdivision of the Junior Class as well as of the two lower classes becoming necessary for the purpose of better instruction, he willingly divided with his father the teaching of higher mathematics, as his department proper admitted. He seldom was off duty during any recitation hour. His scheme of duties was ever of the fullest. In 1860 he was made a Professor of Mathematics, as well as of Engineering, and so continued until the Summer of 1868, when the old *regime* here ended and *reconstruction*, so-called, began to be inaugurated. During all this time he took a full share in the discipline of college, and for many years he was Secretary of the Faculty. Upon him, too, was generally imposed most of the labor of preparing the Annual Catalogues for the printer. Governor Swain, too, frequently called upon him for aid and counsel in the administration of the University, and we can well imagine occasional conflicts between considerations of policy the President sometimes thought it his duty to consult and the stricter notions of discipline of the younger man. All the while, too, his pen was active in the interest of the University. He frequently wrote for the newspapers, and the most spicy accounts of our Commencements and fullest reports of the addresses of our orators and sermons of our preachers were written by him. His labors were incessant. He literally loved to work. The University being closed he had not to look for another place. The Chair of Mathematics was offered him in Davidson College, and in February, 1869, he became a professor in that excellent institution conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. There he labored faithfully for over six years, performing the duties of his chair and serving as Clerk of the Faculty during most of the time of his sojourn. He was also, by the election of the congregation of Davidson College church, "stated supply" in conjunction with other clerical

members of the Faculty. He ever delighted to preach the Gospel when opportunity offered.

When the Trustees of the University met to reorganize it under a new *regime*, and generally with new men, on account of the changes in the methods of instruction, there never was a question but that Dr. Phillips should be recalled, and the Chair of Mathematics was tendered him, as I am informed, with entire unanimity. While he enjoyed the appreciation and esteem of the Trustees and Faculty of Davidson, his heart ever yearned toward his *alma mater* and he gladly hearkened to her voice calling him to come and assist in her upbuilding. I imagine, too, that having so long labored here among and with ministers and laymen of different denominations, fond as he was of his own church and his brethren in it, he had got to prefer the broader religious culture of the State University to that of a denominational college. His sympathies had long been outgrowing church lines, so he came here to teach and preach again at the reopening in the Fall of 1875; and until President Battle assumed the duties of the office he now fills, a year after, Dr. Phillips served as Chairman of the Faculty. When he returned to Chapel Hill, he was only fifty-three years old, and his old friends and admirers (and nearly all of his old pupils were included in their number) hoped that he had many years of vigorous work before him. But the fearful disease—rheumatic gout—from which he had repeatedly suffered was even then strengthening, and before long the attacks became more frequent and violent. Every apprehension was eventually realized; and after a long and painful illness in the latter part of 1878 and the Winter and Spring of 1879, he became convinced that he could not reasonably expect to be able longer to perform the duties of his place according to his own high standard, if at all, and he resigned his chair. The Trustees after learning the opinion of his physicians, saw with sorrow the necessity of accepting the resignation, but in token of their appreciation of what he

had been and done for the University, made him *Professor Emeritus*, and ordered that his name should be continued in the College Catalogue as such. And such he continued to the end.

On December 12th, 1857, Mr. Phillips was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange; but his ordination to the ministry did not take place until April 14th, 1866, when, at New Hope Church in Orange County—a church long under the pastoral charge of his father—he was ordained along with Rev. Calvin H. Wiley, D. D., who, as superintendent did so much for the common school system of this State. Only two years after his ordination, to-wit, at the Commencement of 1868, Mr. Phillips was made a Doctor of Divinity by his *alma mater*, and in 1876 Davidson College, in recognition of his great and varied learning, conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

A few years before he was licensed to preach, the Presbyterian church building had been erected on the site of the old village chapel, and from 1857 to 1868 he served as “stated supply” in that church. During the whole of the time of his service as tutor and professor he taught the Bible as a regular recitation in the college, and for many years he taught in and was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday-school in the village. He also inaugurated, and with his good wife taught a large Sunday-school for the colored people. Such was his reputation as an able theologian that soon after he was licensed to preach he was elected a professor of the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Va., but he declined the position.

Of Dr. Phillips as a teacher up to 1858 I can speak from personal knowledge. In social conversation in those days he often appeared to be impatient of contradiction, or even of difference of opinion from him on the part of his intimates; but as a teacher, his patience with ignorance, and even with the stupidity of those who went to him for instruction out of

the recitation room, seemed to have *no limit*; and so in the recitation room with those who he had reason to think had made an honest effort to prepare the lesson. There his object seemed to be to see whether the students understood the *principles* of the matters in hand, and if not to make them understand. His practice was the opposite of his father's. The latter's object seemed to be to ascertain how well the student had prepared what was in the book, and he called each member of the class to the black-board with impartial regularity, and giving him a proposition from the assigned lesson in the book, graded him according to his accuracy in the result; while Mr. Charles Phillips seldom gave his better scholars a proposition from the book he had studied, but selected analagous propositions from other books; and whether they arrived at the right results or not, he graded them according to the knowledge they showed of the principles involved; and he called them up with such utter disregard of regularity that no one knew when or where his time would come again. To be always ready, and thoroughly ready, was therefore the only safe way for those who had any wish to rank well in the class.

It has been said by some who had the opportunities of judging, that during the last few years of Dr. Phillips' teaching, much of the instruction he gave was beyond the comprehension of any but his best scholars, and that, to use an expressive vulgarism, he shot above the heads of the rest. This may have been so, and it probably was the natural result of his having to deal while Professor of Civil Engineering with those only who had a talent for mathematics and a fondness for it beyond that of most of their fellow-students, and he was, from such association, led to forget how little the average youth knows, or can readily comprehend, the mathematics of the Sophomore and Junior years. Indeed, it has often occurred to me as a danger that is apt to beset a teacher of mathematics or science, that as from long acquaintance it all



becomes more and more familiar and simple to him, he forgets that what is "A B C" to him is "all Greek" to most of the young men he has to instruct; and I venture, with diffidence and all respect, to suggest this as a warning to any young mathematical or scientific teacher in my hearing, as year by year he himself enlarges his horizon in his chosen branch and all the steps stand clear before him, he may forget the difficulties of the way and expect too much of his pupils.

However it may have been with Dr. Phillips in the later years of his life as a teacher, it was the general sentiment in my day here that of all our instructors he was *facile princeps*. It has been a subject of regret to me that my section of our class did not have the advantage of his instruction in the Bible at the Sunday afternoon recitations. His acquaintance with the Scriptures, from long and enthusiastic study of the text and of all the best commentators, was very intimate, and his exegesis must have been most interesting and instructive. It was the testimony of one of my fellow-students, who himself was a leader in what was noblest and best in our college life, that he owed to Dr. Phillips all that he knew of divine truth and the plan, of salvation, and doubtless others could have said the same. We can be very sure that so enthusiastic a teacher of dry mathematics must have been a most inspiring teacher of that which was to him the very word of the living God! He did his full share in the discipline of the college and commanded respect from all, while with the better students he was generally a favorite.

In 1857 Dr. Phillips made his only venture in authorship and published a "Manual of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," a book which seemed to me to show an entire mastery of the subject. Beginning to preach the gospel soon after this work came from the press, he found, between teaching and preaching, no further time for authorship. His style as a writer or speaker was never polished or elegant, but was pointed, forcible and original. As a letter-writer he had few

equals. He could say more on a sheet of note-paper than most men can say on two sheets of fool's-cap; and the manner in which in his short missives to intimate friends he would mingle sage reflections of the philosopher with little bits of village gossip or home news, was most amusing. After the introduction of postal cards, and his health became uncertain, he would sometimes surprise an old correspondent by a card, that contained in his small, neat hand-writing the epitome of what from another would have been a letter of many pages, with wisdom and wit in singular juxtaposition.

I had little opportunity to judge of Dr. Phillips as a preacher. I heard him only once or twice, and then before his pupils and daily associates when there was little to stimulate him. He had arrived at middle age when he began to preach, and it must have been difficult for him to discard in the pulpit the manner of the teacher. He was not an elocutionist or usually even a fluent speaker, and with the demands of his professorship upon him he often had not the time for preparation of a sermon he could have wished, but he ever spoke from a full mind and could not but be instructive. One in every way qualified to judge, who heard him constantly for years here and at Davidson, gives testimony that he was a very *unequal* preacher, as might be expected of one with Dr. Phillips' engagements and uncertain health during the while; but that generally his sermons were thoughtful, suggestive and original, and sometimes *grand*; full of fire, of acute exegesis and of close reasoning. Another, Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, D. D., now of Norfolk, Va., the son of his old friend, Dr. Drury Lacy, who heard him on occasions calculated to stimulate him to speak his best thoughts most strongly, has written me this letter which I need not apologize for giving at length. He says:

"I have the hereditary right, as you suggest, to speak of Dr. Phillips. His father and mine were warm friends and co-presbyters in the 'Presbytery of Orange.' My father and Dr. Charles were still more devoted friends, for it was under my



father's ministry he was led to become a Christian, and to this most tender tie there was added the strong attraction of natures congenial but very dissimilar. My own acquaintance with him was slight comparatively, that is, my personal acquaintance, though his friendship I prized as a most precious legacy. He was a life long correspondent of my father, and I knew him best through those letters of his, which were the stimulus and enjoyment of every one in our home. A letter from Dr. Phillips was a feast for that day, fresh, suggestive, vigorous, affectionate. I had not the advantage of being a pupil of Dr. Phillips. I know nothing personally of him as a teacher, nor did I have that intimate contact of mind with mind which the pupil gains. But losing this, I had, perhaps, the compensating advantage of not being biased by predilection or prejudice as a student may be. With more friendly intercourse, on terms of professional equality, I saw him and knew him as a student might never see him. You may know or remember that Dr. Phillips did not, as most Presbyterians who enter the ministry, pursue a full theological course at a theological seminary. His life at Princeton Seminary was rounded by a year. The briefness of his career under ecclesiastical authority gave a certain character to his ministerial efforts. He was a great, wide reader and student, an original investigator. He did not follow a preceptor and accept a creed taught, but for himself wrought out his system, and was none the less a thorough theologian and broad and firm in his theological views. I myself never heard him preach but twice, once in Raleigh on 'The Scape-goat' (the Atonement), and once in Goldsboro on 'Ye must be born again' (Regeneration), the latter time at a meeting of Synod. I take it the two were fair specimens of his preaching. He was a *great preacher*. He took great themes and discussed them in a grand way. I could not conceive his belittling himself or the sacred desk or the Lord's day, with small, unworthy themes, time-serving or ear-tickling oratory. I remember the first of these sermons as a *boy*, wondering at

the torrent of speech, the solemnity and earnestness of the speaker. The second time I heard him as a minister, with critical and appreciative attention. It was magnificent! Without declamation, there was at times an impetuousness and vehemence that were most impressive. His diction was fine, sometimes ornate and in philosophical phrase, but never so polished but that it would cut and wound. Usually, however, it was simple and at times jagged and rugged, but all the more effective. I always read what he wrote with interest and a sort of kindling and tingling feeling that strong thought strongly expressed awakens. His mind was most broad, his reading covered *a vast range*, and he lived not in the past and in dusty old volumes, familiar as he was with them, but in the present. He read the times, the hearts of men, or rather the thoughts of men, and delighted in fresh themes and fresh treatment of old themes in literature, morals, government, science, sociology as well as ecclesiastic and religious matters. He was not only broad but thorough. His tread was that of a giant wherever he moved. The feeling often came over me whenever I saw him or heard him, or read what he wrote, how full he was, *how little I knew*. I do not mean by this he made any one feel his insignificance, far from it, for he was most courteous and considerate. But that the largeness of his thought and acquisition amazed one. As a letter-writer he was inimitable. Always vivacious, sparkling, effervescent; the very exuberance of feeling and fancy would at times garland the vigorous thought, yet entice to its study and acceptance. There was, too, with all his outspoken candor and plainness of speech, with all his strength and majesty of thought and felicitousness of expression, a tenderness, a deference and affection which was very enchanting. (I speak of his letters to my father). No one could doubt who ever read his letters, or heard him talk, that his piety was real, deep, intelligent, controlling. His knowledge of what divines call 'the plan of salvation,' and of 'law-work,' was very thorough. His sense of sin, his penitence and humil-

ity, his simple faith, his adoring love for the Saviour, were characteristic of him. I have heard my father often name as one of the great sermons he had heard, a sermon of 'Charles Phillips' (as he always called him) on the 'Self-existence of God'—'I am that I am.'"

It may be said that this is the language of eulogy, of one who, as he himself expresses it, speaks of "his own friend and his father's friend"; but it is the language of one incapable of saying anything otherwise than as he thinks it, and of a discriminating judge, one whose ability, learning, zeal and piety, as exhibited in his ministrations for many years to country churches in this State, have made him a Doctor of Divinity and transferred him to the charge of a large and influential congregation in one of the leading cities of the South. "*Laudatus a laudato viro*"! After hearing such language we cannot but ask ourselves, in spite of other disadvantages attending him, what might not our dead friend have *been* and *done* but for the sickness of his last years!

On the 8th of December, 1847, he was married to Miss Laura C. Battle, daughter of Joel Battle, of Edgecombe, and the youngest sister of the late Judge W. H. Battle. He was blessed with a union of great happiness with her for more than forty-one years. While his health lasted it was his pleasure to make her share of the burdens of life as light as possible, and after his health failed it was her chief pleasure to minister to his comfort and relieve the pain with which his body was often racked. It was as far back as the Spring of 1861 that he had the first attack of the disease which, with a recurrence from time to time in different forms, finally put an end, for several years, to his activity and then to his life. He had been in his garden exercising with a spade, and, as he did everything, with his might. A shower came up and he did not at once seek shelter in his house. While still warm from the exercise, he got wet and did not change his clothes. A sharp attack of rheumatism, from which he suffered great agony, was the con-

sequence, and for thirty-eight years, at frequent and increasingly frequent intervals, he had to endure this agony; for the last few years the disease having become chronic as *rheumatic gout*. He might have saved himself some attacks and much suffering by a little prudence, which his wife, his physician, and loving friends enjoined upon him; but he acted as if he thought the body *must be* ever subject to the mind and will, and he *would go* and he *would work* as long as he had the bare physical ability to go to work. But when his system would be overcome and he found himself unable to leave his bed, he would submit without a word and suffer without a murmur. It must have been a great trial to his naturally impatient spirit for him to lie idle when he so longed to be up and at work, teaching or preaching. But perhaps that was just the discipline his fiery, restless temper needed, and how beautifully he submitted to it and how greatly he profited from it! While he had studied mathematics, philosophy and theology so thoroughly he had not before studied *himself*. He had not seen that in his zeal for his own church and his attachment to its doctrines and fellowship, there might be very sincere Christians belonging to other households of faith; that, while he was charitable to lavishness in giving his goods to feed the poor, he sometimes failed in that *charity* which is *kind* in word as well as in deed; and that while he had the courage to give his body to be burned for his religious opinions, he might often want the charity that "is not easily provoked" and "thinketh no evil." As he studied himself he began to amend or eradicate, the faults of his mental and moral constitution. Bigotry began to seem hateful to him, and he could no longer be a religious partisan. His sympathies grew broader and deeper and his feelings, if not his faith, become more *catholic*. The fiery Boanerges was becoming an apostle of *love*. Those who had stood aloof from him, on account of difference in opinion, began to be attracted to him, and anon became his attached friends. He and a High-church Episcopalian brother in the

Faculty here between whom and himself there had seemed to me to be a mutual repulsion, forgot their differences, recognized that there was much in common between them as scholars and Christians, became intimate companions for years, and after they were obliged to separate in 1868 frequently exchanged letters of a most friendly correspondence. Within a short time before his death from old age, Dr. Hubbard, from his home in Raleigh, made a pilgrimage to Chapel Hill, principally, as he said, "to see my friend, Charles Phillips, who is sick and cannot come to see me." How pathetic this sounded to one who had known them in their state of almost armed neutrality. This illustrates the change in the man. It could not but be recognized by all. Ministers of other churches than his own sought his society and were profited by his wisdom. He magnified their points of agreement and minimized their differences. And as with clergymen so with laymen. After he was forced to quit active work he continued to be a voracious, omniverous reader of newspapers and magazines as well as of books of philosophy or theology, and he was a most interesting and instructive companion to all comers. He was a good listener and with those who were like-minded he delighted in repartee. But most of his visitors preferred to hear him talk, and the lounge in his sitting-room was often a teacher's rostrum and his rolling chair a pulpit. In that "rolling chair," as was said of him in a newspaper sketch by a friend soon after his death, "on the front piazza of his house of a summer day, he would hold his levees. White and colored felt the magnetism of his address. To call on Dr. Phillips was part of every stranger's business in Chapel Hill. A talk with him was about the best thing the place had to offer. No old student came and went without going to see him. The old colored man with a long tale of his troubles, or a still longer reminiscence of 'old times,' found him sympathetic, patient, helpful. The society-fine lady forgot her airs and graces and sat by him charmed with the benigntiy and sprightliness of his



discourse.. Young and old gathered around that chair appreciatively."

His last *work* was the teaching of a Sunday Bible-class of young men, students in the University, with a few of the professors, the Spring he died. The Epistle to the Romans, always his favorite book of the Bible, was the study, and it needs no one to tell us with what fervor he set forth its beauties, and with what wealth of thought he expounded its dark passages. His glowing words must linger still in the memories of all the members of that class.

It was a source of joy to him that each of his six children, three sons and three daughters, were active members of his church, and his delight that one of his sons was a successful minister at its altars—doing the work he so grieved to have to give up. But did he ever cease to preach? May not, in the summing up, the last ten years of his life prove to have been most fruitful in good to his fellow-man? Tried in the fire of affliction, and approaching perfection through suffering himself, he taught the lesson of patience as he never could have done in health, and he illustrated in himself the uncomplaining submission to the will of the Father he could never have comprehended, had he continued strong and prosperous. His light though not set on a hill was not hid, but in the valley of affliction shone bright and strong. By example, which at last teaches so much more effectively than precept, he preached faith, hope and charity, that climax of Christian virtues as enunciated by his great exemplar.

As each one of us, his old companions, pupils and friends, parted from the sick man after a painful, pleasant visit, and he bade us good-bye, with a blessing expressed in words or implied in the warm grasp of a brother's hand, he seemed to pray for us that, if not here, we might meet him again in that home for whose rest he was so patiently waiting;—

“When earth’s barren vales shall blossom,  
“Putting on their robe of green,  
“And a purer, fairer Eden,  
“Be where only wastes have been ;  
“When a King, in kingly glory,  
“Such as earth has never known,  
“Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
“Claim and wear the heavenly crown.”

And how his face would have beamed could we have whispered in reply—

“Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
“Mid the holy and the blest.”

And here I would fain end, not recalling the last sad scenes and closing hours. Two of Dr. Phillips’ sons had settled in Birmingham, Ala., and they desired that their parents should spend their old age with them and under their immediate care. The change of residence was made or rather attempted to be made, for, as Dr. Phillips himself said in the hour of his departure from the home of his life-time, “It is hard to tear up roots that have been spreading for sixty years.” Though apparently in his usual spirits during the Spring of 1889, the emotion excited by the breaking up, and the dispersion of his household effects and his library; the bidding adieu to friends and home and life-long acquaintances, followed by a fatiguing railroad journey, were too much for his enfeebled frame. On Easter Sunday, April 21st, he attended service in his beloved little church, when communion was administered to a large congregation, including many of his Methodist friends. From then to the day of his leaving, April 29th, there were only farewells—exhausting to his nervous system. At Columbia, S. C., they stopped to pay a visit to their daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren; driving through the city in the early fragrance of the morning of April 30th, Dr. Phillips commenting on the beauty of the roses which filled the city grounds—

as he had commented on the stars during the night travel, saying, "I have not seen the stars in many a year before." He was soon to be beyond them. One day's enjoyment of domestic love among his children and grandchilren, and then he succumbed to his old malady. The brain was soon involved and he passed out in silence at 1 o'clock Friday morning, May 10th, 1889. On Saturday, what of him that was mortal, was brought back to his old home. Chapel Hill opened her bosom to receive him, and laid him to rest by the side of his honored parents. "Rest," we call it, but surely to such spirits it means but a passing on and upward to still higher planes of service. "They rest from their labors," but with visions undimmed and flight that knows no faltering they press forward to know more and more forever of the fullness of God.

Of all the good and great men who have labored in their several ways for the good and glory of this University, few have had their lives so bound up in it as Dr. Charles Phillips. Still fewer of them all have so strongly impressed themselves on it as he. He lives enshrined in the affection of those whom, as teacher, friend and preacher he instructed, guided and inspired. The work he did for and through our *alumni* lives and will live forever.

Yonder tablet to his memory, erected in this noble Hall by the University itself, is but a slight recognition of what it owes for his service of nearly fifty years within its walls. We are proud thus to record him among those who have conspired to build the name and fame of Chapel Hill—one of the most widely successful and brilliant students and teachers, and one of the most gifted names upon our register of a century's achievement.

Hail, and farewell!

## PROVINCIAL REMINISCENCES.

### THE THREE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

BY W. H. BAILEY, LL.D.

HON. JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE tradition is probably correct which informs us that our sketcher<sup>2</sup> came originally from Colerain in the extreme north-east of Ireland, but is probably at fault in accrediting either himself or his forbears to the Highland clan of his name, who by their sudden descents gave rise to the woeful ditty, "The Campbells are comin', oh, ho"; the clan that clung with forlorn hope to the fortunes of the Pretender and bit the dust at Culloden Moor. I think the contrary quite susceptible of presumptive belief, for when Governor Gabriel Johnston was under charges before the Home Authorities, the affidavit of Mr. Campbell was taken as to several points, and amongst others touching the specification that Governor Johnston was a secret sympathizer with the "Scotch Rebels," the adherents of the Pretender. On this point we are supplied by the Colonial Records with the response of Mr. Campbell, as follows: "Said Depon't to the 2nd Int'ry Saith Capt. Henry Danbuz of the Granville Frigate of London from Cork arrived at Occrocock Inlett the 6th day of July 1746 and said Capt. came to Edenton on the eighth day of said Month consigned to this Dep't that said Danbuz brought printed Newspapers from Cork with an account of the defeat of the Rebells army at Colloden on the 7th of April that he sent the said Danbuz immediately to the Gov'r with the said Newspapers the said Capt. Danbuz returned on the afternoon of said Day but did not bring back the said Newspapers nor did this Dep't hear of or see any rejoicings made in the Province nor of any order of the Gov'r to make any Bonfires on the News of joy on this agreeable News nor was said Newspapers returned to this

Dep't. Capt. Danbuz on his return from the Gov'r told this Dep't that his Excellency seemed displeased and said he was sorry for the fate of several of the Gentlemen who fell in that Battle of Colloden." (IV. Col. Rec., 1119).

The first notice I find of him in the Colonial Records is his election (1754) as a Burgess to the Assembly\* from Bertie County (V. Col. Rec., 232). The burgesses were elected by the free-holders of the precincts, afterwards counties, and as the result of such qualified suffrage our Assemblies were composed of the best element of society. Mr. Campbell did not attend the first session of the General Assembly next ensuing his election. Here I must digress to explain the reason for his non-appearance, which I shall endeavor to do as succinctly as possible. Under the grants from Charles II. to the Lords Proprietors for the Province of Carolina, a tract of country was embraced bounded by the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific (then called the South Sea) on the west, Virginia on the north and Florida on the south. This territory was named by the French Carclina, in honor of Charles (Latin Carolus) IX. of France (II. Col. Rec., 764), though often incorrectly stated to be named for Charles II. of England; the error, however, is demonstrable as to the "Merry Monarch," as this same territory had been granted by his father to Sir Robert Heath in 1629, and seems refuted even as to Charles I. by the fact that in his grant he names the Province, as distinguished from the territory, Carolina† (I. Col. Rec., 7). In the first grant of

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\*The lower or elective branch of the Legislature was termed "the Assembly," and it conjointly with the upper house (called Council) was styled "the General Assembly," a name by which our Legislature is technically termed to this day. The Councillor, in his law-making capacity, answered to our Senator and in his administrative to our Council of State; the Burgess to our former Commoner, now Representative.

†For the benefit of doubters I give an extract from the grant to Sir Robert Heath: "doe think fit to erect the said Region &c. \* \* \* and \* \* \* we doe erect and incorporate them into a province & name the same Carolina or the province of Carolina" (I. Col. Rec., 7). His Majesty doubtless so named the body politic to preclude the confusion which would have inevitably arisen from the adoption of any other name.



Charles II. it is declared that the "tract," etc., is erected "into a Province and call it the Province of Carolina" (I. *ib.*, 23), thus emphasizing the idea that it was the body politic that was named, not the territory. The error into which our historians have fallen is attributable to the language employed in the *second* grant, the only one then accessible to them (*ib.*, 102). The Province was divided into several counties, *inter alia*, Albemarle and Bath, these being the only counties remaining in the north Province after South Carolina was cut off. Albemarle County embraced all of the territory northwardly of Albemarle Sound and Tyrrell south of it. The remainder of the territory (by far the larger portion) was embraced by Bath. Precincts were at an early day established in both counties; (in Albemarle: Currituck, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan and Tyrrell), to which was afterwards, but at an early period, added Bertie. Four precincts were erected in Bath, namely, Carteret, Craven, Beaufort and Hyde, to which in course of time, Bladen, Onslow, New Hanover, Duplin and Anson were added.\* By virtue of a genuine, or under claim of some pretended authority, each precinct in Albemarle was entitled to five and those of Bath, to two Burgesses. Such, whether strictly in accordance with law or otherwise, had been and remained from the time the precincts were erected, the settled practice and acquiesced in until the administration of Governor Gabriel Johnston, which commenced in 1734. Governor Johnston effected a practical change in the *quantum* of representation by indirection. He called a meeting of the General Assembly to be held at Wilmington, November 14th, 1746. No Legislature had ever convened before at that place; the autumn at that time was severer than our present winters; there were but few ferries and many streams to cross not fordable; next to no

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\*When precincts were erected, the hitherto political and other functions of the counties were devolved upon them, and the name of county ceased to carry with it any other signification than territorial division until even that was lost when the name of precinct became transmuted into that of county (Ired. Rev., 57, chap. 3).

roads and Wilmington distant an average of two hundred miles from the Albemarle burgesses. On the day appointed not over a third of the burgesses appeared, notwithstanding which, however, this "rump" Legislature (scarcely a fourth of the whole being present and all from Bath), proceeded to reduce the representation of the Albemarle precincts from *five* to *two* burgesses each (IV. Col. Rec., 842). Thereafter writs of election went to the Albemarle precincts commanding the election of only *two* burgesses.

The voters in those precincts *to a man*, refused to recognize the validity of the writs and cast their ballots with *five* names on them as theretofore practiced. The burgesses so voted for did not attend and the elections in these precincts were declared void. Not this only; but the people in the Albemarle belt refused to attend musters, to sit on juries, and to pay taxes. They kept severely aloof. This condition of affairs lasted for about eight years; writs of election being issued from time to time and the freeholders always voting as at first. In the meantime, the Albemarle people sent an agent to London to represent their grievances to the authorities. They eventually succeeded; their victory and Governor Johnston's death presenting a thoughtful coincidence. Orders arrived from the Crown restoring the ancient *quantum* of representation to the Albemarle Precincts. An election had already taken place there according to the prevailing method in 1754, and Mr. Campbell was elected from Bertie pursuant to the so-called rebellious practice. He did not attend, as has been stated, the session of the General Assembly which convened in November, 1754. The "rump" Assembly met and elected, as they had often before, Samuel Swann Speaker. After, however, the establishment of the *status quo ante bellum*, a writ of election pursuant to the order of the Crown was issued and Mr. Campbell was elected as one of the *five* burgesses from Bertie. The Assembly met December 12th, 1754, when Mr. Campbell and Mr. Swann each received twenty-two

votes for Speaker. Mr. Swann was an able man and, as said, had been frequently elected Speaker unanimously. He was a most accomplished parliamentarian, which qualities, combined with his long experience, enabled him to secure, as against a novice in the use of the gavel, several votes from the Albemarle section. Eventually, Mr. Swann gracefully yielded and Mr. Campbell was placed in the chair (V. Col. Rec., 232, 233). Nearly two years thereafter, Mr. Campbell was compelled by protracted illness to resign his position as Speaker, whereupon Mr. Swann was elected over John Harvey, of Perquimans, who afterwards became so illustrious. This fact is stated as showing how highly Mr. Campbell must have stood to have defeated Mr. Swann, which Mr. Harvey failed to do. Mr. Campbell, notwithstanding his illness, retained his seat in the Assembly. I should have mentioned chronologically that Mr. Campbell had served in 1744-'45 as a burgess from Chowan (IV. Col. Rec., 771). Mr. C. neither then nor ever resided in Chowan, but at that time non-residence was no ground for ineligibility. When a gentleman was elected, as happened to both Mr. Swann and Mr. Castellaw, from two precincts, he was simply compelled to *elect* which constituency he would represent. Mr. C. was, as early as 1743, the owner of 600 acres of land in Chowan County (*ib.*, 638, 650), and there esteemed, as I shall show his deserts to have entitled him to be, as a cool-headed, clear-brained business man of the highest integrity.

Mr. C. was an active member and appointed by his whilom opponent on important committees (*ib.*, 773). As evidence of his financial ability he was accepted as surety on several official bonds (V. Col. Rec., 328, 352). This in 1755. He was appointed agent for Mrs. Gould and Henry McCulloh,\* the

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\*There were two families of, to spell phonetically, the McCullers—one an Irish family mentioned in the text, the other a Scotch family; they were cousins. The former spelled the name by omitting the letter *c* from the last syllable; the latter retained it. The former on the breaking out of the Revolution adhered to Great Britain; the latter were ardent Whigs. The late Benjamin McCulloch, the Texan Ranger, was a descendant of the latter.

great land-owner (*ib.*, 417, 622, 781), and we have evidence that he was punctual and diligent in pursuing his agency (*ib.*, 493, 494). In March, 1756, he was appointed Assistant Judge for the Edenton Court (*ib.*, 655). His accounts with the public for supplies furnished by him, were audited and found correct to a farthing (*ib.*, 795). At the time of his appointment as Judge he was Speaker, but the office was conferred by the Council. The compliment is intensified when we see that it comes from a body composed entirely of gentlemen from the Bath section. He received a very complimentary letter from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia (*ib.*, 429, copied in full). He was trusted (1756) with important State papers whilst in London by Governor Dobbs (*ib.*, 570). He was appointed the executor about this time of the will of Chief Justice Henley (VI. Col. Rec., 740).

He acquired title to 12,500 acres of land in Anson County (*ib.*, 773). As late as 1770 Henry Eustace McCulloh writes in highly complimentary strain touching Mr. C. (Life, etc., Jas. Iredell, 59). In 1752 he was appointed Commissioner for Port Roanoke (Swann Rev., 359) and again in 1766 (2 Davis Rev., 345).

Mr. Campbell again represented Bertie in 1767 (VII. Col. Rec., 556), and in two General Assemblies held in the year 1769 (VIII. Col. Rec., 106, 303), and during such service was twice made chairman of a committee of the whole House (*ib.*, 122, 268). He again represented Bertie in 1773 (Jones's Defence, 96), and we have testimony to his Whig principles in that he "set up" Mr. John Harvey for Speaker (*ib.*); was a delegate to the Provincial Congress 25th August, 1774 (*ib.*, 128; Wheel. Hist., Pt. I., 64), and to the Assembly which met at Hillsborough in 1775 (2 Wheel. Hist., 31).

The sketch, so far as it relates to the Provincial era, may be concluded by giving the opinion expressed of the subject by Governor Dobbs to the English authorities: he is "the most

eminent trader of this Province—of unblemished character.” (VI. Col. Rec., 286).

He was elected from Bertie to the Provincial Congress which met at Halifax April 4th, 1776 (1 Wheel. Hist., 78). This was the last public service that he performed. Mr. C. married Mary, one of the three daughters of Col. Benjamin Hill, from which union sprang the Campbell family of Weldon and the Brownriggs of Chowan. Mr. C. established the town of Colerain in Bertie, which he named for his birthplace. He died in 1780 or the early part of 1781.

Mr. C. signed his name thus: Jno. Campbell. Such is his signature to all documents save only the Acts of Assembly, to which, as appears by the printed record, it is signed in full as Speaker (Ired. Rev., 167, 169). As to his religious views or proclivities, we are without reliable data, but as his name never appears in the list of vestries, it is presumable that he was not a member of the Church of England. His family tradition has it that he would not suffer a Baptist to come “within his gates,” and as the then Presbyterians bore a bitter antipathy to the Baptists, we may conjecture that he was a rigid Scotch-Irish John Knox Calvinist. He lived and died in “old Bartee.” Mr. C. possessed indomitable will, unflagging energy, sterling integrity and first-rate judgment, but as a drawback was of an out-breaking temper—to such an extent was it displayed that he was called “the Bear.” His burial place is unknown, which is to be regretted, as we might have gathered from his tombstone some inkling as to his religious “persuasion” or that, at least, he “died in the hope of a blessed immortality.”

## II.

### COL. JOSEPH MONTFORT.

The name was originally spelled “Montford,” and is frequently pronounced “Mumford” or “Munford.”

The sketcher was a gentleman of high standing. He settled in that portion of Craven which eventually became Hali-



fax (II. Col. Rec., 784). He married Priscilla, daughter of Benj. Hill and sister of Mrs. Alex. McCulloch and Mrs. John Campbell. He represented Halifax County as a Burgess in 1762 (VI. Col. Rec., 801), 1764 (*id.*, 1153), in 1766 (VII. *id.*, 342, 393), and in 1767 (*id.*, 566, 622, 671). He was also appointed public Treasurer of the northern part of the Province, which office he held for many years, being first appointed in 1764 (II. Davis Rev., 405, 541). In 1771 he was also appointed on the committee to correspond with our English agent (*id.*, 499).

From the best information I have he left one son, Henry, and two daughters, one of whom was the wit of her day. She was named Elizabeth, and on the 7th of October, 1779, married the Hon. John Baptista Ashe, for many years elected Speaker of the Assembly by acclamation, and who was elected one of our first Governors after we declared Independence, but died before he could take the oaths of office. Two anecdotes of Mrs. Ashe illustrate her power of repartee. Tarleton quartered himself at her father's house and one day remarked that he understood Colonel Washington was a very ignorant man and could not write his name; whereupon the sprightly lady retorted, alluding to a hand-to-hand conflict which had taken place between Tarleton and Colonel W., in which T.'s finger had been mutilated, "Well, Colonel, if he cannot write his name, he can, at least (pointing to T.'s finger), make his mark." On another occasion Tarleton remarked that he would like to see Colonel Washington, whom he said he had heard was a very insignificant looking man, whereupon the brilliant lady remarked, "Well, Colonel, you might have had that pleasure, if you had turned your face at the battle of the Cowpens."\*

Governor and Mrs. Ashe left but one child, Samuel, who first married a Miss Jane Puckett and on her death a Miss Mary Bell Sheppard. His descendants reside in Tennessee.

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\*One of these anecdotes related by Wheeler is wrongly attributed to Mrs. Willie Jones, but the family tradition, in writing, credits Mrs. Ashe therewith.

Mary Montfort, the other daughter, married the Hon. Willie Jones, a great political leader of his day. They had one son, said to have been an Apollo in beauty. He died, however, a bachelor. There were three daughters, the eldest of whom, "Nancy" (Anna Maria), married Mr. Joseph B. Littlejohn, who was private Secretary to General Davie when the latter was Minister to France. The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Patsy, married the Hon. John W. Eppes, of Virginia. The third daughter, Sallie, married, first, Governor Hutchins G. Burton and after his death the Hon. Andrew Joyner, so long Speaker of the Senate of North Carolina.

The family narrative only mentions the two daughters of Colonel M., namely, Mrs. Elizabeth Ashe and Mrs. Willie Jones. I feel quite sure that he left a daughter who married a Mr. Parke, and also male descendants. McRae in his *Life*, etc., of Iredell, Vol. I., page 459, speaks of a grandson of I. Montfort, and the same inference may be drawn from Iredell's letter, page 467. A tree furnished by John Campbell shows that Henry Montfort was a son of Colonel Joseph. Henry Montfort, son of Colonel M., represented Halifax town in the Commons from 1779 to 1785 (II. Wheel., 202), and Warren County from 1785 to 1792 (*id.*, 441). He probably died childless, or at least without male issue. Colonel Montfort died in 1776, shortly after the promulgation of the *second* Declaration of Independence on July 4th of the same year.

This is the last appearance of the Montforts in public life. Joseph Montfort, a son or grandson, was an ensign in one of the Revolutionary companies (I. Wheel., 80).

EPILOGUE.—Wheeler says, but mistakenly,\* that Colonel Montfort's wife was the daughter of Joseph Crowell, of Halifax, by his wife, who was a celebrated beauty, a Miss Barnes. Joseph Crowell's father was John Crowell, who, with his brother Edward, emigrated from England in the year 1674.

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\*Unquestionably this is a mistake. Probably Henry Montfort married the Miss Crowell referred to by the historian.

After a short stop in New Jersey, they came down to and settled in that portion of our province which afterwards became Halifax. These two men were brothers of Oliver Cromwell. While on the voyage hither, fearing persecution, they resolved to change their name. This was done with solemn ceremony by each writing their surname on paper and each cutting therefrom the letter "m" and casting it into the ocean. This fact was preserved, for perpetuation by the family, on vellum, which was kept with other valuables in a chest. The chest and contents was stolen by a party of Tarleton's legion in 1781. The record was again shortly afterwards made up by the family from recollection, and when Wheeler wrote was still preserved. John Crowell left children and his children left descendants. Who are they? Where are they? Where is that *pretium affectionis*? One of the sons of John or Joseph married Miss Polly Martin, had one son named Thomas Crowell who died without legitimate issue many years ago in Halifax.

### III.

#### HON. ALEXANDER M'CULLOCH.

The father of Alexander McCulloch was a Scotchman and married his cousin, a daughter of James McCulloch of Grogan in Ireland (Life, etc., of Iredell, by McRee, Vol. I., p. 6). They had issue, the subject of this sketch, who emigrated to the province of North Carolina and settled in Halifax. He married Sarah Hill, daughter of Benjamin Hill, of Bertie, one of the foremost men of his day; she was a sister of Mrs. John Campbell and Mrs. Joseph Montfort. Mr. McC. retained the spelling with the *ch* which has come down to us. The name was thus spelled by the Irish branch until changed to "McCulloh" by old Henry, the great land-grabber.

Henry McCulloch, the father of Alexander, was Secretary of the Province and a Councillor. He died October 27th, 1755 (V. Col. Rec., 440-1).

During his time doubtless the "*ch*" was pronounced as "k," as it is so written by the Clerk of the Council; it is even so spelled in his commission as Treasurer (*id.*, 617), but the true spelling is shewn in a letter written by his cousin, who spells it McCulloch and signs his own name as McCulloh (*id.*). When qualifying as Councillor he has his name correctly written (*id.*, 488). In a petition to the General Assembly Alexander signs his name in full, "Alexander McCulloch" (*id.*, 494).

The pronunciation of the name began about 1757 to be changed by suppressing the "*c*"; accordingly when appointed Auditor in 1757, his name is written "Alexander McCulloh" (*id.*, 782), though appointed assistant Judge the year before by the name of McCulloch (*id.*, 655). In 1759 he was appointed Deputy Surveyor and Auditor General under the name of McCulloh (VI. Col. Rec., 78). In 1760 Governor Dobbs, in recommending him for Councillor, restores the spelling to McCulloch. In the same year he was elected a burgess from Halifax County (*id.*, 362). In November 1762 he qualified as Councillor (*id.*, 765)—the name appearing as McCulloh. Judge Iredell, (the first) writing of him, says: "I went to Halifax and spent five most happy days with him. I had the great pleasure of seeing him (22d October, 1772) in perfect health and with the most lively flow of spirits. He gave me the most endearing proofs of great kindness and affection. \* \* \* Indeed, I owe to him all the affection and gratitude my heart can feel" (McRee, L. & C. of James Iredell, Vol. I., p. 124). He tells young Iredell that "provided he had a competent income the sooner a young man marries, the better" (*id.*, 126). Iredell's aunt in Ireland writes thus of our sketchee: "I am greatly pleased to find that Mr. McCulloh has acted with so much friendship to you; but it is no more than I expected from the goodness of his heart" (*id.*, 169). He lived until after 1787.

His son Benjamin married Sarah Stokes, a sister of Judge John Stokes (U. S. District Judge) and Governor Montfort Stokes (*id.*, 467. Note; Wheel., 404).

Alexander McCulloch was the ancestor of the elder branch of the present Boylan family of Raleigh, N. C., and also of Benjamin McCulloch, the celebrated Texan Ranger.

The only representatives living in North Carolina are Miss Boylan and her brother William M., of Raleigh, but there are numerous descendants throughout Tennessee and other Southern States. He was the friend of Richard Brownrigg, whom he probably introduced to his niece, Miss Sarah Campbell (who became Mr. B's wife), when visiting her Montfort and McCulloch cousins at Halifax. When the town of Halifax was erected he was made one of the trustees (Davis (2nd) Rev., 207). He was also joint attorney in fact with his brother-in-law, John Campbell, for Henry McCulloch, the great landowner. Colonel McCulloch left only one son, viz., Benjamin.

The first, Mrs. Boylan, of Raleigh, was a descendant, as also Benjamin McCulloch, the Texan Ranger, as before stated. This is shewn by Mr. John Campbell's family tree and corroborated (1 McRee, Life, etc., Iredell, 94, 377, 467-'8, 459).

It is presumable that Montfort Stokes was named for old Colonel Montfort. There is no evidence of relationship. Benjamin McCulloch belonged to the Committee of Safety of Halifax in 1774; was elected to the Assembly in 1775, and to the Congress in 1776. After the close of the war he was repeatedly elected to one or the other branch of the Legislature (2 Wheel., 185, 203). He and his father are the only McCullochs known to history except the celebrated Ranger.

Benjamin, son of Hon. Alexander McCulloch, left six children, namely: (1) Alexander, who left many descendants in Tennessee, amongst them Benjamin, the Ranger; (2) Benjamin, who also left many descendants in Arkansas; (3) Samuel, who removed to Tennessee and left a daughter, the wife of Thomas Kirkman, of Alabama; (4) Mary, who married Benja-



min Williamson, of North Carolina; (5) Sarah, who married a Mr. Schenck and died without issue, and (6) Elizabeth, who married William Boylan, of Raleigh, N. C., whose descendants yet reside there.

## OLD TIMES IN CHAPEL HILL.

No. XVII.

PROF. HEDRICK'S CASE.

THE death of General John Charles Fremont, announced this Summer, has revived among elderly people a bit of the history of the University in which his name and influence were prominent.

Forty years ago Fremont occupied a foremost and dazzling position. To the young people of that day his career exhibited all the elements of romance, and he himself was not a little of a hero. The fine spirit of adventure which he had displayed, his courage and gallantry in war, his exploits and discoveries in the then unknown West, roused a great emulation in the hearts of young men. To his example and his achievements were largely due the rapid opening up of our Rocky Mountain territory, and the exploration, settlement and final acquisition of California. Fremont crossed the continent repeatedly, guided only by Indian and buffalo trails, and when these failed, he made his own way amid incredible hardships, dangers and disasters. But he triumphed over all. The *sobriquet* of "The Pathfinder" was bestowed on him, and was well earned.

Besides all this he had made a runaway marriage with Miss Jessie Benton, the bright and beautiful young daughter of the old Missouri Senator, and this achievement of a happy marriage seemed, as in the recent case of the great African explorer, to set the cap-stone on his striking career. He had

certainly a good send-off in life, and if he had adhered to his original *role* of soldier, pioneer and explorer, he would probably have attained a nobler name than he eventually did. He might have been a nation's ideal. But he stooped to be a party leader, a political partisan and intermeddler, and for success in this business it does not appear that Nature had so signally fitted him.

How and why Fremont failed and became in the end a cipher out of place and of no special significance in any view of him, let others better qualified explain. Latterly his wife, through her writings and brilliant social gifts, became much more prominent than he. Some men have that fate in life. A bright sunrise and thereafter a dull day of gradually lessening influence and reputation.

In 1856 it was that the "Black Republican" party, then so styled, looking round for a dashing leader to nominate for the Presidency, chose Fremont. This was the first trial of their strength on that field where four years after they were to be victorious.

There were two North Carolina young men at that time, late graduates of our University, who had followed Fremont's adventures and successes with glowing hearts, and on one of them this admiration was to bring a blight. B. S. Hedrick (class of 1851) and W. C. Kerr (class of 1850) were then both employed in the office of the American Almanac, published under the auspices of Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass. Each had left Chapel Hill with high recommendations from the Faculty and they had sustained themselves with credit at Harvard. In 1854-'5,\* Mr. Hedrick was elected Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in our University. He had previously married one of the most amiable of our then set of Chapel Hill young ladies, and he gladly returned here, and set up his household gods with every prospect of happiness and useful-

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\*I am not quite sure of the date. The Centennial Catalogue is I think in error. Certainly as to date of departure.

ness. He bought the lot now owned and occupied by Prof. Winston, reclaimed the front part of it from pond and the other half from forest, and built on it a small house *hexagonal* in shape, according to a notion he had that *bees* were the most knowing of architects, and the best economizers of space. Hexagonal the house certainly was, and a curiosity in its way. Some of his children visiting Chapel Hill a few years ago were much amused going over it and studying its unique construction. Prof. Smith, who bought it from Mr. H., afterwards added rooms in front, and Prof. Winston has somewhat remodeled the interior, but the original structure is still *original*.

When the Presidential Candidates in 1856 were announced, Mr. Hedrick in conversation with some of the students, and elsewhere during the month of August, declared with needless emphasis his intention to vote for Fremont, the Black Republican candidate. If he had said he intended to vote for a black man, he could hardly have excited more disgust. If, however, he had thereafterwards been prudent, and in accordance with the earnest advice of his best friends, had been silent, perhaps no serious consequences would have followed.

Early in September the Raleigh *Standard*, edited by W. W. Holden, aimed a severe invective against any expression of "Black Republican principles" among us, especially in our schools of learning; and a correspondent of that paper over the signature of "Alumnus" (generally supposed to be the late Jos. A. Engelhard, class of 1854, then young and ardent, and in after years Secretary of State), called attention in a few stinging paragraphs to the fact that a Professor at the University was avowing such political sentiments, and urged his immediate and ignominious expulsion.

Mr. Hedrick was not wise or self-controlled enough to remain silent under these attacks, for he too was a young man. He rushed into print, throwing out a flag for Fremont and Free-soil in the very teeth of all Southern prejudice, passion and principle. On the first of October he published

his reply, entitling it "Are North Carolinians Free?" adverting to his assailants, and defending his position. But for the manifest imprudence, the unnecessary and somewhat arrogant self-assertion displayed in it, this defence appears at this day a manly and temperate attempt to gain a hearing.

He vindicates his position by referring, first, to the high character, the heroic daring and the splendid achievements of the "Conquerer of California," a Southerner by birth and education. For his services and his abilities he wishes to do "him honor." "Platforms and principles are good enough in their places, but for the presidential chair the first requisite is *a man*." Secondly, he claims that Free-soilism, as he takes it, was taught by all the "Conscript Fathers" of the Revolution. He quotes Washington, Jefferson, Henry and their peers. He quotes Clay and Madison and Randolph and Webster as opposed to slavery in the abstract, and *especially* opposed to its extension in the new States.

It will surprise the present generation who have doubtless learned to regard Mr. Hedrick's expulsion from North Carolina as the merited fate of a "confounded old Abolitionist," to be told that so far from being an anti-slavery man then, he avowed an earnest wish to preserve the institution intact in the old States *in order to promote their prosperity*, and was advocating Freesoilism to put a stop to the withdrawal of our slaves to the new States, the great want of the South being a sufficiency of laborers adapted to its climate and its products. He pleads for the retention and concentration of the negro population in the old States. "In my boyhood I lived on one of the great thoroughfares of travel near Lock's Bridge on the Yadkin river, and have seen as many as two thousand negroes in a day moving out of the State mostly in the hands of speculators. The loss of these two thousand did the State a greater injury than would the shipping off of a million dollars per day."

Meanwhile he declares we were losing our white population, who had found that white labor and slave labor were incom-

patible on the same soil. In 1850 there were 58,000 native North Carolinians living in the Western States and 180,000 Virginians, and they were still going.

Mr. Hedrick gives a pathetic view of the depopulation of North Carolina in its non-slave-holding citizens. "Of my neighbors, friends and kindred, nearly one-half have left the State since I was old enough to remember. Many is the time I have stood by the loaded emigrant-wagon and given the parting hand to those whose faces I was never to look upon again. They were going to the far and free West, knowing as they did that free and slave labor could not both exist and prosper in the same community."

In a former paper of this series I have spoken of the long train of little one-horse white-covered wagons which were a frequent feature upon the streets of Chapel Hill in my childish years. They moved slowly along, with the little "yaller dog" trotting contentedly beneath, and the little tow-headed babies looking out in front, and lean men and women trudging alongside. These were our poor whites going out—they hardly knew whither—obeying the great impulse toward the West which then had seized upon Northern populations as well as Southern. They certainly were not flying from contact with slave-labor in the New England States and New York and Pennsylvania, when they crowded by thousands into the black prairie lands of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois. Political sages may wrangle forever while they eliminate Providence as a factor in human destiny, but the poets who know better fuse it all in one glowing line :

*"Westward the star of empire takes its way."*

Our people moved west as the wild Germans swarmed across the Rhine and the Rhone, because they could not help it.

Mr. Hedrick's notion that the negroes should be limited to the old States and all the new States be reserved for the white men alone, is simply exasperating. He says: "I have very



little doubt that if the slaves which are now scattered thinly over Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri were back in Virginia and North Carolina, it would be better for all concerned. These old States could then go on and develop the immense wealth which must remain locked up for many years to come (for want of labor), while the new States, free from a system which degrades white labor, would become a land of Common Schools, of thrift and of industry equal, if not superior, to any in the Union."

This was a noble prospect for Virginia and North Carolina, truly. They were to be a cradle for slavery; they were to keep on raising negroes and cotton, and let the free States have the Common Schools and the thrift and so on.

What to do with the negro was a puzzle in 1856, and a good deal earlier, too. What to do with him now is still the conundrum. One thing, at least, we have learned, and that is not to fight about him any more. Let him alone to work out his own destiny.

The Professor good-naturedly advises "Alumnus" to come back to the University for awhile, and take notice that the Faculty do not take upon themselves to influence the political opinions of the students, who generally come here with their party principles already fixed pretty much as their religious or sectarian views are. "I have been connected," he says, "with our University as student and professor for six years and am free to say that I know of no institution, North or South, from which partisan politics and sectarian religion are so entirely excluded, and yet we are too often attacked by the bigots of both."

He also advises "Alumnus" to visit the libraries and take a course of reading the "complete works" of the great statesmen and patriots of our country, and seeing which side of the aspects of slavery they advocated, and seeing also that the college boys would read and imbibe their doctrines, perhaps

"Alumnus" would urge their "immediate expulsion" also from this important field.

He refers the subject "to the jurisdiction of the Trustees, who are men of integrity and influence and have at heart the best interests of the University;" he declares his unswerving love and loyalty to the Old North State, disclaims infallibility, but does claim that since he advocates the principles taught by Washington and Jefferson, he ought to be met by argument and not by abuse. And he winds up with a quotation from Gaston's address at the University (1832), which is as strong anti-slavery as the rankest Abolitionist could have wished.

Reading by the lights of our national history since 1861, Mr. Hedrick's pamphlet seems a very mild protest indeed—mild and weak. It is like a straw tossed out upon the rapids of Niagara, for already there was an awful sound in the air as of the rising of a dreadful storm.

Within a few days after this publication Governor Swain summoned his Faculty. Let us look at the names once more. Present: Hon. David L. Swain, President; Professors E. Mitchell, J. Phillips, M. Fetter, F. M. Hubbard, J. T. Wheat, A. M. Shipp, C. Phillips, B. S. Hedrick, A. G. Brown; Instructor in French, H. Herisse; Tutors, S. Pool, J. B. Lucas, R. H. Battle, W. H. Wetmore.

The President directed their attention to Mr. Hedrick's publication, reaffirmed the well known principles of this Institution in regard to such discussions, and deprecated the new departure as likely to produce discord and draw down public censure, etc., etc. On motion of Dr. Mitchell, seconded by Professor Fetter, a committee (consisting of Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Phillips and Professor Hubbard) was appointed to consider the President's communication, and the following resolutions were reported and adopted and transmitted to the Trustees:

*"Resolved*, That the course pursued by Professor Hedrick, as set forth by himself, is not warranted by our usages, and the

political opinions expressed by him are not entertained by any other member of this body.

“*Resolved*, That while we feel bound to declare our sentiments freely on this occasion, we entertain none other than feelings of personal respect and kindness for Professor Hedrick, and we sincerely regret the indiscretion into which he seems, in this instance, to have fallen.”

These proceedings, in full, were published in the *Standard* for October 11th.

And now Mr. Hedrick found himself in the predicament of the fisherman in the *Arabian Nights*, who, having unthinkingly opened a little copper kettle, found he had let loose a mighty genie, who could by no means be quieted or put again within bounds.

The college boys rose at once to the under-graduate sense of duty and burnt the Professor in effigy on the campus, tolling the college-bell meanwhile. The newspapers teemed with inflammatory appeals to the public, who were invoked under the glowing title of “Southrons,” to expel the traitor and preserve our fountains of learning from being poisoned at their source. The South-land was endangered, our honor and vital interests assailed, our hearthstones were threatened.

One denunciation hurled at the Professor was not a little ungenerous. He was taunted with having been a poor boy—a beneficiary of the Institution he was “seeking to destroy.” If true, it would have been to his credit that, from having been originally “a bricklayer,” he had, within two or three years of his graduation, been elected a professor in his *alma mater*. Certainly this was a feather in any man’s cap. But, in truth, Mr. Hedrick’s father, a plain, industrious and thoroughly respectable mechanic, paid his way through college and was fully able to start his children well in life and took pride in educating them. The *Standard* had the fairness to state these facts accurately afterwards.

Indignation meetings were held all over the State, deploring Mr. Hedrick's presence at the University. I have a report of one of these held in Hertford county and published in the *Murfreesboro Gazette*, denouncing him mainly because his course was held to be "*inimical to the preservation of the Union.*"

Whichever way it tended, it was thenceforth at an end in North Carolina. The Trustees were not able, even had they wished, to stem the rising tide of public indignation. What Gaston called the "morbid sensitiveness" of our people in relation to all questions touching slavery was now fully aroused. Men who had never owned a slave, nor desired to, joined the cry. About the latter part of October, Mr. Hedrick, who seems to have greatly underestimated the excitement against him, had the temerity to attend the State Educational Convention at Salisbury, to which he had been appointed a delegate from the University before his entrance upon the political field. He was received there with marked disfavor, burnt in effigy and given his choice of an immediate departure or a coat of tar and feathers.

On his dismissal from his professorship by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees he went North expecting to find sympathy and support among the Freesoilers there, or in the North-west. In this expectation he was disappointed. Black Republicanism was not yet in the ascendant there, and besides, Mr. Hedrick was not a man calculated to attract any sentimental adhesion. He had no gifts of address or of oratory, and he would not take advice. It was soon understood that he had been found impracticable in his old connections, and in his attempt to form new ones what little interest his case had excited, or what notoriety he had gained, were soon at an end. He could not get into employment at the North and finally settled in Georgetown, D. C., having obtained an office in the Patent Department. There he spent the rest of his life quietly enough, giving a careful education to his children and

happy in seeing them grow up and settle around him in various positions of credit.

I have often visited his hospitable home, receiving at all times a genuine North Carolina welcome. In some respects Mr. Hedrick was no bad representative of his native State. He was a man of simple and frugal tastes, sturdy in his own defence, brave to a fault, ready at all times to swear to his own hurt and change not, and utterly unconventional in all things. He had a vigorous character and a strong mind tending to develop certain "*nodosities*."

At the time of his marriage in 1851 he was a communicant in the Presbyterian Church. He died in 1886, and it is significant of the larger liberty of speculation in matters of faith into which he had entered, that at his funeral certain "Knights" (or some similar organization), a Presbyterian clergyman, an Episcopalian and a Roman Catholic were all united in the ceremonies. If of any pronounced belief at the time of his death, I think it likely he was a Unitarian—Universalist.

At the close of the great civil war Mr. Hedrick came South for the first time since his expulsion. Some of his own family and many of his old friends had fallen in the Confederate service. Those who remained were impoverished, helpless, unnerved. His intercourse with them and with all of his old neighbors was marked by delicacy, forbearance and generosity. His heart and purse were freely offered. Governor Swain, who never in his life cherished animosity or ill-will towards any one, met him with cordiality, and had many long conversations with him on public affairs.

Mr. Hedrick's college-mate and friend, W. C. Kerr, was elected to the Chair of Chemistry at Davidson and returned to North Carolina soon after Mr. H. left it. After the war Mr. Kerr was appointed State Geologist and removed to Raleigh. This office he held with increasing honor to himself and advantage to the State till within a year or two of his death in 1885.



These two young North Carolinians, starting in life side by side, with equal advantages and attainments, and choosing similar scientific pursuits, yet presented marked contrasts. Their paths became widely divergent, though they remained friends. While still at Cambridge, Mr. Kerr strongly sympathised with Mr. H. and was inclined to believe that he had been treated in North Carolina with harshness and injustice. There were a good many in North Carolina also, who, while not sympathising in the least with Mr. H.'s political opinions, still upheld liberty of conscience and of speech and declared that it was muzzling both to turn a man out of office merely for saying frankly what he thought. They deprecated his summary dismissal from the University.

I have at hand several letters addressed just then to Mr. Kerr by the late Dr. Charles Phillips. If preserved they will be of value to the future historian of those times. The agitations of 1856 were but the preliminaries of the overwhelming earthquake at hand. Dr. Phillips gives a vivid idea of the sensitive and jealous state of public feeling in the South, and demonstrates that the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees had no alternative but to proceed as they did, that they had acted calmly and wisely, and that Mr. Hedrick was not a man whom it was possible to help in such case. The letters are remarkable. I give a few extracts:

TO W. C. KERR.

"CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Nov. 22, 1856.

\* \* \* "I suppose that Prof. Hedrick is with you. Much do I regret that he has not yet obtained another situation. To have one's hopes blasted—to have wife and children turned out of a nice home just finished—to be denied the privilege of working for one's native State—to feel as an out-cast—it all is hard, very hard to bear. \* \* \* What may be the tone of public sentiment years hence I know not, nor what sporadic instances of sympathy there now may be with

our friend, but there can be no doubt that the overwhelming weight of public opinion is dead against him. Even my brother, once his very good friend and admirer, insists that our Trustees have done but what they ought to have done. \* \* \*

"I learn that Mr. Hedrick thinks it possible that on appeal the Board might reverse the action of the Executive Committee, which many think to be illegal. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the Board in full meeting will unhesitatingly endorse the Committee. He says he will 'fight it out.' With whom? Will the Trustees give him another chance to fight them? He has as much prospect of being made Emperor of all the Russias as of being reinstated here. I advise you not to encourage any such dreams, but let him concentrate all his energies in getting a new home where he will not be pestered by either of '*the twin relics of barbarism, polygamy or slavery.*' Between us, if H. has the credit of making many more Kansas speeches, he won't be allowed to come back after his wife and children. He 'was surprised to find so many of the baser sort in Salisbury'! There may be more of them left. \* \* \* Could tears wipe out this unhappy affair, I would shed them."

"DECEMBER 15, 1856.

"Well, Kerr, I do admire pluck, even when it finds no other vent than declamation. But let me pick a feather or two out of your cap before you fly too far. I take it as an axiom that when we wish to work for people to that people's good, we are bound to consider their characteristics and not arouse their prejudices unnecessarily, else they won't let us work for them.

"The not attending to this rule has been the plain front of our friend's offending. His peculiarities were well known among all his colleagues, but we said nothing. We know how to respect freedom of opinion and speculation; but others do not. Boston people refused Faneuil Hall to Webster. The Lowell people, this Fall, have mobbed Brooks, of *The Express*. What a hubbub was kicked up about Professor Bowen and the

Hungarians! Why was Loring practically ejected from the Law Professorship at Harvard? You see how it is everywhere. We are not to irritate by an unnecessary parade of our private opinions. There is a discreet evasion that involves no imputation on one's integrity. Look at our Saviour when questioned on the lawfulness of tribute to Cæsar. Had Hedrick kept silence (as all the rest of us must do as to our own peculiar views—for instance, on Baptism or Episcopacy or Buchananism); had he refrained from discussions at our store-doors; had he listened to those who remonstrated with him before he hurled his foolish defiances at 'Alumnus' and at Holden, and had trimmed his sails to our Faculty resolutions, which were framed with a special desire to save him, all things might still be well with him. But no. He saw a magazine of powder before him, and *would* stick a torch into it. Governor Swain told him that in a fortnight five hundred papers would publish his reply to 'Alumnus.' Hedrick laughed at the idea. In a month prominent papers from the far South-west came with articles headed '*Turn Him Out.*' \* \* \* Had the University acted otherwise, we might have whistled for pupils here till doomsday. Holden's paper alone would have prevented their coming. Not that Holden is, as your fevered imagination would represent, an autocrat dispensing *dicta* from which there is no appeal. He is simply the echo of the voices around him. There are limitations to his power, for I know that he suppressed much bitterer articles against H. than appeared. There is method in his 'madness.'

"You need not be anxious about coming back to live and work in the land where your father and mother sleep. If you will be discreet, you may work happily, quietly and influentially in any part of our country. Doubtful and hesitating steps are entirely out of place. \* \* \* The time for vindicating Professor Hedrick's course is not yet come, if it ever comes. There are men here, such as Dr. Lacy, who regret the course of the Board. Governor Swain deprecated it. Governor Gra-

ham and others objected to it as giving H. the honors of martyrdom. But it is here as elsewhere: the good and conservative and influential often *will not* show their hands. They hold that their power is not a deposit for every rash and reckless speculator to draw upon. \* \* \*

"The general verdict both North and South seems to be that Prof. Hedrick has been guilty of *felo de se*, and a man so impracticable cannot be helped." \* \* \*

It may be a hundred years yet before it will be "prudent" to publish all that Dr. Phillips wrote thirty-four years ago. So much of the case as appears surely affords a useful lesson. Lord Bacon put it all in a nutshell three hundred years ago. "Speech is silvern," said the sage, "silence is golden."

Mr. Kerr was a man of finer fibre than Mr. Hedrick. He may not have possessed as much native vigor, but he knew better how to improve his opportunities. He took polish well and showed a fine grain in the process. They both were scholarly in their tastes and sought learning for its own sake and "lived laborious days" for love of it. Though beginning as chemists they were both naturally gifted for and strongly biased towards mathematical science.

I heard a gentleman tell some fifteen years ago of entering Mr. Hedrick's room in the Patent Office to consult him on business. Mr. H. was out, and while waiting for him, the visitor took up an open pamphlet which lay face downwards upon his desk. It was a recent mathematical publication of the highest character and range, and from its well-thumbed appearance had evidently been used as a private *bonne bouche*, a tid-bit for the Professor's own private consumption.

Of Prof. Kerr it may be said that in all his researches he never lost sight of the old landmarks, never let himself be swept out of soundings into the seas of Doubt and Unbelief.

*Mrs. C. P. Spencer.*

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### SALUTATORY.

With anxious hearts, four novices, with this number of the MAGAZINE, put on official dignity and step forth to the discharge of their journalistic duties. We confess that we come with buoyant hopes and a stylus clothed with earnestness, if not with ability. We are, as all men should be, modest and fearful lest we be not equal to the task set before us. We are not old experienced writers, who, regardless of public approbation, would confidently commit our literary labors to the gaze of a scrutinizing public; but untried, unfledged as we are, we feel fully competent to shoulder the responsibility if the poisoned darts are not hurled upon us too relentlessly.

The editors of this MAGAZINE receive no financial reward for their services. It is a labor of love—we hope it will not be “Love’s Labor’s Lost.” Reward should always be meted out to those who have performed generous services, and if the intrinsic value of our productions is not worthy of praise, our intentions are good, and should we fail to elicit your approving smile, we ought not to receive your public condemnation and discouragement.

The editors will take an active interest in all the departments of the MAGAZINE, but each one will have a special work assigned.

The *Literary Department* will be managed by Mr. Davies. Mr. Collins will prepare the editorials and will also edit the *Exchange* and *Review Departments*.

Mr. Ransom will furnish the *Personals* and *Locals*, and will supply our readers with whatever wit he may possess, while the Business of the periodical will be in the hands of Mr. Pearsall.

Our aim will be to make the MAGAZINE of 1890-'91 what it has been in the past: an interesting vehicle of communication between old students, a record of the lives of the boys who have left us to try life's sterner realities, a repository of University history, and also, what is perhaps most important, an exponent of student thought and sentiment as they exist in reality at the fountain-head of learning in the State.

The MAGAZINE will be conducted after the manner of our predecessors, both in style and matter, with these exceptions. In every issue after this one, it is the design of the editor of the *Literary Department* to insert one production at least from some under-graduate member of one of the two Societies. And it is the purpose of this editor to try to make some improvement in the *Editorial Department*. Our conception of this Department is that it is a channel through which the editor may express his individual opinion on any subject whatever. This we purpose to do.

We feel keenly the responsibility which is devolved upon us to maintain the high position already attained, and to make this periodical more worthy of the ven-



erable and eminent institution which we hope it will rightly represent. Then, as we make our bow, lace on the accoutrements necessary to successful journalistic warfare, and step into the ring ready for the fight—acknowledging the compliment bestowed in our election as editors of the *MAGAZINE*—we earnestly implore the hearty co-operation of alumni, Faculty and students during this year, pledging in return our best energies to elevate the literary excellence of the *MAGAZINE*, and begging our readers to remember meanwhile what our best girl told us last vacation, “To err is human ; to forgive, divine.”

DURING the year we hope to be able to publish sketches of several North Carolinians, and we shall always accompany them with steel engravings, when it is in our power.

PROFESSOR GORE has invested \$1,500 in additional apparatus for the Physical Laboratory, which is now well provided with apparatus for illustrating the full course in Physics. A work-shop attached to the Laboratory is provided with a steam-engine, lathe for wood and metal, and all the tools and materials needed for repairing and making apparatus. An electric light plant has been added for instruction in electrical engineering. Every year marks some great change for the better in our Scientific Department.

WITH this number we publish the address of Mr. R. H. Battle on the life and work of the late lamented Dr. Charles Phillips, delivered at the UNIVERSITY in Memorial Hall, Wednesday, June 4th, 1890, during Commencement. It is accompanied by a handsome steel engraving of Dr. Phillips. The address is valuable not only as an eloquent, able, and fitting eulogy on the life and services of one of North Carolina's greatest educators, but also as an interesting chapter in the State's history. Mr. Battle undoubtedly performed his task with credit to himself and all concerned. We are pleased to be able to publish it in our columns.

THE students and citizens of our quiet little village who attended the lecture given at the Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, September 10th, were well paid for their loss of time. The lecturer, Mr. J. A. George, a Kavorkian, native of Armenia, but now a student at the Maryland University, appeared dressed in the costume of his fathers. He sang in his native tongue and read an extract from a paper in the Armenian dialect. He spoke of the soil and climate in the Biblical land of Ararat, on which rested the ark, and also of the habits, customs, courtship, marriage, religion and missionary work of the country. He was amusing in his narration of the customs of his people. His denunciation of the hypocrisy of the Greek Church was severe. It was, he said, in reality nothing but a pagan church. It had the formality, the glitter of religious ceremonies, but it was only a hull. He told us of his conversion and how he had been driven away to keep him from teaching his faith to the people. He will return to Armenia as a medical missionary after his graduation.

THE prospects have never been brighter for a Fair than those for the State Fair, which comes off October 13th to 18th. The crops of the State are finer than they have been in several years, and therefore the exhibit will far surpass many previous displays. Mr. John T. Patrick is laboring earnestly for the success of the Fair, and the people should come and see the wealth which their State produces. Reduced rates on the railroads can probably be obtained, so let the people attend largely.

OUR new School of Medicine has begun its first session with bright prospects. We are glad to welcome this Department to our UNIVERSITY. With an endowed Chair of History, a Law and Medical School, we are fast making this dear old "haunt of sages" a UNIVERSITY not only in name but in reality.

Dr. Whitehead comes to us highly recommended, and we know that he will make the School, with the able assistance of Professors Venable, Holmes and Gore, in every way worthy of the Institution. We are fully satisfied with the attendance so far, and feel assured that it will be greatly increased with every session. All students of the UNIVERSITY now receive free medical attention.

#### PROF. HORACE H. WILLIAMS.

Rarely have so many circumstances combined to point out a man well qualified for a particular chair in the UNIVERSITY as exist in the case of Professor Williams. A native North Carolinian, a graduate of the UNIVERSITY, a post-graduate student securing the Master's degree, a special student in Philosophy for three years at Yale and a graduate in the Theological School there, a Fellow in Harvard for two years and a special student of Philosophy there receiving the highest commendation for his graduating thesis, a student and traveler in Germany, an earnest, calm and profound thinker in Philosophy, he brings to the UNIVERSITY every assurance that he will create a new, strong and inspiring Department of Philosophy. The students and the Faculty are greatly pleased with his work and his manner. We believe that his election was a decided step forward in the life of the UNIVERSITY.

#### HON. JAS. GRANT AND HON. J. S. CARR.

The establishment of the Chair of History will be due mainly to the generosity of two alumni of the UNIVERSITY who began life without wealth, and by force of intellect and character amassed large fortunes. Hon. Jas. Grant, a native of Halifax County, moved when a young man to Iowa and there rose to the head of the profession of law, being a recognized authority in Iowa and adjacent States. His affection for his native State and for his *alma mater* has not grown cold, and our people have come to esteem and love him as one of her greatest and noblest sons. At the revival of the UNIVERSITY he contributed generously, and now he has linked his name with one of the most important movements in the history of the UNIVERSITY. Long may he enjoy the memories of a noble and useful career.

Hon. Julian S. Carr, a native of Orange County, has in the neighboring city of Durham for twenty years shown the power of genius and generosity and energy to build a city, accumulate wealth, and give an impetus to the life and growth of a State. It is impossible to name any movement of State importance in which Mr. Carr has not been prominent, active and largely essential. In many he has been the central figure, the life and strength. In manufactures, trade, agriculture, building, mining, and the development of industries of all sorts in North Carolina, he has shown a talent and a largeness of spirit surpassed by no man that ever lived in the State. But in education especially has he done noble work. Trinity College and the Greensboro Female College he saved from destruction; Wake Forest College he has generously aided. His contribution of ten thousand dollars to the fund for the Chair of History in the UNIVERSITY, was made with his usual dignity, generosity and modesty. Long may he live to teach poor men and rich men how noble it is to create wealth and how noble to bestow it.

#### TO OUR NEW STUDENTS.

To the new students just entering on their college career we would say a few words. It is regarded as quite foolish for the blind to attempt to lead the blind, and for the halt to assist the halt, but in this matter, though young, we profess to be experienced. As you enter on your first year here we are beginning our fourth, and it will be readily believed that we know something of college life.

Here you are to build your characters for all time, and, therefore, it is here that you are to be made the men which your action in life will mark you. A general maxim which has been of great service to the world is, "Be slow to choose," and nowhere can it be better applied than to college life. We therefore commend it to you. Be sure you are in the right path—the path of duty and honor—and then go straight on with whatever speed you can. Be slow to choose, but quick to execute. If you will remember this somewhat trite advice, you will be thankful for escaping many things which you would otherwise have done. But the advice I have to give chiefly concerns the two Literary Societies, of which you have by this time become *active* members. When we look back to our entrance into the Philanthropic Hall, the first word of advice we would give, that you may profit by our experience, is for you not to feel cramped in the Society—feel perfectly at home and say, though you are a Freshman, what your best judgment leads you to think. Do not allow yourself to be intimidated by the dignity and splendor of everything about you. Do not fear lest the faces of the great and departed sons of your Society, such as Gaston and Dobbin and Pope and Ruffin and Grant and John Y. Mason and Wm. R. King, should laugh and sneer at your feeble efforts. Were they living and here, they would sympathize with you in your weaknesses and glory with us in your strength.

But do not talk unless it is necessary, and you have something worth saying. If you will always think before you rise to speak, you will avoid talking nonsense and will not delay the Society in its work. You should not respect your opinions

too highly, for you should remember that the members of the advanced classes naturally know more of the proper manner in which the business of the Society should be conducted. Always act, speak and cast your vote for the right and for the welfare of the Society. If you speak things here when your conscience stings you, if you vote here for the wrong, you will do so in after life. These things will leave their impress on you. Your character will in the end be vitiated. Your fellows who sit around you are watching you. They say little, perhaps, but in after years they will remember the college boy who stood up in the face of scorners and falsifiers and spoke out like a man for the right and voted for the right. They will know that he can be trusted and tried in any position of honor. And they have set a mark upon the boy who lent his voice to the wrong and spoke falsely and voted against his conscience, and they will distrust him and shun him wherever they meet him in life.

Have you been here a month and not heard of the boy from Raleigh who always told the truth? He was a wild, mischievous fellow, but when brought to answer to his charges in the *Phi. Society*, he invariably told the truth. He has left a proud record here. Go and ask those who opposed him in the petty politics of college, those who did not admire his manners, and they will tell you, if they are honest, that the watchword of W. seemed to be "Truth and Honor." You can do nothing better for yourselves than follow his example.

The *Philanthropic* and *Dialectic* Societies offer rich opportunities to you. I beg you not to let them pass from you. Let your pledge be that whenever your Society calls upon you for any performance that you will perform it to the full extent of your ability. If you start wrong, it will be hard to change your course. The first time you are on duty will be the hardest trial you will ever have. If you go about that in a cheerful, willing spirit, resolved to reap the benefit, you will do well, and every other effort will mark an improvement in you.

In America no man, whatever his profession or occupation, can afford to be unable to talk in public. He is liable to be called on at any time, and generally is when he least expects it. He has here an opportunity to learn to "think on his feet." We hope that every one of the new students will be a good worker for his Society. We believe that it is possible for every one of you to become during your four years' course, either an elegant, polished speaker, or at least a ready talker. We would not be understood as advising new students to neglect their textbooks for the Societies. There is no necessity for that. There is room for both, or the Faculty and Trustees would not allow the Societies to exist. Now what I advise is this: Divide your attention. Devote so much of your time to your textbooks as will enable you to make a respectable average, and then devote the remainder of it to the Library and Society work. If you will do this faithfully, we will guarantee that you will be a better rounded man, abler, broader minded, and that your intellect will be better trained and disciplined than the valedictorian who averages 93 during a four years' course and neglects the Library and his Society. He need not console himself with the idea that he will do his reading when

through college, for he will not, and if he does, his memory will not be able to retain what he reads.

Dr. Johnson said that the most of his reading was done before he was eighteen. Memory is far more retentive in childhood and youth than in mature years. It is for this reason I am persuaded that the honor-men of the lecture room amount to little in life. Their minds, too, are crammed with useless, obsolete stuff, which is of no practical value to them in the real conflicts of life, simply because they do not know how to use their minds. In the Societies everything is practical; there the mind puts into practice what it has gathered from its text-books and general reading.

If you have no literary taste and do not care to cultivate one; if you are certain that it is impossible for you to learn to speak in public, then devote yourself to the business part of the work. Work on committees, do the best thing for the Society every time, and all unconsciously, before you are aware of it, you will find that you love the Society which you formerly thought a nuisance and a bore. You are in it and must stay, attend its meetings and do those things which its laws require, and therefore it becomes you as sensible men to make the most of the advantages the Societies afford.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Our labors in this department are begun with some misgivings, because it is our intention not to indulge in the little game "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." Whenever we see merit we shall praise it with all the saccharine sweetness of expression that we may possess, but unless the Magazines are much better this year than ever before, we shall not feel it our duty to compliment all of them. It is always unpleasant to criticise, but we cannot sacrifice our great love for the truth by commending every publication that finds its way to our sanctum.

But there is a mistake which many college periodicals make in allowing what might be beneficial as criticism to run into abuse. While we shall try to avoid this, we shall freely criticise and condemn too, anything that we think deserves criticism. We shall, however, always strive to be fair and just. Our armor is rusty and worn, our shield broken and our lance shivered, therefore we cannot afford to be bitter in criticism.

We will say just here that we shall not conform entirely to the usual custom of editing the Exchange Department. We believe that the proper aim of this Department should be to show our readers the life which the boys of other institutions lead, and to contrast it with our own. To accomplish these things we shall take clippings from any periodical that comes to our desk.

In the September number of the *University Magazine*, a New York journal devoted to the interests of all American Colleges, we observe a very readable and



friendly sketch of the University of North Carolina, written by Dr. A. R. Ledoux, of New York City. The article covers ten large pages and is illustrated with six of the elegant engravings of the buildings that are published in the Centennial Catalogue. Dr. Ledoux is well known to our people for scientific attainments, love of North Carolina, and generous pride in the University and the village of Chapel Hill. He was present at the last Commencement with Mrs. Ledoux and Master Louis, evidently enjoying the occasion and anxious to make personal contributions for the advancement of the University. The modesty with which he gave \$250 to the fund for the Chair of History was as beautiful as the gift. We ought not to tell secrets, but the Presbyterian Church was \$500 better off for his visit. Dr. Ledoux is neither a native of the State nor an alumnus of the University, nor is he wealthy, but his heart is very rich, and he knows exactly how to do "the handsome thing."

For his kind article we extend him our warmest thanks.

The *Pacific Pharos* was the first college periodical to greet us on our return. It is a bi-weekly, published at the University of the Pacific, an institution open to both sexes. We notice two ladies on the staff.

Exchange with the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Not many college periodicals have yet reached our desk.

## PERSONALS.

The editor of this department has endeavored to give both the old students and those now at the University some knowledge of the University boys.

—Steve Bragaw, '90, is teaching in Wilmington.

—"Dan" Shaffner is in the iron business at Salem.

—There are 190 boys on the Hill, and still they come.

—John Person challenges the State for a ten-mile race.

—Shepherd Bryan, '91, is Professor Winston's Assistant.

—Hugh Miller has been elected Assistant in Chemistry here.

—William James Battle has received a Scholarship at Harvard.

—Alex. McIver, Valedictorian of '90, is teaching at Bingham School.

—Henry Johnston paid his friends a visit at the beginning of the session.

—Jule Foust has been elected to a position in the Goldsboro graded school.

—B. T. Simmons, better known as the "bright light from Hyde," is at West Point.

—Jno. D. Bellamy, Jr., Exchange Editor of last year, is studying law at Wilmington.

—St. Clair Hester, English Assistant of last year is at the New York Theological Seminary.

—R. N. Hacket and Harbert Green are promising young lawyers in the rising town of Wilkesboro.

—Bill Little, Valedictorian of '88, after teaching in Wilmington has returned to the University to assist Dr. Hume.

—E. R. McKethan, formerly of the class of '90, has returned to the University to graduate with the class of '91.

—The Medical Department under Dr. Whitehead is progressing finely. The Doctor has built up a splendid practice in a short while.

—Judge Eure, M. H. Palmer, Sam Blount and Sid Williams are taking law under Dr. Manning and Judge Shepherd. It is useless to say they are doing well.

—Foot-ball is dead. We have good material, but our Faculty object to the game. We hope that Wake Forest and Trinity will still continue their games.

—The College Base-ball Team is doing splendid work. With Johnston, Eure, Busbee and Williams as pitchers, and Hamlin and Ball as catchers, we fear nothing.

—The Law Class numbers twenty-eight. Eight of them stand for their license next week. Dr. Manning has been assisted by Judge Shepherd, who is a general favorite with his classes.

—Charles Mangum, the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium Instructor, has been to Springfield, Mass., this summer in order to make himself more proficient in his course. He was considered one of the best athletes there.

—Professor Alexander's class in walking will commence October 1st. The first exercise will be a walking match between Professors Alexander and Holmes. All the boys are backing Professor A., as he walked from Tennessee here in three days.

The first copy of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE since the re-opening was published in February, 1882. Three editors were elected from each Society: Williams, Long and Mayhew from the *Phi.*; Worth, Alderman and Vance from the *Di.* Williams is now Professor of Moral Philosophy in this University. Long has been Professor of English for several years at Wofford College, South Carolina. He leaves for Harvard in a few days. Mayhew is dead. Alderman is one of the Directors of the State Institutes for Public School Teachers. Vance is in Washington State. Worth is a thriving merchant in Wilmington.

—Thursday night, September 11th, the grand event of the session came off—the Fresh. Watermelon Treat—150 watermelons were purchased by the Sophs. under the supervision of Jerry Mason, but with the Fresh.'s money. At 11 o'clock the fight began. The Sophs. had endeavored to keep the Fresh. from getting any of the melons, but the Fresh., under the leadership of Col. Steele, managed to get a good supply. The Fresh. were on the defensive, with the old West Building as a background, in order to stop the rinds of the Sophomores. They fought well for Freshmen, but the sagacity and pluck of the Sophs. could not be downed, and they came off with flying colors. Judge and Sid wanted to help the Sophs., but the Sophs. refused, whereupon Judge and Sid went to stealing watermelons, not for the Fresh., but for themselves.

#### UNIVERSITY GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.

On Friday, June 5th, the advanced Geology class, consisting of Messrs J. M. Morehead, W. F. Shaffner, J. C. Braswell and A. H. Patterson, under the supervision of Professor J. A. Holmes, started out to make some original researches in the formations of the western part of the State. Leaving Chapel Hill on the above date, we proceeded at once by rail to Pilot Mountain, making observations as to altitude, etc., all the way. The expedition was well supplied with instruments for taking altitudes, dip, strike, etc. We had with us three Aneroid barometers, compass, clinometer, levels, hammers and a fine photographic camera. Being thus well equipped we made an exhaustive study of the Pilot Mountain, and then went on up into the mountains of Virginia, visiting Devil's Den, Fancy and Piper's Gaps. Returning then to Mount Airy, we visited the large granite quarries near that place. This finished our stay among the mountains, and we next turned our attention to the mines, visiting, first, Egypt Coal Mine. Returning to Ore Hill, we were shown over the valuable iron mine there, by the genial Manager of the North Carolina Steel and Iron Works, Mr. J. J. Newman. We next turned our attention to the Triassic formations of Rockingham County, finding there evidence of the fact that the layer of Jura-triassic sandstone, commonly known as "brownstone," which outcrops just east of Chapel Hill, once extended in an unbroken sheet as far west as Leaksville, in Rockingham County. Our last visit was made to the Sam Christian Gold Mine in Montgomery County, where we were hospitably entertained by the Superintendent of the mine, Mr. Hambley. The formations in this section are exceedingly interesting. Here, for instance, is found the famous Palætrochis rock (in both varieties, Major and Minor) which was thought by Dr. Emmons to contain Archæan fossils, so strongly does the rock resemble a fossiliferous deposit. We returned to our homes feeling that we had gained more practical knowledge during this short tour of two weeks than we could have gained from text-books in a much longer time, and we earnestly hope to see the example of the University followed by the colleges of the State, feeling sure that in this way we shall develop an interest in geological work hitherto unknown in this State.

Our thanks are due the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. for their kindness in providing the expedition with passes, and to the many who showed us invariable kindness. We hope Professor Holmes will continue his plan next year.

Fresh., from Wilmington. "What's that bird cage doing in front of the Presbyterian Church?" The dignified Senior leaves him at the first opportunity.

Y. M. C. A. Friend to Poker Player: "Where have you been all the evening?"  
Poker Player: "I have been *calling*!"

Fresh. Theologue from Wake (walking into the Library): "I'll bet this is a bigger Library than any other man in North Carolina has."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### RESOLUTIONS ON DR. MANGUM'S DEATH.

Died in Chapel Hill on Monday, May 12th, 1890, Rev. Adolphus W. Mangum, D. D., in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Mangum had for nearly fifteen years been Professor of Mental and Moral Science in the University of North Carolina. After its portals had been closed for seven long years of doubt and despair, on the re-opening of the University, Dr. Mangum cheerfully heeded the call of that University which had shaped the destinies of the greatest men of his State, and ungrudgingly gave the best years of his life to the true and full education of the youths who were to take these men's places.

As a Professor he impressed every one around him with his intense realization of the great responsibility resting upon him as a teacher of young men. He seemed to feel that a great trust had been granted to him, and he gratefully, not fearfully, strove to be worthy of it.

It is not as a Professor, sincere and earnest teacher though he was, nor as a fervent and faithful preacher of God's Word, that we should view him, but in his grand and full stature as a Man.

He was a great man—great in thought, for he was honest; great in word, for he was conscientious; great in deed, for he was faithful.

The Philanthropic Society, recognizing his many virtues, his learning, his courtesy, his eloquence and his piety, desires to give expression to its grief in the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the Philanthropic Society has heard with unfeigned sorrow of Dr. Mangum's death, and though feeling the uselessness of human comfort in time of affliction sent from God, desires to extend to the widowed mother and fatherless children its sincerest sympathy in this their sore and trying bereavement.

*Resolved*, That we offer our heartfelt condolence to the Dialectic, our sister Society, in the loss of so good and true and useful a member as Dr. Mangum.

*Resolved*, That in Dr. Mangum's death the State of North Carolina has lost a faithful patriot, the Church a strong and devoted follower, the University a tried and trusty friend, the students a kind and affectionate counsellor and a wise instructor, and the community a useful citizen.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Mangum, a copy to the Dialectic Society, a copy to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE with request to publish, and that they be spread upon the record of the Philanthropic Society.

Respectfully submitted,

SHEPARD BRYAN, }  
C. F. HARVEY, } *Committee.*  
W. E. DARDEN, }

We have received from a valued contributor several interesting parodies and graceful attempts of his own at those old French conventional forms of verse which Austin Dobson, Lang and others have introduced in English.

### BALLAD OF JOHN STILES.

#### A LEGAL LAY.

Immortal Stiles ! Thy name shall last  
And glory be thy meed,  
Nor envious wind thy fame shall blast  
As long as men shall read.  
Thy ancestors and eke thy seed  
Right well doth story know,  
And e'en thy friends doth history heed—  
John Doe and Richard Roe.

How many men in ages past  
Have pondered thee at need,  
And 'fore thy fame at midnight cast  
The incense of the weed.  
Now by stern Fate it is decreed  
That rough path I must go,  
Until by Death from thee I'm freed  
With Doe and Richard Roe.

Thy visage sour and stern, thou hast  
No pleasant smiles to speed  
Thy servants on their way, yet vast  
Their numbers and their greed.  
They look not for a quiet mead



Where fairest flowers blow ;  
 With flash of gold their hopes you feed  
 With Doe and Richard Roe.

## ENVOY.

STILES ! other men for glory lead  
 Wan lives of toil and woe,  
 But thou immortal art by *deed*  
 With Doe and Richard Roe.

## A SNORING ROOM-MATE.

*(After the manner of Spenser.)*

Right soon he fell asleep, full weary wight,  
 And gan to maken music at his nose,  
 That slumberous rest from me he did affright,  
 So lustily he breathed in his repose.  
 Sometime, like charger startled at his foes,  
 He snorts aloud in haughty fierce disdain;  
 Eftsoon strange, mingled, grating sounds uprose,  
 Fell angry grunts and gurgling groans of pain.  
 Anon he puffeth forth long gentle breaths again.

## THE PEDLAR'S LAMENT.

*(A hot dusty road in the month of July, the sun shining fiercely.)*

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 On thy hot grey sands, O Road !  
 And I would that my legs were fresher  
 Under my body and load.  
 O well for the farmer's boy,  
 That he rides on his horse of bay !  
 O well for his little sister,  
 That she rests 'neath the trees at play.  
 And the buggies swift speed by  
 To their homes along the way ;  
 But the supple freshness of morning's stride  
 Will never come back to-day !  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 On thy sultry sands, O Road !  
 But O for a seat in a vehicle  
 And a horse to take my load.

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*Published under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies  
of the University of North Carolina.*

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The MAGAZINE has six departments, each conducted by a student selected with a view to his qualifications for the work in hand.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT is mainly intended to exhibit the character of the work done in the Societies, to encourage literary efforts and co-operate with the chairs in the University in developing a critical appreciation of the masters of the language. It is a vehicle of communication between the Alumni of the Institution, a repository of interesting bits of history, important results in scientific investigation and discussion of leading questions in general.

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THE PERSONAL DEPARTMENT will tell what "Chapel Hillians" are doing here and elsewhere, and give expression to whatever of wit the funny editor may possess.

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1890.

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NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

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EDITORS:

PHI.

PLATO COLLINS,  
GEORGE RANSOM.

DI.

MATT. J. PEARSALL,  
W. W. DAVIES, JR.

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## THE CHAIR OF HISTORY.

A FEW more thoughts on the forthcoming Chair of History at the University may not be out of order. Col. Burgwyn's masterly address looked chiefly to the North Carolina side of the question. That is, it undertook to show the necessity of a great central bureau of learning, around which the activity of scholars and the indefatigable research of investigators might be quickened and utilized for the discovery of the past life of the State. But it must be evident after all that the incumbent of this chair must be not only a historian but a teacher of history. To unearth the civil, political and religious leaders of the past, to photograph their principles, talents and achievements as they were, and then to disclose the resultant effects of their influence upon the thoughts of others, would be a mighty undertaking for any one in North Carolina. Add to this the mastery of a noble style, a pure, lofty, effective method of composition, at once presenting and illuminating the facts, and



the labors of Hercules will sink out of sight in comparison. So that to appoint a Professor of History at the University, and expect him to write the history of the State, or even to teach it, beyond the limits of present historical research, is rather a reckless calculation, altogether beyond the imagination of scholars. North Carolina undoubtedly needs a profound and thorough exposition of her own life. Very sweet and graphic touches of light and color have been given us here and there. But if a broad, deep and scholarly discussion of her growth and development, of her thinkers, speakers and workers, shall ever be produced, it must be outside of the decrees of legislation, and by the inspiration of genius alone. And one of the first essentials of success will be opportunity and freedom from other care.

The interest kindled throughout the State by the last Commencement would seem to indicate a large endowment for the Chair of History. Certainly that is the necessity of the hour. No student of the financial provision made for professorships in other States can fail to see this. The professors in the Baltimore City College, an institution which ranks below our University, average larger salaries than our professors. They are a good body of men, able and accomplished. But from careful observation, we do not hesitate to say that they do not surpass the faithful body of teachers at Chapel Hill. The wonder is that the people of North Carolina have been able to secure such gifted and cultured men for such a small compensation. But have we not State pride enough to desire to do better in the future? Do we intend to show our appreciation of scholarship by stinting the masters of learning? Shall we content ourselves with a back seat in the splendid modern temple of education by saying to the magicians of thought, we do not value your work? Shall we be satisfied to pay graded-school or high-school prices to eminent thinkers and teachers such as we demand for University toil?

And this brings me to inquire, What sort of institution do

the people of North Carolina expect our Chair of History to be? Is it to be merely ornamental, simply another piece of educational tapestry, without utility or power in the intellectual growth of the State? If that is to be its nature and purpose, we need give ourselves no further concern about it. Such a position can be filled out of hand by a hundred aspirants, who would content themselves with very moderate compensation for their service.

But we respectfully submit that something very different is desired by the enthusiasm, the culture and the patriotism of North Carolina. The spirit of learning, the thirst for progress, every element of mental achievement has held this climax of University attainment in prospective. The scholar has embodied it in his dreams. The old-time alumnus has felt his way to it as a revival, a revolution and a resurrection. The schools of modern training have identified it as the talisman of a new life. And how dare we to trifle with the equipment of such an agency as this on the very threshold of a great awakening? A Chair of History, in a State University, to accomplish its mission, should be the vitalizing power of the whole course. It may not seem to possess the utility or practical value of other studies. But there is a living force in its appeals. It leaves abstract questions, the withered skeletons of learning, to drift with the tide, and sails into the wide open sea of animate existence. Over the tombs of dead nations it reconstructs the society of every age. The genius and moral principles of men are alike discussed by it. The triumphs and failures of the apostles of human creeds, the conspiracies of faction and the infirmities of government, the very tools of the workshop and the utensils of the kitchen, are set by it before the curious student of human life. If any one thinks that only the imagination has to deal with such a vivid collocation of subjects he is mistaken. A superficial scholar or a frivolous thinker, can never catch the full inspiration of history. It awakens and absorbs the highest faculties of the intellect.

And no other department of learning can take its place, kindling such ambitious impulses in the student, filling him with such an exultant spirit of application, giving birth to such a philosophic sense, and stimulating him in every way to become both a scholar and a man of action.

For these reasons, without daring to undervalue the other departments of a University course, we should not hesitate to make the Chair of History the mainspring of the system. We should not make it a question of dignity or rank, by any means. We should consider a half dozen other chairs just as necessary to the reputation, authority and influence of the institution. But as a nursery of study, as a quickener of manly impulses and as a stimulator of the best and brightest faculties of the mind, we should rely on historical learning from start to finish of a University course.

What sort of a man, then, should become the incumbent of this position at our State University? We may be extravagant in our views, but we are happy to think that if we are mistaken, the error is on the side of progress and not of retrogression. We think that our professor should, at least in a large measure, be a compound of Gildersleeve, Arnold and Liddon. That is, he should possess very commanding talents as scholar, teacher and orator. Of course we are not likely to secure the equal of either one of those men at Chapel Hill, much less a compound of the three; but the suggestion will serve to show the direction in which we should look for the highest order of qualification for a master of history. Assuming the scholarship and a high capacity for teaching, the holder of this position should possess a magnetic individuality. With a philosophic knowledge of his work, he should possess also the eloquence of ready speech. He should have such a diffusion of the spell of history through his nature, that, like the poet who lisped in numbers, his common utterance should bear the impress of it. Instead of being a dry lecturer, discussing the buried past as if it were a mollusk or cadaver,

his very nerves should be aflame with the intense influence of his theme. What is the sense of telling the tragic story of the past, when men were devils and women were slaves, if the teller has no conception of his tale? Or what is the purpose of recalling the heroic figures of such men as Raleigh and Drake, if a lecture on physics kindles just as much enthusiasm?

Here is the reason why history is so frequently left behind in the triumphs of our schools. In some sections of the country neither teachers nor pupils know anything about it. If taught at all, it is in a dead, uninteresting manner, which causes the most thrilling chapters to fly over the learner's head like low-lying clouds in summer weather. If history is to be a leading subject in educational work, it must be justly, correctly and eloquently taught. Much more must this be so on the lofty table-land of University life. Young men just on the verge of their fearful struggle with the world, loaded down with science and the classics, need to inhale its spicy airs to give them courage. They learn, indeed, from it the philosophy of living. The professor, who is master of his work, out of the tempered mortar of past sacrifice and labor, shapes the purpose and corrects the passions of his pupils, and gives them a coat of mail for the future. Here is the necessity of a commanding spirit for the place. Here is at least one of the reasons why no torpid, frigid man of clay should drive this chariot of the sun. We repeat, the Professor of History should be a mouthpiece of electric forces. He should control his pupils by the spell of his own affiance to the Muse of History. Being first of all a man of honor, and faithful to the truth, he should rule his classes by the power of his own genius, holding their attention by a word, instructing them by a thought, leading them by a single figure of speech, and cheering them with a smile. Thus he and they will come to magnify both their office and their work.

We hope these suggestions will not sound presumptuous or pedantic. They are certainly meant with a due degree

of modesty and respect for the views of others. They are especially intended to lead up to the mighty lesson which should, in this connection, penetrate and pervade every loving son of the State. If the Chair of History is such a living professorship, filled to the brim with uncompassed activities; if we should not be content with a mere specialist to wield its resources, but should rather search and weigh the gifts and successes of many battle-fields of learning for our magician, then it follows that an ample endowment should be provided, so that we can command when we find him.

We cannot slight the commercial spirit of the age, which sets its stamp on every worker. We can obtain neither great preachers nor great teachers without adequate compensation. A University with the scholarly accretions of a hundred years, and with a roll of honor touching the sunlight and the shadow of a thousand homes, should commence its onward march in a moment. It has commenced it. When Carr, Grant and others uncovered their generous hearts the matter was settled. Having laid the corner-stone with chants, hymns and invocations, the question is, How shall we build? The sons of the University have glorified every square inch of North Carolina. They want no little professorships, inane, inert and superficial. Proud of the men who already direct the interests of the *alma mater*, they wish to add still wider scholarship and profounder talents.

How can this be done? By richly endowing, beginning with the Chair of History, every department. As the alumni have very properly started this work, so they should finish it. A good harvest is at hand, and with it a good opportunity. As North Carolina does not build monuments to her great men, considering them only as hirelings worthy of their hire, and even leaves their sacred dust to waste without mark or headstone, it is not likely that she will yet see the honor which the University has brought to her annals. But she will see it. And when that time comes, her treasure will pour forth like



water to redeem the past. But in the meantime we cannot wait the hour of atonement. The Alumni Associations are ready for work. They can add largely by their own contributions to the amount already secured. Other sons of the University are the main dependence, because of their culture and ability, of the communities in which they live. They are guarding the liberties of the people, protecting their rights, ministering to their pains, educating their children, and even shaping their commerce. The revenues of gold can never pay these men for their public labor and sacrifice. Let them show to the people how the master-builders of the golden age wrought at Chapel Hill for the glory of the State. Let them proudly ask for the means to replace to the dear old mother her jewels and her lost opportunities. And our word for it, we shall accomplish all that we can expect, both as to the number of students and the greatness of endowments.

*John S. Long, LL. D.*

## A WIDE-AWAKE RIP VAN WINKLE.

WHEN JUDGE GASTON penned his proud and defiant lines—

“ Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her,”—

he was indifferent to the ridicule and the reproach attached to the State, assumed by the witlings to be so much in the rear of her more enterprising sisters; proud to remember how really and justly North Carolina had won a reputation more noble than that ascribed to her.

There really was a period in her career when the “witlings” and the “scorner” might find some reasons for their disparagement. There were both natural and artificial causes which had checked and retarded the progress of North Carolina, if, indeed, they had not turned her backward to retrograde move-

ment. Many of the States had prospered greatly by the facilities offered to trade by their systems of water-ways, either navigable by natural conditions or made so by art, penetrating far into the interior and pouring forth their wealth of agricultural products or manufactured fabrics into seaports easily accessible from the ocean, and attracting to them all the elements of a great foreign commerce. Others were traversed by navigable canals extending the full length of their territory, with the certainty that their construction would ensure exhaustless development of business and rapid increase of population by creating new and boundless areas for the activity of both. Such a one was the Erie Canal, connecting the port of New York and the waters of the unobstructed Hudson River with the vast inland seas of the great lakes, whose waters, up to the completion of that canal, had scarcely been furrowed by the keel of commerce, and upon whose unfrequented shores yet reigned the silent wilderness. Such was the Pennsylvania Canal, connecting the deep and accessible harbor of Philadelphia with the waters of the Ohio River, a powerful adjunct in the occupation and development of the valley of the Ohio, but also a mighty stimulus to the enterprise which, through the interminable system of Western water-ways, made open paths for a continuous navigation from the ports on the Atlantic Ocean to the very foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Where rivers had not filled the complete purposes of navigation, or where State energies had not supplanted the necessities of navigation by the aid of artificial channels, a rich, bountiful, but partial National government, had, in one very striking instance at least, extended its liberal aid; and the great National Road, beginning at Baltimore and extending far westward beyond the Ohio River, had awakened the wilderness along its line into a life before unknown to it. This easy highway was the channel through which poured an ever-swelling tide of traffic, travel and also of immigration, enriching towns and cities already in existence and calling new ones into

being and enormously aiding in the attainment of that supremacy in population and wealth so rapidly gained by the territory north of the Potomac and Ohio.

While New York was being magnified in every interest by the beneficent influences of the Erie Canal; while Pennsylvania was being rapidly enriched by her canal, extending from the Schuylkill to the Ohio; while Maryland was profiting by her unopposed use of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and also by the added benefits of the National Road, and while even Virginia derived marked advantage from her James River and Kanawha Canal, a prolongation into her far interior of the navigation of the James River, North Carolina was standing still; in fact, was falling backward. She had made a mighty effort, had failed and for a while despaired.

In her early days, when her population was gathered mostly in the eastern section, she was on fairly equal footing with her sister Colonies, her subsequent sister States. That section was watered by numerous rivers, navigable for a short distance, penetrating inward as far as the existing requirements of trade demanded; its shores were washed with frequent bays and sounds convenient to the uses of interior commerce, and its coasts were pierced with numerous inlets leading up to ports readily accessible to the class of vessels engaged in the coasting trade, that which then chiefly engaged the interest of the trading population.

But in process of time population moved farther west, until at length it overflowed the barriers of our western mountains and gradually diffused itself over the whole length and breadth of the State "from Currituck to Cherokee," and then became manifest the inconveniences of the topography of North Carolina. There were many rivers in the State; few of them were navigable as far as one hundred miles from the coast; others, and they were the largest in volume, flowed out of the State and into the territory of our rivals. Therefore, with the solitary exception of the Cape Fear, which gave good naviga-

tion as far up as Fayetteville, from which point there was ready access to a large trading interior by means of wagons, our rivers were insignificant agencies in our internal economy. In the absence of rivers and canals, for the railroad had not been introduced, the imperative necessities of trade compelled resort to markets beyond our limits; and Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond on the one hand, and Charleston and Augusta on the other, from their greater proximity, respectively, to the North Carolina towns or farms, drew to them an interest and a consideration not accorded to our own towns. Of these there were few, they were small, and they were limited in their business transactions almost solely to local interest.

I shall speak in the proper place of what had been attempted to counteract the niggard provision of nature for the conveniences of an active and increasing population. Here I may mention that, disheartened by the failure of what had been undertaken, our people were seized by apathy, sometimes by despair, and steeped for a period in a Rip Van Winkle slumber, during which little was done. Those who kept awake made haste to leave their homes and seek brighter fortunes in the newly opened lands of the South and West. While North Carolina was menaced with depopulation, Florida, North Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas, were the glad recipients of that great efflux of our strength and wealth, and were also being stamped with those characteristics which North Carolina now, in her prosperity and recovered strength, can see with just pride so faithfully reflected in her vigorous offshoots. How her bettered condition was brought about I shall attempt to show farther on. What I propose to demonstrate is, that while North Carolina may, perhaps, at one period have been fit subject for ridicule through her sluggishness, it was not always so, no more than it is so now; that in many ideas, principles and practical objects, she had taken the initiative, which, if not at the time profitable to

herself, were usefully applied elsewhere. I shall show that in the assertion of the rights of conscience, in the vindication of political liberty, in the nurture of education, in the advancement of science, in manufacturing industry, in agriculture, in the work of internal improvements, and in whatever illustrates the intelligence of a people, in some particulars North Carolina has led the van; in all has been the equal of those most prompt to chide her backwardness.

*Good to quote in here*  
 It is enough to illustrate the liberty of conscience enjoyed from the earliest days of the colony of North Carolina, continued to the present day, that it was soon recognized as the safe refuge for the oppressed and persecuted of every religious creed. The Quakers, flying from the persecution of "the Churchmen of Virginia and the Puritans of New England," here found a quiet field for the exercise of their peaceful practices; Dissenters of all shades of doctrine worshiped and preached after their own forms and beliefs; Huguenots and Roman Catholics alike found easy utterance for their opposite faiths. Only infidels found no welcome, for the spirit if not the forms, of the Christian religion was firmly implanted in every simple heart. The tenacity with which the people of the whole province clung to their freedom of conscience, has forcible witness in the futile, though long continued persistence of the Lords Proprietors to fix upon their domains a State religion, that of the Church of England—an effort persisted in by the subsequent Royal Governors to the extent, for a long time, of making that church hateful as associated with that civil polity against which the people had risen and finally subverted.

The vindication of political liberty by the people of North Carolina was even more emphatic and persistent than the assertion of religious freedom, because it affected more closely than the other the fortunes of the individual and the community. No Commonwealth ever had an origin more favorable to the development and exercise of untrammelled individuality.



With few exceptions, immigration was governed by personal will and choice. Settlers located almost where they pleased ; wherever the land was good, wherever game and fish abounded, wherever facilities for water inter-communication were ample. Each settler was lord of his own domain, building his dwelling deep in the solitude of the forest, or on the unfrequented shores of the rivers and bays, secluded, uninterrupted, shunning the compact, artificial restraints of towns, and cherishing in his isolation all his instincts of an unfettered freeman, whilst preserving all the lessons of tradition and history which had taught him the cost and the value of civil liberty. There never was a school in which the principles of such liberty were better or more impressively taught. The colonist of North Carolina did not come as a rude, unlettered pioneer. Most often he came as a refugee from religious persecution or political oppression, well read, well informed in the principles of government, impatient to put in practice the hopes or the theories he had evolved either from reflection or disastrous experience. By such a man, finding safe field or refuge in the wilderness, subduing it to his uses by his labor and his intelligence, surrounding himself in the course of time with the comforts of home or the luxuries of wealth, encroachment upon his rights, privileges and immunities was resented with the spirit of an insulted sovereign. The attempts at the enforcement of unpalatable authority, the collection of unauthorized revenues, the denial of the rights of representation in colonial legislation, these originated endless pertinacious conflicts between the governors and the restive subjects of government, ending in all instances in contemptuous defiance of unlawful authority, frequently in the expulsion of the governors, and in the ultimate full triumph of the insulted freemen.

The spirit of North Carolina in its earlier days is that which has always animated it. In speaking of these early days Bancroft says: "North Carolina was settled by the freest of the

free; by men to whom the restraints of the other colonies were too severe; they were not so much caged in the woods as scattered in lonely granges. \* \* \* \* But the settlers were gentle in their tempers, of serene mind, enemies to violence and bloodshed. Not all their successive revolutions had kindled vindictive passions." Of what these men were capable of doing, what they did do, when roused to resistance, the same writer testifies: "Are there any who doubt man's capacity for self government? Let him study the history of North Carolina; its inhabitants were restless and turbulent in their submission to a government imposed upon them from abroad; the administration of the colony was firm, humane and tranquil when they were left to take care of themselves. Any government but one of their own institution was oppressive." And then, after securing that for which they so hotly contested, by them "freedom, entire freedom, was enjoyed without anxiety, as without guarantee, the charities of life were scattered at their feet like the flowers in their meadows, and humanity maintained its influence in this Arcadia, as Royalist writers will have it, of rogues and rebels."

The spirit of liberty, so animated and active during colonial days, glowed with increasing intensity as colonial resistance to wrong kindled into revolutionary flame. The opponents to the enforcement of the Stamp Act, gave open notice that the attempt to enforce said Act "would be resisted to blood and death." The menace was no idle one. Early in 1766 the men of Cape Fear put their resolves into execution; and at the head of a large force of the liberty-asserting yeomanry of the vicinity *did* enforce their purpose, and not only compelled the Royal agents to seek the cover of their ships, but also forced those ships into submission. This was done openly, without cover of disguise, with brave assumption of all the responsibilities attending the defiant deed. The men of Cape Fear, the men of North Carolina, were the first on this continent to resist with open force the imposition of obnoxious legislation.

Speaking of the attitude of the other colonies in relation to the Stamp Act, Colonel Waddell, in his "Colonial Officer and his Times," says: "No open armed resistance to an armed force occurred except on the Cape Fear."

Then came the troubles of the war of the Regulators, a popular and ultimately armed uprising against the abuses of Royal powers, and however objectionable some of the motives and acts of the Regulators may present themselves to the eyes of this generation, it is undeniable that the underlying spirit of the whole was that indomitable and irrepressible love of liberty, taking form and substance in North Carolina before it had active and open expression in the other colonies; a tentative, and very decided step on the pathway to national independence; and in that step followed the Cumberland Resolves, the Halifax Resolutions, and the grand culminating Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, putting to the test of decisive action what the sister Colonies, perhaps, were seriously meditating.

Thus it is shown that in the assertion and the maintenance of the principles of civil liberty, North Carolina stands first in the illustrious roll of the champions of freedom, and in the erection of the powerful united Commonwealth which owes its being to the successful maintenance of their Declaration of Independence.

In education, it must be confessed, North Carolina presents no claim to leadership, nor even to very early active interest in the important question. This was the result of conditions essentially unfriendly to the promotion or encouragement of literature, conditions which placed our State in unenviable contrast with New England. In explanation of the differences between the two, I quote the very satisfactory parallel drawn by Mr. Charles Lee Smith, in his able and instructive "Education in North Carolina." He says: "New England was peopled by colonies, and the establishment of towns was coeval with the settlement. The people were forced by cir-

cumstances to live together, and this tended to strengthen the bonds of union between them. Then, too, the people of each community were generally of the same religious faith, and their preachers were at the same time the teachers in their schools." Of North Carolina he says: "This province was settled by individual families, and although the first permanent settlement was made about 1660, there was no town until Bath was located in 1704. \* \* \* \* \* The people were sparsely scattered here and there along the shores of the sounds and the banks of the water courses." "Under these circumstances," says Wheeler, "with families far removed from each other, it is easy to see that there was very little progress in establishing schools."

Nor with the increase of population was the condition improved; for, with the wide area before them "where to choose," that population was diffusing itself through the vast unoccupied territory instead of gathering strength by the concentration of increased numbers; and thus, though among the scattered were many men of good education, yet owing to the distance of habitations from each other, and also to the almost total absence for a long period of roads, the educational needs of the poor suffered sad but unavoidable neglect. When opportunity favored there was no people to seize upon it with more ready alacrity than those of North Carolina; and the high schools in Charlotte, that of Dr. David Caldwell in the present county of Guilford, and several others of note antecedent to the Revolution, drawing to them pupils from far distant colonies, proved that higher and general education had only been postponed by circumstances not under control. There is no incident in our history that ought to swell our pride of State with loftier emotion than the provision made in the first State Constitution for the establishment of a State University. That thought enforced itself amid the very throes of war, in the clouds and uncertainties of the desperate, unequal battle for liberty. It has only one parallel in

history, that of the Roman Senate calmly and imperturbably discussing a domestic question when a victorious and ruthless enemy was thundering at the gates of Rome.

To science the contributions of North Carolina were distinguished less by their number than by the liberality, enlightenment and priority of their conceptions. The first geological survey ever undertaken in the United States was authorized by the Legislature of North Carolina in 1823, the execution of which was committed to the distinguished scientist, Professor Olmstead, and his reports of his work were made to the Legislature successively, as the work progressed, in 1824-5-6-7. The first astronomical observatory ever erected in the United States was established at the State University by Dr. Caldwell in 1827, and until destroyed by fire did valuable duty in its sphere of observation.

In nothing, for a long period, did North Carolina appear to compare so disadvantageously with her sister States as in the work of internal improvements. To these I have previously referred. But it is easy to demonstrate that in these, as in other great movements, she was an active pioneer if not a successful leader. Looking back at the period of our history when population was small and scattered, when there was small accumulation of wealth or concentration of capital, when banking facilities were few and credit abroad distrustfully denied, when revenue, both State and county, was at its minimum—the State tax of the county of Buncombe, including the present area of Transylvania, Henderson, Madison and Yancey, with a part of Mitchell, in 1826 was only \$2,600; and the revenue for the whole State ten years later, was only \$65,000, there being then no school tax and only small levies for county purposes—when the population was almost purely agricultural, and the towns few and small, with only social or political influence to give them prominence, then the temerity with which great works were conceived and undertaken may well strike posterity with amazement. The leaders of men in



those days were well informed, broad-minded and sagacious. They knew the deficiencies of their State, and devoted themselves with enthusiastic energy to supply them.

Water-ways presented themselves as the readiest agencies to the attainment of their objects—the improvement of such rivers as afforded already partial navigation, and the connection of other waters one with another by artificial canals. Thus, in 1790, was authorized by the Legislature of this State—to be done by private subscription—“the cutting of a navigable canal between the waters of Pasquotank River in this State to the waters of Elizabeth River in Virginia.” This is the existing Dismal Swamp Canal, undertaken thirty-five years before the great Erie Canal was completed, and eighteen years before the pioneer canal of New England, the Middlesex, was opened for use.

That the “canal” was then regarded as the great agent of commercial prosperity and industrial advancement is illustrated by the preamble to the act passed in 1795, “An Act to encourage the cutting of canals by subscription:” “Whereas, it has been demonstrated by the experience of the most improved and well cultivated countries, that opening communication by cutting canals has been productive of great wealth and convenience; and Whereas, etc.: Therefore,” etc.; and the Legislature was liberal in granting charters to such end, provided always that the companies so favored did their own work and paid their own way. The impulse thus set in motion was resistless for some years. Sanguine men foresaw in the coming time all the rivers freed from all obstruction up to the head of navigable water, and then by canals around the most formidable falls and rapids, to be opened up to traffic nearly to their sources in the far interior. Thus the Cape Fear Navigation Company, with power to construct canals, was incorporated in 1795; the Roanoake Navigation Company and the Neuse River Navigation Company, in 1812; the New River, the Tar River, the Catawba River, and the Cape Fear and Yadkin River Companies, in 1816.

Upon all these works vast sums were spent and little accomplished. Projectors were all disappointed, because in all instances the cost far exceeded estimates, and the relative poverty of the people and communities, and the inability to enlist the aid of capital abroad, compelled the ultimate abandonment of every effort, and left our river sides strewn with the wrecks of labor and fortune, with here and there some finished section of work, like the Weldon Canal, to become available in after generations as valuable water-power.

Nor were the people of the State slow to seize upon the promise suggested by the application of steam power to railroad transportation. They had been disappointed in, but not disheartened by, the failure of their efforts to secure ready water-ways, but they were quick "to pick their flints and try again." In 1827 Dr. Joseph Caldwell, President of the University, returned home from a visit to England. He had witnessed while abroad the success of the Liverpool & Manchester Railroad. He inflamed the imagination and kindled the interest of North Carolina by those admirable, powerful "letters of Carlton." In them he urged the construction of that line of railroad from Beaufort harbor to Paint Rock, from deep water on our sea-coast to the other extreme of the State beyond the mountains—a suggestion that long lay unheeded and dormant, but now a practical fact, proved vindication of prophetic vision, daring but sure, one which anticipated all other conceptions of lines of such length and aim. But if Dr. Caldwell's idea did not bear immediate fruit, it awoke intense interest on the subject of railroads. In 1835 the charter for the road from Fayetteville to Salisbury was granted, a long line for that early day. It is enough to say, that though the line was surveyed, the road was never built, the cost being beyond the compass of the small communities it was designed to connect. But if that measure failed, another yet more daring was begun in 1836, and carried to successful execution. In all railroad annals there is nothing bolder,

almost more presumptuous, than the work undertaken by Wilmington to a point on the Roanoke River not even designated as town or hamlet on the maps of the State, but now known far and wide as Weldon. The road is 164 miles long, passing through what was then regarded as a barren region. Without a single considerable village along the route, Wilmington with a population of not more than three thousand, less than half of whom were whites, almost unaided, undertook and successfully completed the gigantic work. For confidence in herself, for wise use of her resources, for patient endurance under adversities, and for the ultimate reward of success, Wilmington earned for herself and for the State a brilliant name for courageous enterprise, engaged in when there was little of experience to guide or encourage.

That in railroad extension North Carolina now stands in honorable comparison with her sister States is proved by the fact that within her borders are nearly three thousand miles of line in operation, and several hundred miles in addition now under construction.

In manufacturing, North Carolina now prominent as one of the leading cotton manufacturing States in the South, has the honor to be among the first—certainly the first south of Virginia—to embark in that pursuit in the Southern States. The Rocky Mount Mills, perhaps under another name from that now applied, were erected about the year 1815; and the Donaldson Mill, afterwards the Cross Creek Mill, at Fayetteville, was in active operation from 1816-'17 up to the time of its destruction by Sherman's orders in 1865.

A curious incident in our manufacturing history, recalled by Wheeler, is that, in 1796 Governor Ashe affirmed the justice of the claim of one Jacob Byler, of Buncombe County, in that, in 1795, in said county, the said Byler had manufactured "six hundred and sixty-three pounds of good merchantable rifle powder;" and therefore proclaimed that Byler was entitled to the bounty granted for the encouragement of such branches of industry.

In Agriculture, North Carolina, which produces on her soil, in greater or less abundance, all of every subject of culture in every State of the Union, from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, did in some products surpassingly excel. Thus her rice, though less extensively cultivated than in South Carolina, is so highly esteemed as for several generations to have supplied that State, by the voluntary choice of her planters, with its annual supply of seed rice.

In cotton, in recent years, North Carolina has taken a respectable position as a "Cotton State." Intelligence to avail themselves of the new stimulating, artificial fertilizers, and skilful scientific culture, enabled the farmers to advance the State from the magnificent product of half a century ago to the large crop of 389,708 bales in 1880, the last authentic tabulation at my command. And the quality of the staple does not show that the flexibility of latitude has been too severely tested. On the other hand, the quality of our staple ranks with the best of the "upland" cotton of the more Southern States. It is a fact well remembered by cotton buyers, that the cotton of Orange and Anson Counties readily commanded half a cent more in New York than any other "upland" placed on that market. I do not know what rank those counties now hold.

Tobacco has been a prominent staple in North Carolina since early colonial days, forming for a long time, as it did in Maryland and Virginia, the currency of the country. The crop is always a large one, in 1880 reaching 26,986,213 pounds; and with the largely increased area in cultivation now, without doubt, far surpasses that amount. But it is not quantity, but quality, which has given this State prominence in that staple. In North Carolina was first discovered and applied that process which converts the dark brown leaf into the "golden yellow," the "Virginia brights" of the foreign market—a process which has added many hundred fold to the value of the product, making it the most profitable field crop on the face of

the earth, for the profits often exceed \$600 per acre. The honor of the name "brights " falls, as usual, to Virginia ; the solid gain accrues to us. Three-fourths of the bright tobacco is the product of North Carolina, its culture extending, with interrupted intervals, from Swain County in the west to Nash County in the east.

Other instances might be cited to give North Carolinians courage to speak as confidently as Judge Gaston did. If the history of our State be read, the deeds of our ancestry remembered, the wisdom of our statesmen applied, the enterprise of our predecessors honored, and the resources of our State recognized and utilized, there is enough to make us all exultantly unite with Judge Gaston in singing—

" Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the old North State forever !  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the good Old North State ! "

*J. D. Cameron.*

### COLONEL ISAAC ERWIN AVERY.

THE University of North Carolina has never had a more worthy citizen and gallant soldier than Colonel Isaac Erwin Avery, a lineal descendant of the first Attorney General of free North Carolina, the Revolutionary patriot, Waightstill Avery. His parents sent to the University other sons, who attained eminence. Colonel Waightstill W. Avery, a leading lawyer and politician, Colonel Clarke Moulton Avery, both of whom were killed in battle in service of the Confederacy ; Thomas L. Avery, a very promising man, who died early ; Captain Willoughby F. Avery, and Judge Alphonso C. Avery, both gallant Confederate soldiers. Isaac Avery was a student in 1847-'48, but left without graduating. As I was in the same society with him, the Dialectic, I remember well his strong



*Herold* mind, fine personal appearance, genial manners, and deportment always as a perfect gentleman. The following statement of the facts of his history, which I extract from a late number of the *Morganton Star*, gives a truthful account of a man of most brilliant promise of whom the State should be proud. The glorious charge and entry into the enemy's works on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, should be known and remembered of all.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

Colonel Isaac Erwin Avery was the son of Colonel Isaac T. and Harriet E. Avery, and was born December 20th, 1828. He took an irregular course at Chapel Hill, and after leaving there was engaged for several years in supervising a large stock farm, owned by his father, and in dealing in cattle as the partner of Colonel Montfort S. Stokes, of Wilkes. He was, when the war began, a contractor on the W. N. C. Railroad, in partnership with Colonels C. F. Fisher and S. McD. Tate, and showed himself a most efficient manager of work of that kind.

He set to work to raise a company so soon as his friend, Colonel Fisher, was appointed by the Governor to organize the Sixth North Carolina State troops to serve for the war, and was successful in enlisting, with the assistance of A. C. Avery, the largest company in the regiment.

While Colonel Avery was a patient, amiable and most agreeable man, he believed in discipline, and had the firmness, in a quiet way, to enforce obedience to authority and orders. He sustained Colonel Pender in his efforts to bring the regiment up to the highest degree of efficiency, and when Pender was made a general officer, just after the battle of Seven Pines, he recommended Avery to succeed him, having already induced the Governor to appoint him Lieutenant-Colonel to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lightfoot. Colonel (then Captain) Avery was wounded in the charge upon Ricketts' Battery, at Manassas, which was made upon his suggestion. Captain Avery called out "Let us charge." Colonel Fisher said in reply, "That is right, Captain, charge!" The men ascended to the top of the hill. Fisher led, but veered to the left, and fell fifty yards in advance of his line. His last words were those uttered in reply to Avery.

He was wounded at Manassas at 1861, and at Gaines Farm in 1862. He was in command of Hoke's Brigade at Gettysburg and fell mortally wounded in the advance upon Cemetery Heights, late in the afternoon of the second day. The account of it given by Captain (then Lieutenant) McPherson, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, and corroborated by Colonel S. McD. Tate, is, that the brigade was ordered to advance on the left of Hays' Louisiana Brigade, and as they ascended the hill, the Sixth was wheeled by Colonel Tate so as to conform to the enemy's position, while the Twenty-first and Fifty-seventh Regiments were moving straight on the original line, and diverging every moment from the new line of the Sixth.

Colonel Avery attempted on that hill-side, that was being swept by the enemy's guns, to overtake the two regiments and save them from an enfilade fire, to which they were afterwards subjected, and before he reached them was shot through the neck and fell speechless. In his hand was found a bloody scroll upon which he had written with a pencil, and with an evident effort, the words, "Colonel Tate, tell my father that I fell with my face to the foe." \* \* \* \* It was generally understood, and stated upon the authority of prominent general officers, that Colonel Avery would have had a brigade had he survived that fight. He had been recommended by Generals Pender, Hood, Law and Early before that time for promotion. He was never married; but he was the idol of all in the domestic circle in which he moved, from his aged father to the youngest child. He had the love and confidence of the soldiers, as he had enjoyed the respect and affection of his neighbors before the war began. He was complimented in the reports for good conduct in every fight in which he was engaged.

The following letter from General Early substantiates the foregoing statements:

LYNCHBURG, VA., June 11, 1890.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 4th has been received, and in reply I have to inform you that at the close of the 2nd of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, both Hoke's Brigade, under the command of Colonel Isaac E. Avery, and Hays' Louisiana Brigade, attacked the enemy's works on Cemetery Hill and entered them. Of course the Sixth North Carolina Regiment entered the works, but it was along with the rest of the brigade. Hays' Brigade brought off four of the battle-flags and one hundred prisoners captured from the enemy. The conduct of Hoke's Brigade, under Colonel Avery, was all that could be expected of it, and the Sixth North Carolina Regiment behaved well, as did the rest of the brigade. It was frequently the case that the men and officers of a regiment not being able to see what other troops did, imagined that other troops were not engaged where they fought. In the twenty-seventh volume, second part, of the books entitled "War of the Rebellion," "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published under the authority of Congress, is contained my official reports of the campaign in 1863, including the battle of Gettysburg. As it may not be accessible to you, I send you a copy of my statement in regard to the attack on Cemetery Hill on the second day. This is all the information that I can give you in regard to that affair.

Very truly yours,

J. A. EARLY.

A. C. Avery, Esq.:

The extract sent by General Early is as follows, viz.:

Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies—Vol. 27, part 2nd; pages 470-471. Extracts from report of General J. A. Early:

## EXTRACT FIRST.

Having been subsequently informed that the attack would begin at 4 p. m., I directed General Gordon to move his brigade to the railroad in rear of Hays and Avery, Smith being left under General J. E. B. Stuart to guard the York Road. The fire from the artillery having been opened on the right and left at 4 o'clock and continued for some time, I was ordered by General Ewell to advance upon Cemetery Hill with my two brigades that were in position as soon as General Johnson's Division, which was on the left, should become engaged at the wooded hill, on the left, which it was about to attack, information being given me that the advance would be general, and made also by Rhode's Division and Hill's Division on my right.


Accordingly, as soon as Johnson became warmly engaged, which was a little before dusk, I ordered Hays and Avery to advance and carry the works on the heights in front. These troops advanced in gallant style to the attack, passing over the ridge in front of them under a heavy artillery fire, and there crossing a hollow between that and Cemetery Hill, and moving up this hill in the face of at least two lines of infantry posted behind stone and plank fences; but these they drove back, and, passing over all obstacles, they reached the crest of the hill, and entered the enemy's breastworks, crossing it, getting possession of one or two batteries. But no attack was made on the immediate right, as was expected, and not meeting with support from that quarter, these brigades could not hold the position that they had attained, because a very heavy force of the enemy was turned against them from that part of the line which the divisions on the right were to have attacked, and these two brigades had, therefore, to fall back, which they did with comparatively slight loss, considering the nature of the ground over which they passed and the immense odds opposed to them, and Hays' Brigade brought off four stands of captured colors. At the same time these brigades advanced, Gordon's Brigade was ordered forward to support them, and did advance to the position from which they had moved, but was halted here because it was ascertained that no advance was made on the right, and it was evident that the crest of the hill could not be held by any two brigades, supported by this one, without any assistance, and that the attempt would be attended by a useless sacrifice of life. Hays' and Hoke's Brigade were reformed on the line previously occupied by them, and on the right and left of Gordon, respectively.

In this attack, Colonel Avery, of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, commanding Hoke's Brigade, was mortally wounded. With this affair the fighting on July 2nd terminated.

## PAGE 473—EXTRACT SECOND.

The conduct of my troops during the entire campaign, on the march as well as in action, was deserving of the highest commendation. To Brigadier-Generals Hays and Gordon I was greatly indebted for their cheerful, active and intelligent co-operation on all occasions, and their gallantry in action was eminently con-

spicuous. I had to regret the absence of the gallant Brigadier-General Hoke, who was severely wounded in the action of May 6th, at Fredricksburg, and had not recovered, but his place was worthily filled by Colonel Avery, of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, who fell mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his brigade in the charge on Cemetery Hill, at Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July 2nd. In his death the Confederacy lost a good and brave soldier.



## LET THE SOUTH AND WEST UNITE.

With the regularity of the seasons comes the campaign orator announcing the death of sectionalism and the removal of the only impediment to American progress. It is an old, old story, "whose babbling echo mocks itself," for when the passions of the hour have passed, and the enthusiasm subsided, the calm level of public opinion, which always moves beneath the storm, realizes that some sections of our Union have been aided, and others burdened by unjust laws.

While the North has been enjoying marvelous prosperity, the South and West have been retarded by unnatural barriers. Far is it from my purpose to pronounce any sweeping diatribe, but I speak for a peaceful political union of the South and West against the haughty oppression of the North.

For twenty-five years we have been the silent South. For twenty-five years we have submitted to grievous wrongs as the equitable portion of a conquered people. We surrendered our arms, and we endured the vandal march of conquerors. On repentant knees we renewed our allegiance, and we bore the shame and evils of reconstruction. We have poured our revenue into the nation's treasury, and we beg in vain for a few scattered crumbs. We have labored faithfully for the solution of an unprecedented race problem, and we are accused of dishonesty and treachery. We have laid to rest our fallen chief, unwept and unhonored by the nation whose domain he extended, whose congress he honored, whose executive he sustained, and we hear "the Southern brigadiers are

again in the saddle." While our tears are still falling on the grave of our *latest hero*, who marched like an armed warrior through hostile ranks, proclaiming the errors of the North and the wrongs of the South, there comes an echo from the nation's capitol that "the South is standing upon a volcano." "The South is seated upon a safety-valve, and will soon be the scene of the bloodiest race war in history, where the midnight torch and the assassin's dagger will avenge the wrongs of an injured race."

Alas! and this is the death of sectionalism! This the removal of our stumbling-block! This the result of our free institutions! Better, far better, the constitution had never been adopted, the famous declaration had never been made! Better, far better, our ancestors had never crossed the sea, our hills and dales were still covered with primeval forests. But must these wrongs continue? Must this surely be our destiny? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no hope for our troubled land?

We believe there is. Let us turn from the East where the horizon is dark and gloomy, to the West where it is fair and bright. Let us turn from the temple where we have looked so long in vain,

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea."

*There* is a domain richer and better than I could picture. *There* are mines of gold and silver, untold measures of coal, and mountains of iron. "There is the home of a hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper human kind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone." But that fair land also has her wrongs. She, too, has "asked for a fish and been given a serpent, for bread and been given a stone." Her granaries are overflowing because her rivers remain unopened and there is no ready outlet to the sea. The Chinese are swarming her coasts, and the Indians murdering her citi-



zens, but her petitions return unnoticed, her prayers unanswered. Both West and South have asked for the monetization of silver, but Wall street answers "No." Both have long plead for a deep harbor on the Gulf, but Boston, New York and Philadelphia answer "No." One has begged for, the other demanded, relief from a protective system that is sapping the life-blood of both, but New England answers "No." Let us rise from our weary knees. Let us put off the beggar's garb and resume our sovereignty. For seventy-five years, fairly, justly and equitably, our ancestors ruled this whole nation. Ours were the bravest and most skilled soldiers, the purest and most upright executives, the broadest-minded and most renowned jurists, the most eloquent and far-sighted statesmen. The sons of those "born rulers," who framed our constitution, set the government in motion and successfully operated it for three-quarters of a century, cannot always silently bear the taunts of secession and treachery. That fire which burned so fiercely in their bosoms has been extinguished, but the spark still glows beneath the ashes, and the next gentle breeze will kindle the smouldering flames. That breeze will come from the West. Thither the eyes of the whole nation have turned with pride and pleasure, but for the South there has always been a peculiar fascination. The extent of her territory, the vastness of her resources, the liberality of her statesmen, have contended in generous rivalry for *our* admiration. The Southern pulse always quickens and the Southern heart always warms at the name of "The Little Giant," "The Grand Old Roman," and "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." It is true that for one generation we have been separated by the savage strife of civil war, but it was not always so.

They were Virginians and Carolinians who first penetrated the trackless forests, and left their bones bleaching on the Western hills. They were the sons of our own rugged mountains who, unaided and alone, led the advance guard of Western civilization, and drove the American savage step by step

towards the setting sun. They were Southern heroes who "bore the 'Lone Star' Westward and carved an Empire State from the heritage of the Montezumas." And now, after a long, sad separation, when the shadows of affliction are hovering around the brow of the estranged daughter, she is ready and willing to unite with her feeble mother to battle in a common cause for the rectification of common wrongs. With the New South there has been growing a New West, and a strange change has come. It is felt in every Western breeze. It is seen in the uneasy footsteps of the farmer as he for the first time feels the burdens that have been so long concealed from his unsuspecting eyes. It is heard in the joyful tidings from the West that the last sectional howl has brought ruin to those who have so long marched triumphantly beneath the waving folds of the bloody flag.

Here, then, is our hope. Here the solution of our problems. The order of Nature has been reversed and our "Day Star" shines in the West. The two daughters of Ceres must join hands and defy the cohorts of protection, loosen the throttling grasp of monopoly and admit the pure air of life to our asphyxiated industries.

It will only be the repetition of history on American soil. In the days of the "Elder Adams," the old Federal party became proud and haughty, forgot the welfare of the nation, and was guided only by insane longings for continued supremacy; the party of Jefferson, sustained by the brawny muscle of the workshop and farm, enlisted the masses, and to-day the Federal party lives only in history. The old adage that "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad," has again been forgotten. New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts make imperial commands and brook no delay. They demand the opening of rivers, the deepening of harbors, the erection of buildings, or the protection of industries, and immediately the vaults of the nation's treasury fly open. Without regard to justice they have betrayed our trust, without regard to the

welfare of the nation, they have cared for their own interest until they have become cold and indifferent.

While the Northern deities hold high carnival, let a Solid South, hand in hand with a Solid West, marching under our country's flag, storm the temple whence their petitions have returned unopened, their prayers unheard. While the guests are assembled, the feast is spread and the wine is flowing, let us turn from the East—reeking with political corruption—to the West, whence comes the first gleam of hope, the first ray of sunshine, since the dark gloom of civil war spread over our land.

Should Northern statesmen contend it is narrow-minded, selfish and unjust, to advance our claims on the contracted limits of sectionalism, we answer: "Be it so. Blot them out. Let them be unsaid, unread and forgotten. We will take higher ground. With the broad platform of public good to support us, with the honor and safety of the Union to justify us, we will stake those claims on the perpetuity of the republic, for just as surely as the East is now prospering under the bounties of protection, just so surely will the pendulum swing back, bringing anarchy and death to American institutions, unless there be a speedy return to just and equal laws."

We believe our only hope lies in the West. Thither the mariner must direct his compass, and then our republican barge may arrive safely at that port of destiny predicted by the "old man eloquent," for the chief seat of the English speaking race. Not only do we consider this to be our hope, but our destiny.

It has been written by the hand of Providence upon our hills and mountains, and in our rivers and valleys. It is seen in the golden grain of the Western plains and the white blooms of the Southern fields. It is seen in the Southern circle of iron ores, studded here and there with immense beds of coal. It is seen, too, in the silent streams, gliding North and South and sweeping East and West into one grand channel of com-

munication which unite our commercial, agricultural and industrial interests, as the veins and arteries move the tide of life back and forth through the human breast.

Let us welcome this coming union—not as that which might have been best, but as that which will peacefully right the Ship of State, and guide her safely into the ideal haven of our fathers.

*Victor S. Bryant.*

## GRANDFATHER'S TALES OF N. C. HISTORY.

### VI.

#### HOW AND WHAT HE PAID.

My children, I told you in my last story that I would tell you what and how the Quaker George Durant paid Kilcocanen for Wecocomicke.

Well, he paid him so funny that I am afraid you will laugh at good old Quaker George. I would not have you do that.

I would not have you do that because he was a good and honest man and was an honor to North Carolina. He was the first man in America that bought land from the Indians and paid them for it.

George Durant bought the land from Kilcocanen, in Durant's Neck in North Carolina, and paid him for it in the year 1661.

William Penn bought the land from the Indians on which the City of Philadelphia now stands, in Pennsylvania, and paid them for it long afterwards.

The act of William Penn is often mentioned to his honor. The act of George Durant is scarcely known.

'Tis the part of history to give honor to those to whom it is due, and if it was an honor to pay "Poor Lo" for his property, George Durant is entitled to greater honor than Penn, because he was first to do so.

After Kilcocanen had agreed to sell the land in Durant's Neck to Durant, then the trouble was how to pay him.

The bank bills which Durant had a plenty of were of no use to Kilcocanen.

So, after talking to his friend Pritlove about it, he concluded he would send Pritlove and get his bank bills changed for gold.

Pritlove soon returned with his shiny gold pieces. Now all seemed straight. Durant thought he had now something that nobody could object to.

He sent to Kilcocanen to let him know he was ready to pay him for Wecocomicke.

Kilcocanen appointed a time to meet him with his big Indians to receive his pay and give him his right to the goodly land of Wecocomicke.

The day came, bright, beautiful. A large old oak tree, near Albemarle Sound was their meeting place.

Kilcocanen and his braves were there first. They were seated on an Indian carpet made of wolf and beaver skins, decked in gorgeous ornaments of the skins of wild animals and the gay plumage of birds.

Durant and Pritlove soon came with their bags of gold. They emptied their shining gold pieces on the carpet.

It would be a pleasant sight to us, but it was not to Kilcocanen.

The proud old Indian Chief of the Yeopim tribe, looked at it from the corner of his eye. He seemed to say, "What does all this mean? This be no good for Kilcocanen."

Honest old George took up the shining gold pieces, and turned them over and over. He showed the engraved emblems on them.

Kilcocanen shook his head. Taking up some of the gold pieces, one by one, he tied them up and hung them around his neck. Again he shook his head.

He then went off to himself in the woods, and after staying



away a short time returned with a handful of deer horns and berries, strung them together on a string, and tied them around the neck of one of his warriors.

He seemed delighted. He looked at the berries, then at Durant and then at Pritlove and then at his warriors.

He rattled them together, took them up one by one, examined them, held them up to the sun, and laid them down before Durant, and seemed to wait for an answer from Durant or Pritlove.

Durant and Pritlove were astonished. They looked at one another and asked what Kilcocanen meant.

At length a sudden thought flashed into his mind, and he exclaimed, "Pritlove, beads!"

Beads were greatly admired by the Indians, and Durant had often used them in the purchase of skins of wild animals and their flesh for food, in his dealings with the Indians.

The only articles that he had which the Indians valued were flint-lock guns, powder, balls, tin plates and beads.

These articles he had often used in his traffic with them in skins, food and labor. He thought gold would be wanted in larger dealings.

In order to see whether Kilcocanen meant beads, Durant searched his pockets and found a few beads which he kept for use in buying from the Indians. They were large and of different colors. He held them up before the Chief.

Kilcocanen, when he saw them, leaped for joy, and sang an Indian song of triumph in a low, deep, guttural tone, accompanying the song with genuflexions and contortions which melted the gravity of the old Quaker.

He then hung the beads, which were on a string, around the neck of Minnehaha, one of his pretty little papooses, just blushing into early girlhood.

Minnehaha was beautiful, and the pride of Kilcocanen. Graceful as a wild deer, with hair of raven blackness falling in straight clusters over her bare breast and shoulders—a picture of forest beauty.

At a sign from the savage father, she leaped into the circle of dusky and pale faces, and danced to the weird music of her monotone and the jangle of beads, the savage dance of peace and joy, that delighted the hearts of the rapt spectators.

The beautiful forest scene ended, George Durant, one of the first permanent settlers of Carolina, and Kilcocanen, King of the Yeopim Indians, sat down to the work of completing the sale and purchase of Wecocomicke.

The Indian Chief first marked out on the ground five bags, and placed by each of the bags several beads. He then made on the ground an imitation of ten flint-lock guns, and placed by the side of each of them a pinch of powder and two bullets. He next marked out twenty-five tin plates. Then he marked five bear-skins and seven eagle's wings.

Durant understood these marks to signify what he was to give for the land called Wecocomicke.

He placed his finger upon each of the marks, one by one, bowing his head at each one that he put his finger on, until he came to the bear-skins and eagle's wings.

At these he paused, as if not knowing what to say.

At length he made the Indian king understand that he had not them to give.

But after many signs and gestures Durant was made to understand that the Indian hunters could furnish him with the five bear-skins and seven eagle's wings for twenty beads. Durant then assented to it all with a bow of his head.

The bargain was now closed. There was no deception or cheat on either side. It was the first bargain made in America with the Indians in which there was no attempt at fraud. Wecocomicke was sold and paid for, and it was an honest and fair transaction, of which there is a record in the county of Perquimans, North Carolina, where it was situated, in what is now called Durant's Neck.

Durant gave his solemn word to pay the articles which had been agreed on.

He then took out a paper written on thick parchment. The paper was the formal deed, conveying to George Durant the land called Wecocomicke.

George Durant wrote at the bottom of the deed the name of "Kilcocanen, King of the Yeopim Indians," and Kilcocanen made his sign-mark—an Indian bow and arrow.

Kilcocanen then took a turf of the earth, shot an arrow through it and delivered it to Durant.

They then solemnly smoked the pipe of peace together, according to the Indian custom, as a sign of peace and friendship.

If this first instance of fair dealing with the Indian tribes in America had been followed in the many transactions afterward, it would have saved blood and treasure.

It would have done more. It would have saved our good name for fair dealing, which to nations as well as to persons, is of more value than great riches and vast possessions.

*R. B. Creecy.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EDITED BY STEPHEN B. WEEKS, PH. D.

**T**OMLINSON, JAMES MILTON, Johnston Co., N. C.; b. Nov. 5, 1838, son of B. H. and Elizabeth Walton, d. May, 1862. Matriculated 1858; unmarried. Enlisted May 30, 1861, as 3d Corporal Co. C, 5th Regiment, later he was promoted Sergeant. This was the first company raised in Johnston Co., and was at the battle of Manassas July 21st, 1861, but not actively engaged. During the remainder of the year and winter this regiment was engaged in no battle, but was in several skirmishes. In the Spring of 1862, the regiment was ordered to

Yorktown, Virginia, under Gen. Magruder. On May 5th, 1862, the battle of Williamsburg was fought. In this battle the 5th Regiment was actively engaged. The charge of the regiment on that fatal day excited the admiration and its terrible losses, the sympathy of both friend and foe. It is related that Gen. McClellan exclaimed that the 5th Regiment ought to have immortality inscribed upon their banner, "and would that they were worthy of a better cause." In this celebrated charge Sergt. Tomlinson fell mortally wounded. He was taken to Baltimore where he was kindly cared for by some ladies, and every attention paid him, but in vain. He still lies buried in Baltimore. He professed conversion while at the University and lived a consistent life as a member of the Methodist Church. *A Phi.*

WATSON, THOMAS LOWE, Chapel Hill, N. C.; b. June 7, 1839, son of James M. and Jane Mitchell, d. Sept., 1863. Matriculated 1855, class 1859. After graduating he removed to Texas and engaged in teaching; he enlisted from that State, became a Lieutenant and fell at Chickamauga. *A Di.*

WEBB, WILLIAM HENRY GRAHAM, Granville Co., N. C.; b. near Tar River in Person Co., N. C., Dec. 2, 1842, son of John Pompret and Melissa Lanear Daniel. He was wounded at Gettysburg and died a month later at Chester, Pa. Matriculated 1860. Unmarried. He was a Lieutenant in the company of Capt. Maurice Thos. Smith, of Granville. They were both University men and both lost their lives at Gettysburg. A companion of his youth says: "Henry was a good boy and I loved him." His parents died while he was yet very young and he was reared by his paternal aunt, Mrs. John P. Blackwell. *A Di.*

WHEAT, JOHN THOMAS, JR., Chapel Hill, N. C.; second son of the Rev. Dr. John Thomas and Selina Patten Wheat; was

born in Wheeling, now West Virginia, December 3rd, 1830. He was educated at Nashville, Tenn., while his father was Rector of Christ Church in that city; being first well grounded in the Ancient Classics by Dr. Moore of the famous Eton School, England; and was afterwards graduated A. B. by the University of Nashville, 1849. His father having become Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, the son was admitted Senior *ex honore*, and received the second time the degree of A. B., in 1851. He studied Law under Judge Battle and was admitted to the Bar of North Carolina in 1853. He began the practice of his profession at Goldsboro, where, being an active member of the Episcopal Church, he was chosen a delegate to the Diocesan Convention, and always spoke with peculiar satisfaction of his having cast his first vote, after coming of age, for the saintly Bishop Atkinson.

In 1855 he removed to New Orleans, La., where he was not long in acquiring a profitable practice. He was unanimously elected Secretary of the Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession; and was immediately commissioned Captain of Company A in the First Regiment of the Louisiana contingent to the army of the Southern Confederacy.

His first active service was in the defence of Pensacola. Although belonging to the infantry, he was skilled in artillery practice, having been an officer in Colonel Walton's celebrated "Washington Battalion;" and for that reason he was put by General Bragg in command of a prominent battery, and was commended by him in his report to the Secretary of War for conspicuous bravery and skill in holding his position.

Upon the removal of Gen. Bragg's division to the army of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson in Tennessee, Captain Wheat was sent to supervise the works at "Fort Pillow," which had been recently constructed on the Mississippi River by an inexperienced civil engineer. Learning that a great battle was imminent at Shiloh, Captain Wheat begged to be permitted to return



to his command that he might participate in the fight which was likely to be a decisive one. He reached Shiloh the night before the first day's conflict; and before lying down to rest, he wrote a long letter to his parents, which was full of faith, hope and Christian love. He had always been affectionate and dutiful to them, and they were therefore surprised and deeply moved that he should, at such a time, humbly implore their forgiveness—they thinking only of the honor he was doing them by his patriotic and Christian devotion to self-sacrificing duty. He had been pious from childhood; was confirmed by the Bishop, and admitted to the communion in his sixteenth year. Eminently companionable, he always had devoted friends; one of whom he saved from drowning at the great peril of his own life. In the face of the dominant worldliness and irreligion of a great city, he was "not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world and the devil, continuing, in war as in peace, Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end."

The end came at Shiloh, while leading his men into the thickest of the fight, April 6th, 1862. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," but "far better to be with Christ in Paradise." "Shot and shell," as Kingsley strikingly remarks, "cannot take away human life; they can but kill the body." All that we loved and valued most in the departed still lives—more truly lives—where we aspire to join him,

"High in salvation and the climes of bliss."

After the war was over his remains were removed to Nashville, Tenn., and reinterred. *A Phi.*

WHITAKER, DAVID C., Davenport, Iowa; b. Nov. 30, 1838, son of Spier (Att'y Gen. of N. C. 1842-'47) and Elizabeth; d. Jamestown, N. C., April 21, 1865. Matriculated 1855; B. S., 1858; unmarried; 1st Lieut. Regt. Junior Reserves; enlisted in the army from Tennessee. *A Phi.*

WHITAKER, JOHN H., Halifax Co., N. C.; b. June 19, 1827, son of Spier and Elizabeth, d. Warrenton, Va., June 29, 1863, of wounds received in battle near Fairfax C. H. on June 27. Matriculated 1843, class 1847; married Mary E. Anthony. A lawyer and planter. Commissioned Captain Company B, 9th North Carolina Regiment (1st Cavalry), May 16, 1861, from Northampton Co.; commissioned Major of the 9th Regiment, July 12, 1862. He was in all the battles of the regiment from its first organization up to the time of his death. *A Phi.*

WHITAKER, WILLIAM H., Halifax Co., N. C.; b. Dec. 20, 1836, son of Spier and Elizabeth; d. Chapel Hill, Oct. 20, 1862. Matriculated 1854, class 1858. Unmarried. A lawyer; a private in Company B, 9th Regiment (1st Cavalry). Was residing in California when the war began. *A Phi.*

WIER, SAMUEL PARK, Greensboro, N. C.; b. in Greensboro, Oct. 12, 1839, son of David P. and Hannah L. Humiston, of Springfield, Mass.; d. Dec. 13, 1862. Matriculated, 1856, class 1860, with second distinction. Unmarried. In September, 1860, he matriculated as a student of divinity at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C. He entered the service as Chaplain of the Guilford Grays, Company B, 27th Regiment, April 20, 1861; was transferred May, 1862, and made 2d Lieutenant of Company F, 46th Regiment; wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862; and instantly killed at Fredericksburg. He had a lovely character and was a fine soldier. *A Di.*

WILLIAMS, HENRY GASTON, Warren Co., N. C.; b. Nov. 19, 1841, son of J. Buxton and Tempe Hilliard. Matriculated 1857, class 1861; unmarried. He was Ensign in the "Warren Rifles," Co. C., 2d N. C. Volunteers, afterwards 12th N. C. State Troops; enlisted June 27, 1861, as private and promoted. He fought in all the battles in the Valley and on the Rapidan just preceding the seven days' fighting around Richmond, in all of

which he was engaged as flag officer. He was killed by a minnie ball through the forehead at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. The flag and staff, shattered and broken, fell at his side. His body was taken to his home and interred. *A Phi.*

WRIGHT CLEMENT GILLESPIE, Bladen Co., N. C.; b. Oct. 15, 1824, son of Isaac and Jane Gillespie, d. March 14, 1865, in Greensboro; matriculated 1839; married Annette, daughter of Jesse H. Lindsay, of Greensboro, and left three children; studied law under Judge Pearson; member General Assembly 1861; to his efforts is largely due the passage of the bill for the Fayetteville Road. He joined the service in 1862 and served for some time at Fort Fisher; he then enlisted in the Cavalry Company of Capt. (afterwards Colonel) James H. McNeill; from this position he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Robertson, then to the command of a battalion of infantry with the rank of Major. Upon the consolidation of his command with Nethercutt's battalion into the 66th N. C. Regiment, he took the same rank and later was made Lieutenant Colonel; he was with Hoke in Virginia and North Carolina, and always exhibited the qualities characteristic of a good soldier and brave leader; weary and worn out by disease, he reached his family one day before his death. He was born to affluence and ease, but gave himself to nights of study and days of toil in his chosen profession. At the outbreak of the war he was surrounded by everything that could make him happy. This was cheerfully and willingly given up for the hardships and dangers of war. He was a sincere and earnest Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was residing in Fayetteville at the beginning of hostilities. *A Di.*

WRIGHT, JAMES ALLAN, Wilmington, New Hanover Co., N. C.; b. April 13, 1836, d. July 26, 1862; matriculated 1851, class 1854; unmarried; after graduation was for some years Clerk of the Superior Court of New Hanover Co.;

studied and practiced law; raised a company, became Captain and was killed at Mechanicsville, Va. *A Di.*

YELLOWLEY, CHARLTON WHITTAKER, was born July 26th, 1831, on the Roanoke, near Jackson, N. C. His parents were Charlton and Rebecca Yellowley, both of whom died when he was quite a small child. He was the youngest but one of a very large number of children, and upon the death of his parents was received into the family of Jno. B. Odom, of Jackson, who afterwards removed to Norfolk, Va. He received such tender and kindly care from this friend of his mother, as to render the name of Odom forever blest in his memory. The almost penniless boy developed great ambition, his ruling desire being the attainment of a University education. To realize this meant much hard work for one of his small resources—it meant even more, for it entailed great sacrifice of ease and self-gratification; but not for a moment did his purpose sleep, and in 1857 he was matriculated in the University of North Carolina, joining the Sophomore class.

He stood among the first in his class to the end, graduating in 1855 with high honor, and especially distinguished as a mathematician.

On leaving the University, he studied law with his cousin, Col. E. C. Yellowley, in Greenville, Pitt Co., N. C.; was admitted to the bar, and then to partnership with Col. Yellowley. After about a year's practice, during which his success was almost phenomenal, the strength which had sustained him through so much toil at last began to fail, and to such extent that his physician declared his only chance for life to be a complete change of climate. On Feb. 11th, 1858, he was married to Carolina Toole, daughter of Henry I. Toole, of Tarboro, and left the same day for Texas, to take charge of Parson's Female Seminary, located near Austin. He intended to resume the practice of law when his health and circumstances should admit; but the war intervened and his plans were

frustrated. He did not enter the army at the outset, though it was with great difficulty he could be induced to keep his post, and only after the examining Surgeon had declared him unfit for duty. As matters grew more complicated, and the future of 'the Confederacy seemed imperilled, he would no longer listen to remonstrance on the part of wife or friends, and joined a company, which was being drilled preparatory for work among the regular forces. After being a short time in camp, in consequence of a fearful storm he contracted a violent cold upon his lungs, and grew so ill as to necessitate his return, and although he lived about two years longer, he was never again capable of more than very moderate exertion. •

Although his school was disbanded, yet, strong in spirit to the last, he determined to carry on his work, and accepted the position of Principal of Coronal Institute, a very large school located at San Marcos, Texas. Moving thither, he began his labors, and although struggling with disease and a sadly overburdened mind, he went cheerfully on, never faltering, until, by stress of physical suffering, he could no longer fulfill his duty. He almost literally died in harness, laying down his work only three weeks before his death, which occurred on May 12th, 1864. He met this last enemy with the same brave front with which he had faced all his thirty-three years of struggle and toil; dying as only a true Christian can die, with a song and a prayer on his lips, and saying, "I am ready to go..

*C. H. C.*



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR boys should look over the advertising columns of the MAGAZINE and patronize those who patronize us.

As a man leaves the Reading-room on a rainy day, those in the room turn their heads together as he walks towards the umbrella stand, to see which one he is going to take.

THE Philanthropic Society has recently received a large-sized, handsome crayon portrait of our able and witty Dr. Winston. It makes quite an addition to its fine collection of portraits.

THE Senior class met on Wednesday, October 22d, and elected Class-Day officers, as follows: President, Shepard Bryan; Orator, Plato Collins; Poet, Palmer Dalrymple; Prophet, Frank Batchelor; Historian, W. H. Wills; Marshall, W. J. Andrews.

THE new general CATALOGUE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY is a valuable contribution to the history of the Society, of the University, and, we may say, of the State, because the members of the Dialectic and its sister Society have from the first taken a leading part in all lines of public usefulness. The editor, Dr. W. J. Battle, deserves the heartiest commendation for the patience, thoroughness and judicious skill with which his work has been done. Of course there must be errors,—it is impossible that it should be otherwise,—but we have noticed none of importance. It may safely be said that this is the most accurate, as it is the handsomest, of all similar publications which have been sent out from the University. The arrangement of the Catalogue itself is by year of entrance, with short but sufficiently complete facts about each member, from 1795 to 1890. An alphabetical index makes reference to any name easy. The historical sketches of the Society, prepared by the editor and by President R. H. Lewis, Hon. R. H. Battle, Dr. W. B. Phillips and Mr. E. P. Mangum, add much to the interest and value of the publication.

### DR. HUME HIS OWN SUCCESSOR.

In November, 1886, through the untiring energy and personal effort of one man, there was organized here, with small beginnings, but now grown to truly scientific proportions, a Society, to use his own words, "For the critical study and comparison of Shakspeare with other dramatists."

Dr. Hume was the author of the movement and it was eminently appropriate that he should be its first president. He was elected then, and for every succeeding year. At the regular September meeting he was again unanimously chosen president. The Society is just beginning its fifth year. In all these years of its infancy he has been its guardian and protector. Now we find him rejoicing in common with us all at the rapid development of his own foster-child.

We firmly believe that our English Department is second to none in the

South, and if there is a higher and more critical appreciation of literary pursuits in this University, it is due to a large degree to this Society, and to the man whose conception it was, and from whom it has drawn its chiefest inspiration.

For full five years he has given to this work the best energies and sympathy of his mind and heart, and we were unwilling that the Club should, this year, lose his guiding hand. Our wish is that Dr. Hume may live long to inspire the sons of the University with a true appreciation of genuine literature.

And now, fellow-students, let us do all that we can do to assist him in making this year's work even more successful than any in the past.

#### A CHAIR OF PHARMACY.

We hear that a bill will be introduced at the next meeting of the Legislature to establish a Chair of Pharmacy at the University. The North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association proposes to take the matter into their hands if the bill is rejected. Let us have the chair. A large city with hospitals is not necessary for a pharmacy student. We have all the advantages of the leading schools of pharmacy. This is in demand as much as the Chair of Anatomy and Materia Medica, which was established this year. North Carolina boys go to Maryland and Pennsylvania every year, when they ought to come to the University. We understand that the requirements for admission will be these: the student must have had two years of actual experience in the retail apothecary business, then he pursues a two-years' course here and receives the degree.

#### THE DEATH-BLOW TO POLYGAMY.

Telegraphic dispatches to our papers inform us that at the General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the official declaration of President Woodruff forbidding in the future any marriage in violation of the laws, was read before an audience numbering ten thousand persons. The Apostles and Bishops and leading Elders of the Church, by unanimous vote, recognized the authority of the President to issue the manifesto and his recognition of the supremacy of the laws that had been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. This action places an effectual bar against future polygamous marriages in Utah. It is the most important step taken by the Church for more than a quarter of a century. This news will be gladly received by the enlightened Christian sentiment of the country. It removes a dark spot from our political horizon. Utah is travelling the road that will lead her into the Union.

#### THE "RAIN-TREE."

"Ha! ha! That's a pretty good one;" "That takes the cake," etc., were the expressions that were heard going around the little group near the well on Saturday, October 11th, as Mr. B. related something like this: "As I

was out hunting this morning just east of the Campus, suddenly among the dry leaves I noticed a peculiar looking wet spot about twenty feet in diameter. On stopping to examine it more closely I was astonished to hear something like a gentle shower of rain falling all around me; but still greater was my consternation, on looking up for the source of this unexpected shower, to find that the sky was perfectly clear with no sign of rain whatever; and yet I could distinctly see the drops glistening in the sunlight and feel them falling on my face. As I examined still more carefully into this mysterious rain, I found that it was confined to an area of some ten or twelve feet in radius with a very unsuspicious looking old tree in the center that resembled a black-gum. The leaves had all fallen off and the limbs were so few that at first I had not even noticed the tree. I at once set about examining the old tree itself and found that this rain was falling from its branches, for I could see the dripping from the little twigs all over it. I am not a botanist, and hence am unable to say whether there is such a thing as a '*rain-tree*' or not, but I *do* know that *this* tree is raining, and if any one doubts it, I can take him to it."

After a few expressions of incredulity as related above, such questions as "Did you notice any bull-rushes under the tree?" "Did you hear any frogs about there?" etc., were pitched at him from every side. But however lightly others regarded it, it was certainly no joke with Mr. B., and one of the more thoughtful of the group proposed to go with him after Professor H., as he was supposed to be perfectly familiar with such phenomena. Mr. B. related the matter to Professor H., who was not at all surprised to hear it and seemed to regard it as quite a common occurrence, so to speak. "In other words, there were known causes by which such effects had been known to be produced," etc., etc. Suffice it to say, however, that Professor H. was sufficiently interested in the discovery to go with them to the spot, where he is said to have taken a drink of this mysterious liquid from some of the large leaves beneath the tree and pronounced it—by way of parenthesis, of course—very good water. A plan was immediately devised by some of the ambitious Sophomores, who had been reading Mr. Lemuel Gulliver's visit to the "Academy of Lagado," to utilize this wonderful discovery by planting sprouts from the "*rain-tree*" about over plantations, to water the crops in case of drought. In the meanwhile Professor H. had secured a ladder and blasted the hopes of the elated Sophomores by ascending the tree and discovering

#### THE TRUE CAUSE.

On almost every small twig of the tree were found numbers of small, peculiar insects, with a sucking instrument inserted in the tender bark, faithfully pumping out the sap at the rate of twenty to forty small drops per minute. The closer study of this insect, its habits, species, etc., has been taken up by Mr. D. under the direction of Professor H., and we expect a full report from him soon.

# AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

SOME ARE CLIPPINGS, SOME ARE NOT.

Lunch at twelve, dinner at six.—*Swarth. Phoenix.*

It's a delicate subject, B—ll, but have you a cigarette?

Kate Field's *Washington* is a bright and original paper.

A collegè without spirit is like a state without patriotism.—*Ex.*

Young Lady to Senior: "Now is the accepted time."

Stupid Senior: "I don't need it."

It seems that all interest in foot-ball has died out here.—*The Hesperian.*  
Ditto U. N. C.

Why does a woman like to squeeze her lover? The pressure makes him flatter.—*Ex.*

At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with the first honors of his class.—*Ex.*

After a careful reading of our Exchanges we conclude that Cardinal Manning is still dead.

Since discovering that asbestos is indestructible by fire, F. says that he wants to be buried in a suit of it.

Princeton has the largest Freshman class in her history—two hundred and fifty. Great is the drawing power of a football victory.—*Ex.*

Freshman R. in Capitol yard at Raleigh during Fair, admiring the statue of Washington, to passing stranger: "Say, friend, can you tell me who took that picture?"

The *Lyceum*, published at Asheville, N. C., has reached our sanctum. It is elegantly bound, and has several articles of great value. It is almost wholly literary in its character.

We know one young man who has been with his girl eleven nights in succession. We will not say that he is a student.—*College Visitor.* We can tie you. Can your man come again?

In the October number of the *University Magazine*, published in New York, Dr. Ledoux completes his sketch of our University. Among the engravings we notice that of the Philanthropic Society as particularly accurate and attractive.

First Senior: "B., what are you going to write on for the February speaking?"

B.: "Paper."

It is with pleasure that we make haste to announce the rapid growth of Professor H's moustache. It is flourishing and promises great things for itself. His *siders* are receiving extra care also.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, speaking of the *Dartmouth*, says: "It contains some remarkably good editorials on the foot-ball situation at Hanover, which are well worth reading by anybody." *Well!*

The *Guilford Collegian* is a dignified periodical. Its Literary Department compares favorably with other magazines that have come to us. We enjoyed reading "The Foreigner *vs.* The Negro." While we are inclined to differ with the writer somewhat, yet his position in the main is correct, and is presented with admirable clearness and force.

*Trinity Archive* is before us. It is the first of the periodicals of the higher colleges of the State to greet us. The *Archive* is as good as ever, despite the fact that it loses the able assistance of their Professor of English. Trinity men are made of good material. They seem able to meet any emergency. We hope to see in their next issue that the Congress of last year is still doing good work.

Among our best College exchanges we find the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The College Visitor*, *The Tuftsman*. *The Swarthmore Phoenix*, *The Orient*, *The Academy*, *The Mount*, *The Free Lance*, *The Occident*, *The Argus*, *The Owl* and *The Athenæum*. The latter contains a very readable article on "Chaucer," written by a young lady.

Professor W.: "Mr. M., who was Pope Leo X?"

Mr. M.: "He was a ruler."

Professor W.: "No."

Mr. M.: "Well, I'll take that back, of course. Yes, he was er—er—opposed to the Catholic Church."

Will he always be that way?

#### WHAT WE ARE DOING IN ATHLETICS.

The Trustees have decided that we shall play no more inter-collegiate games.

Little interest shown in tennis.

Base-ball—*dead*.

Foot-ball—*deader*. The puny swampers of the East are still puny; the long-legged saplings from the West are still weaklings.

On the cinder path we are even better. Witness the following records



made by our brawny athletes: Hundred yards dash, five entered; dead heat, time  $15\frac{3}{8}$  seconds. Mile run, eight entered; none able to finish. The contests were discontinued when it was found that two men had sprained their ankles and broken their collar bones in the running high jump.

Fond Father: "Well, my son, what rank have you taken in college this year?"

Hopeful Son (proudly): "Third in batting, average and first in fielding."—*Ex.*

#### VARSIITY HYMN.

[Exsultat.]

Exams are over now at last,  
The schedule shows me I have passed;  
It's all due to my pony, though—  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

[Bibit.]

The old man sent a check last night,  
They say we all got rather tight;  
My head feels big, but let it go—  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

[Amat.]

My arm was round her dainty waist,  
Her cherry lips I soon should taste;  
She whispered, "George, I love you so"—  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

[Ludit.]

I bet cash on my college team,  
A downright dead game sport, I seem;  
What matters so the Profs don't know—  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

[Confit.]

I'll grow a muscle like old Hurc,  
And whiskers like Lord Byron's Turc,  
Suppose my mental cake is dough—  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

—*W. Va. A.*

## PERSONALS.

A college publication is pleasant to read, no doubt, but you have not the slightest idea of the trouble in getting it out.

So, if we chance to please you,  
And all your hopes fulfill,  
Please buy the book for all your friends,  
And help us fill the till.

—*The College Annual* will be published again this year.

—H. H. Ransom is Principal of a large school in Monroe, La.

—Hayne Davis, '88, is a promising lawyer in Knoxville, Tenn.

—Claudius Dockery is still in Brazil; he will return next Summer.

—J. L. Crowell is in the law business with Judge Montgomery at Concord.

—Johnny Stronach is the best shot in college. Doctor Klutz can testify to the fact.

—C. O. H. Laughinghouse is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Why did "Hube" Hamlin bring several boxes of cigars back with him this session?

—Leander W. Lynch is County Superintendent of Instruction of Henderson County.

—H. N. Pharr and Heriott Clarkson have formed a copartnership in law at Charlotte.

—W. S. Snipes, '90, is Professor of English and Mathematics at King's Mountain.

—William McDonald has charge of the large business of Springs & Co., Lancaster, S. C.

—T. M. Lee, "Mossette," Personal editor of last year's *MAGAZINE*, is studying law in Clinton.

—R. G. Vaughn is in the Savings Bank at Greensboro. We hear that he is to be married soon.

—Intermediate examinations have been done away with in the University. We are glad to see it.

—J. C. Braswell passed through the village several days ago. He is going into business at Winston.

—P. B. Cox has entirely recovered from his accident, and is now studying medicine in the Bellevue Hospital.

—George Howell and R. P. Johnston are still keeping their places at the head of their classes at West Point.

—Why do "Mot," "Shep" and "Dave" take off their hats so politely to Prof. C. ? Conics is yet before them.

—William S. Battle, known in college as "Tub," has a lucrative position in the W. & W. R. R. Co. at Wilmington.

—Ambrose Clark is mining in Oregon. We expect a large endowment for the University from him in the near future.

--Dr. Manning is improving rapidly. He is at work again. President Battle taught the Law Class during his illness.

—The present Soph. Class beats anything we ever saw ; they have two presidents, two class hats, and two political platforms.

—"Judy" Currie is merchandising at Clarkton. "Punch" is still here playing Lord Chesterfield with "Shep" and Connor.

—C. D. Bennett, who has been sick for several weeks, is improving. We hope that he will be able to resume his studies before long.

—John S. Thomas, Theologue of '90, has been appointed Professor of Elocution, Greek and Oratory in the New Berne Graded School.

—The Young Veterans meet daily; there are seven of them, all apt students. They excel in chemistry, conics, and in stealing matches.

—O. D. Batchelor, W. Ricks and "Pete" Murphy are at Roanoke, Va. Batchelor and Ricks are practicing law. Murphy is in the land business.

—The Tammany faction of the Soph. Class have adopted the mortar board as their class hat. The Conservative faction have adopted the soft plug.

—College politicians are beginning to look concerned. The candidates for the numerous offices all wear good clothes and try to put on a stately air.

—Madame Rumor says that "Mac" Ball is to be married shortly after Commencement. B. T. Green and Howard Alston are to be the best men.

—Two new medical students have been added to the roll : Ayres, of South Carolina, and Jones, of New Berne. We hope to see many more come in after Christmas.

—J. R. Harris has been promoted to the position of first assistant chemist at the Chemical Station in Raleigh. He indulges in a social game of knucks occasionally.

—"Ditto" Allen, of great fame in literature, is here again. He looks rather lonesome without "Co." "Co" is in Wilmington. We don't know where his dog is.

—Stephen B. Weeks, Ph. D., is still pursuing his course in History at Johns Hopkins. His article on the Presidential Electors, 1789—1889, has been highly praised.

—Joshua James Hebediah Herring is "still" writing poetry. We hope to give the readers of the MAGAZINE some samples of his great poetic genius in the next issue.

—The members of the Law Class who went before the Supreme Court to stand for their license all did well. Redwine and Martin have returned to study for the degree of B. L.

—H. H. Covington, the bright light of the Law Class of '90, is teaching school in Fayetteville. He has given up the practice of law in order to make himself more useful to his State.

—Thomas J. Eskridge, suspected of being a devotee of Bob Ingersoll while at the University, is now a full-fledged Methodist minister of high standing in the Holston Conference.

—Lewis J. Battle, who was in the Geological Survey at Washington, has resigned his position and gone to the University of Pennsylvania, where he has been elected president of his class.

—Daniel J. Currie, '89, after taking to himself one of the most fascinating and accomplished young ladies of the village, has settled at Tatum's Station, S. C., where he will practice law.

—M. W. Edgerton, commonly known in college as "Edge," is at Hendersonville. While here "Edge" was a great wire-puller in politics. He still keeps this reputation in State politics.

—H. J. Darnall, '90, is Professor of Modern Languages and English at Mexico, Missouri. He writes for the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to be sent to him, as all other loyal alumni should do.

—E. J. Hill ('78), ex-Senator from Duplin and Wayne, returned this Summer from Montevideo, South America, where he was United States Consul. He will make Washington State his future home.

—R. A. Urquhart, '92, after spending his vacation in flirting with the girls and picking herrings, has gone to the University of Virginia to study law. "Noyah" is farming in Bertie County. Success to them both.

—By the time this issue of the MAGAZINE is out, the State Fair will be a thing of the past. Many of our boys are going down. We feel sure that they will have a nice time. "Mot" "wants to know if he can't ride his bicycle as marshal."

—The public debate will take place on November 2d, in the Dialectic Hall. Messrs. Crowell and Eller are the debaters from the "Di.," Wills and Connor, from the "Phi." They have selected the popular suffrage question. We expect something good from these worthy sons of the University.

—The Alpha Tau Delta Fraternity is getting on finely. It was formed here September 8th, 1888, by R. H. Stancill. The roll is now: Stancill, two Carters, of Hyde, Hawley and Sanderlin. Brother Stancill is trying to establish a branch Chapter in Northampton County. Success be with him.

—John Schunover, after spending several weeks on the Hill has returned to Trinity to coach the foot-ball team there. The Wake Forest foot-ball team is good at catching on to signals. Trinity is to play the University of Pennsylvania some time this Fall. We should like very much to witness the game.

—Distinguished alumni of the University who hold prominent positions in the State: We claim four of the Supreme Court Judges—Avery, Davis, Clark and Shepherd. Of the eleven Democratic nominees for Superior Court Judges, three are alumni of the University, Bryan, Whitaker, Winston. Six of the nine Democratic nominees for Congress call the University their *alma mater*, Branch, Rogers, Grady, Alexander, Henderson, Crawford. Mr. Crawford procured his license last February and is now making a powerful campaign in his district. We have over our share of the Solicitors, legislators and State Senators. Elias Carr, President of the Farmers' Alliance and W. A. Graham, Treasurer, are University men. Both of our Senators are proud that they are sons of the University, and it is useless to say that we are more than proud that they are. With such a record as this, the University feels highly flattered. The alumni of the University are the leading men of every calling in the State.

—University Day falling on Sunday this year, the celebration was put off until Monday, 13th October. Just at 11 o'clock Monday, the residents of Chapel Hill, the Faculty, and last, but by no means least (in numbers), the students assembled in Gerrard Hall to hear one of the best orations we have heard in some time. Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume opened the exercises by reading the Forty-fourth Psalm, after which the assembly joined in prayer. The beautiful University hymn written by Mrs. Spencer, was then sung by the college choir. Dr. Battle now arose, and before introducing the orator of the day, he called the roll of the class of '81, the class to which Mr. Joyner belonged. The class numbered thirty-four men, the largest class since the reopening. President Battle gave the occupation of each member; they are all doing well. He reserved the names of three of the gentle-



men to the last, Alderman, McIver and Joyner, these three being engaged in the same work. Especially did the President compliment these gentlemen.

Mr. Joyner had selected as his theme Edgar Allen Poe. After paying a high tribute to Professors Graves, Hooper and Mangum, he proceeded with his speech in his happy and pleasing style. He spoke for thirty-five minutes. We never saw the audience, especially the students, pay so much attention to an oration. We hope to publish Mr. Joyner's oration in full this year.

—Robert Gray Hall, the reputed author of the following most touching elegy, written while he was a Junior in the University, graduated in 1840 in the class of the late Judge Thomas Ruffin, Colonel Walter L. Steele, Mr. James H. Horner, and other prominent men. He was a grandson of Judge John Hall, of the Supreme Court. After graduating he engaged in cotton planting in Anson County; was for some years Clerk of the Superior Court of that county, and served as Captain in the Confederate service. He was an exceedingly genial, generous and popular man. He died about fifteen years ago while farming in Richmond county. We doubt if there is one of our readers who will not have tender, if not painful, reminiscences brought up by the perusal of his plaintive poem:

#### ELEGY ON A SORE TOE.

Oh that I had the enchanted pen,  
Those words were writ in blood and fire,  
Which were indelible; for then  
I'd gratify my own desire,  
And to all future ages show  
The sorrows of my poor old toe.

My poor old toe! how long have you  
With stick and stump and stone contended.  
Your thwacks and thumps have not been fun,  
And well I wish that they were ended;  
But yet they come and none can know  
When they will cease, my poor old toe!

What have I done that I should bear  
The pains and sufferings of this toe?  
I am no more than others are;  
Then why should I be punished more?  
I know not why, but it is so,  
And I can't cure my poor old toe.

'Tis something strange indeed to me,  
Whene'er I walk in crowds or 'lone,

Just in my path there'll always be  
Some obstacle,—a block or stone ;  
And thus you see where'er I go,  
I am sure to stump my poor old toe.

A dozen folks may with me walk,  
And each may have, like me, ten toes ;  
Yet, while unhurt they laugh and talk,  
I writhe beneath the killing blows ;  
And every moment fills with woe  
Unutterable my poor old toe.

'Tis said, Lord Byron used to curse  
His ill-starred fate, which made him lame ;  
And surely his was nothing worse  
Than mine, since mine is just the same,  
Except his foot was lame you know,  
With me it is my poor old toe.

'Tis natural that man should long,  
When parties, weddings, balls abound,  
To join in dance the giddy throng,  
When e'er the dancing time comes 'round.  
But I can't dance or act the beau,  
Because 'twould kill my poor old toe.

I cannot even walk with grace  
With ladies fair, oh sad misfortune !  
In each and every time and place  
My ill luck does me importune ;  
For I must limp and thereby show  
The Devil is in my poor old toe.

And now, my friends, I've nearly done  
This elegy upon my toe ;  
I almost wish I'd not begun  
This sad, sad tale of pain and woe.  
But since 'tis writ I'll let it go,  
And thus expose my poor old toe.

But ere I cease this plaintive strain,  
This sad memento of my evil,  
I'll tell you one and all quite plain,

I wish my toe was at the devil ;  
 For now an everlasting foe  
 Attends me in my poor old toe.

CHAPEL HILL, November 15th, 1842.

THE DEADLY MATH—PERDUE SOUVENIR, '90.

A Junior sat with his head on his hands,  
 In his room not overly clean ;  
 Not a sound was there save the throb of his heart,  
 And the hiss of escaping steam.

He thought of days in the dim distant past  
 When a boy so happy and free,  
 He had wandered down by the rippling brook,  
 Or chased the bumble bee.

A memory came of his first tender love,  
 A maiden of sweet sixteen ;  
 And a sigh came forth as he thought of that face,  
 And those beautiful eyes—his queen.

His mind came back from its trip to the past  
 And his course very slowly he checks,  
 For before him looms up that accursed of snags  
 The eighth differential of X.

To Calculus then, he tried to come back,  
 But alas ! his reason it fled !  
 With a "dx" here and an integral there,  
 I regret to say he was dead.

"NEXT MORNING."

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Time to get up long ago ;  
 Rest, rest, the bed is best,  
 Time to get up long ago.

Breakfast is over, he ought to be dressed,  
 But he sleeps like a little bird snug in his nest,—  
 He was out last night, you know !  
 Sleep my daisy one ; sleep my lazy one—SNORE!—*Ex.*



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# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

*Published under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies  
of the University of North Carolina.*

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## PROSPECTUS FOR 1890-'91.

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The MAGAZINE has six departments, each conducted by a student selected with a view to his qualifications for the work in hand.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT is mainly intended to exhibit the character of the work done in the Societies, to encourage literary efforts and co-operate with the chairs in the University in developing a critical appreciation of the masters of the language. It is a vehicle of communication between the Alumni of the Institution, a repository of interesting bits of history, important results in scientific investigation and discussion of leading questions in general.

THE COLLEGE RECORD will chronicle the events of college life. The proceedings of the Mitchell Scientific Society, the Historical Society, the work of the Shakespeare Club, the Y. M. C. A., the Temperance Band, and the other organizations, social and literary, which find a footing in the University, will be given in detail.

THE PERSONAL DEPARTMENT will tell what "Chapel Hillians" are doing here and elsewhere, and give expression to whatever of wit the funny editor may possess.

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1891.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXI.

NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

No. 3.

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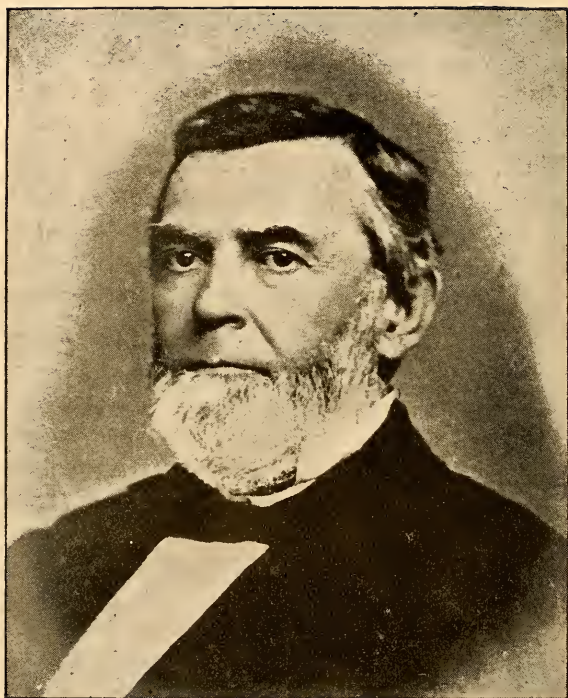
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## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GOVERNOR THOMAS BRAGG.

BY PULASKI COWPER, ESQ.

Governor Thomas Bragg was the son of Thomas and Margaret Crossland Bragg, and was born in the town of Warrenton, in Warren County, on the 9th day of November, 1819. His father was a carpenter and contractor, a man of strong will, good judgment, and hard common sense, who devoted the fruits of his labor to the education of a large family of children. John, an older brother of the Governor, was a distinguished Judge of Alabama, and a member of Congress from the Mobile district, in 1852, but declined a renomination. General Braxton Bragg, whose military reputation is familiar to the country, was a younger brother. Alexander J. was an architect of high standing in Alabama. Dunbar was a leading merchant in Texas; and William, the youngest brother, died near Chattanooga, July 25, 1863, from wound

received in battle. Mrs. Mary L. Cuthbert, widow of the late Jas. E. Cuthbert, a sister, and the last of the children, died recently in Petersburg, Va.

Governor Bragg received his preliminary schooling at the Academy in Warrenton, and his education was completed at Captain Partridge's military school, in Middletown, Connecticut, where he remained about two and a half years. Soon after returning from Middletown, he commenced the study of law under the late Judge Hall, of Warrenton, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and on obtaining his license to practice law in the courts of the State, he started out with a horse and stick gig and fifty dollars for Jackson, the county seat of Northampton County, N. C., which place he made his home in the spring of 1833. This was all the assistance he had, but his paying practice was immediate, and he never needed aid from any other quarter.

Shortly after his settling in Jackson, Benjamin B. Blume, who was County Attorney, resigned the office and removed to Petersburg, Va., selling his library to Governor Bragg, who was elected County Attorney, beating his opponent, Col. Samuel B. Spruill, the office then being worth about five hundred dollars. He was a strong and vigorous prosecuting officer, discharging the duties in strict conformity to his oath, and showing neither favor to a friend nor resentment to an enemy. His execution of the office was so rigid that it affected his popularity, evidence of which was visible, in some quarters, even up to the time he assumed the office of Governor. Upon one occasion, after he had spoken in the prosecution of a citizen of considerable prominence, Mr. B. F. Moore, who was counsel for the defendant, made strictures upon his course, and charged that his zeal was the result more of feeling and spite than of his conceived duties under his oath. He was seen to bow gracefully, but determinedly, to Mr. Moore as he proceeded with his speech. Immediately after the adjournment of Court, a note was borne from him to Mr. Moore

by Col. Spier Whitaker (father of the present Judge Whitaker). It was with some difficulty that the matter was settled, but friends interposed and it was satisfactorily adjusted to both parties; and these men were not formal in their subsequent intercourse, but, on the contrary, their relations were always cordial and friendly. Mr. Moore's strong and feeling speech in the Supreme Court-room the day after Governor Bragg's funeral clearly showed this.

It was not long after he had been at the Bar when an important case was begun in Hertford County—*Beale v. Askew*. It was a suit for damages for libel. A. J. Askew was charged with sending to the Norfolk (Va.) *Herald*, then edited by Thos. G. Broughton, Esq., a notice of Beale's marriage to a woman in Winton of infamous character. The case was moved to Chowan and tried in Edenton. Governor Bragg and William W. Cherry, then very young men, appeared for Askew, and Judge Augustus Moore and Mr. Kinney, at that time the leading Eastern lawyers, were the opposing counsel. Governor Bragg alluded in his speech to his youth, and being a stranger, as working to his disadvantage before the jury. Mr. Kinney, in his kindest manner, complimented in his speech these young men for their able conduct and management of their case, and predicted their future usefulness and distinction. Mr. Cherry died when quite a young man. He possessed a powerful intellect, and was, unquestionably, the most brilliant speaker the East ever had.

On the 4th day of October, 1837, Governor Bragg was united in marriage to Miss Isabella M. Cuthbert, of Petersburg, Va. He first met her in Jackson while on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Starke, whose husband was at that time engaged in business in Jackson. Their associated lives were long and happy, and marked by the most devoted attention on his part, and cemented by a mutual affection and tenderness. She only survived him a few years.

Governor Bragg was a close and hard student. Except when

called on business, he was rarely out of his office; and he left his house at night only when urgent business engagements compelled it, which was infrequent. So closely did he confine himself to study and to the full preparation of his cases, and which so occupied his time, that he seemed estranged from the community, and these seclusive habits, together with strongly drawn party lines, destroyed to a degree that social interchange which a more general intercourse would naturally have engendered, and he may be written down as not a popular man of the town: but his high moral and individual worth, and his honorable and commendable course of life, accorded him the highest consideration and respect.

His daily course was to smoke his pipe and read his newspapers for about half an hour after breakfast; then repair to his office, which was near to his house and on his lot, read law, and prepare his cases, smoking a good deal of the time, until dinner. After dinner he would devote another half-hour to newspaper reading and his pipe, and then go to his office, resume his law studies and duties until late in the evening, when he would either take a ride or a walk with his wife. After supper he would take his smoke, and read newspapers, magazines, or other literary works until about ten o'clock, his usual bed-time. He rarely read law at night, except sometimes shortly before attending the Supreme Court, when it might be necessary for him to do so to prepare his cases for argument in said Court. Such was his regular course of life at Jackson, and he was as regular in it as clock-work. He was not an early riser, usually rising just before breakfast, which was about nine o'clock in winter, and about seven o'clock in summer. He never slept in the afternoons, and during the warm summer evenings he would occasionally lie down on a lounge, or sofa, which he kept in his office, and read his law books, but he would never take an evening nap. During his two terms as Governor he would, after taking his after-dinner smoke, go direct to the executive office and remain there until late in the

evening, and if alone it was rare for one to enter and find him not engaged in either reading or writing. He was an inveterate smoker, and followed the habit so persistently that he could not relinquish it, and he carried his pipe to his courts as regularly as he did his law books. His constitution was no doubt, though not perceptibly, affected by it, and the late gifted Dr. Chas. E. Johnson, his family physician, was fully impressed that it shortened his life and precipitated the disease of which he died.

Governor Bragg practised law, regularly, in the County and Superior Courts of Northampton, Halifax, Bertie, Hertford and Gates counties up to the time he became Governor. When employed in special cases, he would attend the courts of Chowan and Washington counties. He had a large and controlling practice in these regular courts, appearing in nearly every important case, yet but twice did his practice amount to four thousand dollars a year, and it was brought to that figure by these special courts, the highest fee being three hundred dollars, which was the largest single fee, in a single case, he ever received before the war. He was a diligent and faithful worker, and a moderate charger.

One of his greatest efforts at the bar, before the war, probably, was made in the case of the *State v. Garrett*, who was tried for murder, in Northampton County, before Judge Bailey, in about 1853. He was defended by Governor Bragg and Mr. B. F. Moore, and the case occupied two days alone in taking the testimony. Both of these gentlemen made strong speeches, but Governor Bragg's was particularly so, being deeply interested in the case and bestowing much labor upon it, and he believed that, legally, his client was not guilty of murder. The State was represented by Attorney General Ransom, and it was his first appearance, as Attorney General, at Northampton Court. He was a young man, and, having such able lawyers to confront, much sympathy was felt by the audience in the courtroom for him. He, however, did not need it. He saw the



necessity for the full development of all the tact, brain power, and legal knowledge at his command. During the whole trial he took not a note, and he concluded the argument alike to the astonishment and admiration of the court, jury and spectators, the very culmination, beyond doubt, of the greatest legal effort of his life. Garrett was convicted of murder, but before the day appointed for his execution he broke jail and was never afterwards captured or heard from.

It is by some supposed, and has been by some remarked, that Governor Bragg developed as a lawyer after the war, and that up to that time he was merely a fair lawyer with a good local reputation. This is a very great mistake. Though he may not have achieved an extended State reputation, yet he was recognized by the Bar of the State as a strong lawyer, and he was accepted before the war by the people of the East as one of the leading, if not the leading, lawyer of that section.

In 1842 he was elected to the legislature—House of Commons—defeating Thomas J. Gatling, a brother of the inventor of the Gatling gun. In 1844 he was defeated for the legislature by Judge David A. Barnes, who had just before this come to the Northampton Bar and had settled in Jackson. After this he sought no office, but was an active worker in the county political campaigns. In 1844 he was Presidential Elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket, for the First District, his opponent being William W. Cherry, Esq., of Bertie County. In 1848 he was again elector for the First District, on the Cass and Butler ticket, his opponent being the Honorable Kenneth Rayner, of Hertford County, one of the strongest political speakers of his day, and a man much to be dreaded in a debate. At this time, Governor Bragg was not widely known in politics, and it was considered by the Whigs that Mr. Rayner would have a “walk-over.” Their first meeting was at Rich Square, in Northampton, twelve miles from Jackson. Mr. Rayner’s friends in Jackson (and the town was about all Whig) said they “were going out to see Rayner eat Bragg up.”

But the "eating up" was not done at that time, and they came back not so exhilarated as they went. Mr. Rayner had met his match, and Governor Bragg had fully satisfied his Democratic hearers on that occasion. This campaign was excited, and ably conducted; and after it was ended Mr. Rayner was heard, over and over again, to say, "that Thomas Bragg was the ablest debater, and the strongest opponent, he had ever met on the stump."

In 1852 he was again Elector for the Ninth District, on the Pierce and King presidential ticket, his opponent being Honorable David A. Barnes, of Northampton County. Judge Barnes is a ready and effective speaker. They had often crossed political swords. This campaign was marked by courtesy and ability.

In 1854 the Whig party nominated for Governor, General Alfred Dockery, of Richmond County, and at that time Governor Bragg's name was prominently mentioned as the Democratic candidate. General Dockery opened his campaign at Gatesville, in Gates County, at which time Governor Bragg was there attending Court. He was called on to reply, which he did very successfully. It is said that he made a speech that much gratified and pleased his party friends. The week following, the General spoke at Edenton, during court week, and Governor Bragg again replied with equally telling effect. Soon thereafter the Democratic Convention assembled in Raleigh, and Governor Bragg was unanimously nominated for Governor.

He accepted this nomination with reluctance, and for a little while considered it. He had a good practice, amounting to about thirty-five hundred dollars a year. His home was comfortable and attractive, and his manner of life was quiet and contented. It was natural that a man thus situated and surrounded, and not beset by the disquietude of political strife and commotion, should hesitate before disrupting such congenial associations. Upon reflection, however, he accepted, and

when his courts were ended, joined General Dockery, and entered upon one of the most remarkable campaigns ever had in the State. General Dockery had been going it alone, and had been so "pitched into," generally by some enterprising Democrat, at about every place he struck, that he had "learned the ropes," and had "toned up mightily," and had rounded into a very strong stump speaker. Governor Bragg soon discovered that a sort of "hocus-pocus" had taken place, and that it was not the Gatesville and Edenton Dockery he had then to encounter, and that he had his hands full. The campaign waxed hotter and hotter, up to and on the very day of the election, and, in all probability, had the election been a month later, Dockery would have been victorious.

A little incident may afford passing amusement. General Dockery in one of his speeches had characterized his opponent as the aristocratic candidate, and that he drove a fine horse, rode in a high sulky, and wore kid gloves. Governor Bragg, in his rejoinder, stated that he was not at all an aristocrat, but only a hard-toiling lawyer, and the son of a plain carpenter, who had exhausted his means in educating his children. "But, fellow-citizens", said he, "General Dockery himself is in fact the aristocratic candidate, for he lives in the only brick house in the whole county of Richmond." At this juncture the General rose right up behind him, and raising up his hands before the crowd, and with a loud voice, exclaimed. "Yes, and these old yaller hands made all the bricks that went into it, and toted them up thar, too." The effect was crushing, and the crowd yelled, and the Governor after said he wished he had let the old brick house alone and said nothing at all about it. He defeated General Dockery by a majority of two thousand and eighty-five votes, and was inaugurated Governor of North Carolina on the first day of January, 1855.

In 1856 he was again nominated for the second term, his opponent this time being the Honorable John A. Gilmer, of Guilford County. Mr. Gilmer had a high reputation, both as

a lawyer and politician. He was looked upon as the strongest man of his party, but Governor Bragg made it at once manifest that he was his equal in this admirably conducted campaign. Being desirous, at their first joint discussion, to have their positions clearly and correctly put before the people of the State, Governor Bragg carefully prepared a full account of their first joint discussion, which took place at Murphy, in Cherokee County, and sent it to a friend to be published in the *Standard*. It was known only to his friend and the editor, and so impartially was it done that no one suspected its authorship.

In this campaign with Mr. Gilmer, Governor Bragg, though he confined himself to the record, was quite severe on the course of Mr. Rayner, who had espoused the "Know Nothing" cause. The published accounts of these references so irritated Mr. Rayner, that for a long time bitterness existed, and their intercourse became entirely estranged. During the Fair of 1858, Mr. Rayner met an intimate friend of the Governor, at the corner of Fayetteville street, where stood the old North Carolina Book-store, and said to him: "I have a high regard for Bragg; our estrangement is not well founded, and I desire to renew our former relations." This was told the Governor, a few moments after, in the executive office, who simply bowed his head, making no reply. That day, seeing Mr. Rayner on the Fair grounds, he went straightway to him and offered his hand. These men were good friends afterwards. Governor Bragg defeated Mr. Gilmer by a majority of twelve thousand six hundred and twenty-eight votes, and was the second time inaugurated Governor of North Carolina, on the first day of January, 1857.

His record as Governor need have no other reference than to say, that his four years' administration is considered among the best during the State's history, and his large majority over Mr. Gilmer was further evidence that his first term had the endorsement of the people.

In his judicial appointments he exercised sound judgment. He was impressed with the belief that young men of promise and good and studious habits would make the best Judges, as they would subject themselves to greater application. Under this view he appointed Hons. Jesse G. Shepherd, of Cumberland, and Samuel J. Person, of New Hanover, Judges of the Superior Courts, and they adorned the bench and were among our most efficient judges. In this connection, in 1855, he conferred the appointment of Attorney General upon Hon. Jos. B. Batchelor, who was then a young man, and now one of the leading lawyers of the State, and it will be conceded that he filled the position with entire acceptability.

In the fall of 1856, and about the time of the State Fair, a meeting of the Governors of the Southern States was called to meet in Raleigh, to consider such action as might become necessary in the event of Fremont's election to the Presidency of the United States, in November following. Governor Wise, of Virginia, and Governor Adams, of South Carolina, and Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, were the only Governors present. An informal meeting was held in the parlors at the Executive Mansion. Among others were present General L. O'B. Branch, Governor Holden, Wesley Jones, A. M. Lewis, M. A. Bledsoe, Jos. A. Engelhard and Pulaski Cowper. The *Raleigh Register*, then edited by Major Seaton Gales, a vigorous and ready writer, charged in the paper that this meeting of Governors was a step to break up the Union, and was quite severe in his criticisms. Governor Wise was warm and determined in his views, and favored immediate resistance, by fighting in the Union, in the event of Fremont's election, and that his election should be accepted as the overt act. Governor Bragg's position was by no means ultra, but quite conservative, and his views were calmly stated, and his sound reason, prudence, and wise counsel produced a deep impression, and was the subject of much favorable comment the next day. Owing to the small number of Governors present nothing



definite was outlined, but this informal meeting of Governors may be written down as the first secession meeting ever held in the South.

In the Legislature of 1858 he was elected a Senator in the Congress of the United States. He took a high stand in the Senate. He made a noted speech on the bill providing for Florida Claims, which received complimentary notices in the public prints. He also took an active part in the discussion of the Harper's Ferry Invasion resolution—on bill relative to claims against Mexico; on bill for construction of telegraph to the Pacific; on Homestead Bill; on Houmas Land Grant Bill; on Post-office Deficiency Bill; on Civil Appropriation Bill; on Post-route Bill; on Washington City Railroad Bill, and others. When he addressed the Senate, he was listened to with close attention.

When the war had commenced, and the State had seceded, he resigned his seat in the Senate and returned to Raleigh. Upon the death of Governor Ellis, which occurred in June, 1861, Hon. Henry T. Clark, of Edgecombe County, by virtue of his office of Speaker of the Senate, became Governor, to fill the unexpired term of Governor Ellis. Governor Clark, under the law giving him power to appoint three persons to act as the Governor's military council, appointed Governor Bragg, Col. Spier Whitaker and Gen. D. M. Barringer to compose this Board. Governor Bragg held this position for only a short time, when he resigned.

Though not openly opposed to the war, and sensible of the just grounds that the South had to resist the unconstitutional encroachments of the North, yet he did not believe the South could establish her independence. He thought the preponderance of the North's population, together with their wealth and resources, their easy access to aid from the outside world, their advantage of retaining the government, and their possession of the entire navy, were too great odds against us. The spirit of our people was too high, and the united temper of

resistance, and the full acceptance of war, were too well defined to accept anything in extenuation, and he kept his opinions within his own breast. He said to a friend on his front porch, in July, 1861: "Our people are excited, and do not consider, I fear, the strength of the enemy; they look upon it as an easy job, and they believe the war will soon be over; but, in my opinion, it will be of long duration, and hotly contested on both sides. When our ports are blockaded, and the gunboats come up our rivers, as will be the case, and our people encounter the hardships that will follow, I fear their spirits will weaken and dissension will come. I do not think we will succeed; but I will say this only to you." And continuing, he said: "I shall do all in my power to secure our success. I will stand by the old State, and if the worst shall ultimately come, as I very much fear, I will go down with her, and when all is over I will do what I can to save what is left of her."

After the removal of the Confederate Government to Richmond, Va., Mr. Davis, in 1863, tendered to him the position of Attorney General of the Confederate States, which he accepted. He held this high office but a few months, when he resigned. Some speculation obtained as to the cause of his early retirement. Suffice it to say, that his reasons for doing so were cogent and well-founded, as all of his conclusions were. They were of a private nature, and need not be related in this sketch.

Upon his acceptance of the place of Attorney General, he rented out his house and lot in Raleigh and removed his family to Petersburg, Va., and was unable to repossess it until the spring of 1864, when he returned with his family to Raleigh, where he was residing when the war ended.

The conclusion of the war found him, like a large number of the people of the South, wasted in substance, without means or prospects, and bereft of all save a shelter from the winds and the cold. He was reluctant to return to the practice of the law, and had determined not again to resume it. He had

been out of practice from 1855 to 1865, a period of ten years, and had entirely neglected the study of law during that time. He said he "was rusty, and had about forgotten all the law he ever knew, and nothing but a dependent family could induce him to take it up again." He did resume it, and gave to it his former labor and endurance, and the eminence and success he attained is well known to the Bar and people of the State.

Governor Bragg made a masterly speech in the trial of the case of the State *v.* The Hodges, two brothers indicted for murder in Wake Superior Court in 1867. Attorney General Rogers, being related to the accused, was represented, at his request, by Mr. W. S. Mason. The State was represented by Mr. Mason, Governor Bragg and Mr. Ed. Graham Haywood, and the defence by Messrs. Phillips & Battle and Mr. B. F. Moore. The argument was able on both sides. One of the defendants was found guilty of manslaughter, and the other was acquitted.

Beyond doubt the greatest legal effort of Governor Bragg's life was his speech in the Johnston Will Case, tried before Chief Justice Merrimon, in Edenton, in February, 1867. Probably so large and able an array of counsel was never before engaged in any suit in North Carolina. The late Mr. James C. Johnston, the wealthiest man in the State, had devised his estate to the late Mr. Edward Wood and his (Mr. Johnston's) three overseers, neither of whom were related to him, and the next of kin sought to break the will, alleging mental disqualification. The case occupied twenty-three days in the trial, and the best legal talent in the State was engaged in it. The attorneys representing the will were B. F. Moore, Chief Justice Smith, Judge R. R. Heath, Judge H. A. Gilliam, P. H. Winston, Edward Conigland, John Pool and T. H. Gilliam; those representing the contestants were Governor Bragg, Governor Graham, Governor Vance, Judge Moore, William Eaton, James W. Hinton, of Norfolk, Va., and Colonel William F. Martin. Governor Bragg was the leader on his side, and Mr. Moore was

the leader on the opposite side. Dr. Hammond, of New York, the distinguished specialist, was introduced as a witness, and presented as an expert to show the want of mental competency of the testator. His examination, by the counsel of both sides, was most searching, and it is said that his cross-examination by Mr. Moore was as fine, if not the finest, professional work of the kind ever done in the State. Judge Merrimon presided with great ability, patience and impartiality, and performed, probably, the greatest work of the kind ever done by any Judge in the State, and well sustained the high reputation he had of being one of the ablest Circuit Court Judges of the State. Governor Bragg spoke with great power and force for seven hours, making the greatest speech of his life before a jury. Chief Justice Merrimon, recently referring to this speech, said: "Upon an issue of fact, it was the strongest speech I ever heard; and the manner, and power, and force with which he connected and presented the testimony made the conclusion almost irresistible." Judge Gilliam, one of opposing counsel, and a lawyer of very high standing, but lately said about it: "Governor Bragg was at his greatest (he was a very great man), and by his great ability, and his pre-eminent tact in the management of his side of the case, for a long time put in great peril the integrity of a will which should never have been questioned. The assault upon it, led by him, was most masterly, and for a time threatened to be fatal." The will was established. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, but the decision of the court below was confirmed.

The *Habeas Corpus* cases in 1870 are well remembered. The history of those times, and the incidents arising, have not been forgotten by the people of the State. That the great writ of *habeas corpus*, issuing from the properly constituted authority, should have been entirely disregarded, was a blow at the right of the individual and a significant stride towards the usurpation and overthrow of legal jurisprudence. That there should be no presumption of innocence until the con-

trary was shown, and that the surest and quickest avenue of establishing innocence of crime should have been obstructed by a usurped military despotism, betokened that the liberty of the citizen was fast vanishing, and he was soon to become helpless indeed. Governor Bragg was among the foremost in vindicating the law, and in maintaining and preserving its supremacy. He made a strong appeal for the defence of law, and right, and justice, and protested in burning eloquence against the least infringement of the citizen's security, so watchfully guarded by constitutional enactment. His memorable words are engraven in the hearts of the people.

A gentleman high in official position, and connected professionally with these *Habeas Corpus* cases, calls to mind an interesting occurrence. While Governor Bragg was making his forcible appeal for constitutional law and liberty, the late venerable Judge Battle was sitting against the rock pillar in the centre of the Supreme Court-room, listening with marked interest and attention. As the speaker extolled the past lustre of North Carolina's record for the maintenance of law, and peace, and protection, and contrasted her former power and renown with the impending perishment of her people's highest privilege and greatest boon—their mighty writ of right and safety—the brightest jewel that ever decked the vesture of the English law—heeded for centuries, and ever granted when fitly craved—this eminent and pure Judge, thoughtful of his State's honor, could not restrain his emotion, and tears trickled down his whitened cheeks; and when the speech was concluded said, and afterwards repeated, that it was “the most eloquent and powerful argument he had ever heard in that court-room.” This was compliment, indeed; for he for years, with honorable distinction, sat upon that high Court, and saw and heard the State's brightest legal luminaries give utterance—whose broad intellectualism was the wonder and the admiration of the time, and whose lives and reputations have done so much to mould and to make the Court's past and present history.



For a more thorough acquaintance of this subject matter, reference is had to the published journals of that period, and to the cases as embodied in the records of the Supreme Court.

The last great effort of Governor Bragg was in the Holden Impeachment Trial, the history of which is fresh in recollection. He appeared for the State, and pressed with fervor the impeachment of Governor Holden. He made a long, close and exhaustive argument, and was listened to with the deepest and most marked attention, and his speech was considered by many as the best effort of his life. When he concluded, Mr. Conigland, who was one of Governor Holden's counsel, walked over to where he sat, and, taking his hand, said: "Governor, you have made a grand speech, but it does not equal your Johnston Will speech." Mr. Paul C. Cameron, who was his school-mate and drill-master at Captain Partridge's military school, a man now ripe in years, and yet ripe in intellect, in judgment, and in learning, said that he had observed him from his early manhood to his death, and he had never known any one who had better sustained himself before the people in every capacity; and though he was confronted in this trial by the strongest lawyers in the State, whose reputations were without limit, he considered that his speech was the finest, and most complete and most exhaustive of any delivered on that occasion.

Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, a statesman of the old school, who was present and heard the speech, pronounced it "overwhelming and unanswerable."

Governor Bragg was a well-fledged and thorough lawyer, and he made himself so by constant application and close study—the only way one can become a sound lawyer. He was a man of vigorous intellect and strong common-sense. He was one among the few lawyers who studied his adversary's side of the case, and anticipated the points he would most likely present, and was generally ready to meet and combat them. In conducting the examination of a witness he exhibited great tact,

skill and power; and he would manage a reluctant or unwilling witness with decided advantage and effect. It was difficult for an evasive one to withstand his vigorous, scathing and torturing cross-examination. Few lawyers equalled him in pulling out of an obstinate witness what he was disinclined to tell. This faculty of cross-examination, so effective in conducting suits, was a potent element in his practice, and gave him no little advantage in the trial of cases.

He was an open and frank practitioner, never taking a "nigh cut," but was just and magnanimous, and was possessed of the confidence and esteem of the profession throughout the State. He was as well rounded a lawyer as the State ever had.

Mr. C. M. Busbee, but shortly ago, remarked that he was "the best *nisi prius* lawyer I ever saw."

Judge Barnes, who practiced in the same courts with him for thirty years, recently said: "He was the finest Circuit Court lawyer I ever knew."

Chief Justice Merrimon, a few days ago, said: "He was a powerful man in any position in which he was placed, and that the more you saw of him the more you admired and honored him, and saw what a great, grand man he was."

The late Col. D. M. Carter, when told of his death, said: "The biggest man in North Carolina has died to-day, and the State never needed his services more than on this day he has died. His loss will be great to North Carolina."

Mr. Samuel F. Phillips, one of the foremost men of the present time, said to a gentleman when returning from the funeral services: "We have buried this evening one of the roundest and strongest men the State has ever produced, and his name will live in history along with the ablest and best of the land."

The late Chief Justice Pearson, when directing the resolutions of the meeting of the Bar to be enrolled on the records of the Court, said: "The memory of Thomas Bragg as an

able, upright, diligent and virtuous member of its Bar will be cherished by the Court."

Just thirteen months prior to his death he associated with him Judge George V. Strong, a leading lawyer, and, probably, the ablest member of the Goldsboro Bar. This was a mighty combination, and promised the utmost success, for, during the term of their joint connection, their booked practice amounted to over nineteen thousand dollars, thirteen thousand dollars of which had been received in cash.

Colonel David Outlaw, Judge Smith, J. R. J. Daniel, P. H. Winston, Edward Conigland, Col. Spier Whitaker, Mr. Moore, Mr. Batchelor, Judge Barnes, Judge Augustus Moore and H. B. Hardy were among the practicing lawyers attending the courts in which he practiced before he became Governor. Sad mention may be made of two of the most brilliant and promising young lawyers who have graced the Eastern Bar, and who died of consumption within two years from their appearance at the Hertford and Bertie Bars: Antonio P. Yancey, of Hertford, a half brother of the late Chief Justice Smith, who bore off the first honors of his class at Yale, and James B. Jordan, of Bertie, who took the first distinction in his class at Brown University. Both of these young men were presented to the Court by Governor Bragg, and, on his motion, allowed to take the attorney's oath. They were each elected County Solicitor for their counties.

*Junior* Probably no two men were more generally pitted against each other in the courts which they attended than Governor Bragg and the late Chief Justice Smith. Judge Smith was about two years his senior. They were chary of each other in the conduct of a case, and kept a close eye upon each other's movements, and were both vigilant and well-equipped lawyers. Their style of speaking was different. Governor Bragg's was simple, strong and engaging; Judge Smith's was easy, forceful and very fluent. In fact, few men, anywhere, possessed an equal fluency of speech, or so ready command of language. He

was really a very fine and polished speaker. Their temperaments were also diverse. If an important case went adversely to Governor Bragg, he dismissed it from his mind and was not depressed about it; but Judge Smith was, for the time, keenly sensitive, and took at heart the loss of his case. It is a little singular that these two men, so frequently, in their earlier lives opposed to each other in the trial of legal causes, should have about terminated their practice, and in like manner opposed to each other in the Holden Impeachment Trial, and when both made the leading speeches on their respective sides—Governor Bragg soon thereafter dying, and Judge Smith, not long afterwards, being made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Their intercourse, however, notwithstanding these frequent conflicts, was genial, and their friendship true, though Judge Smith accepted it not graciously that he should have come down into his district and taken part in his campaign for Congress against Doctor Shaw. But in a previous campaign with Colonel Outlaw, Doctor Shaw did not feel that Governor Bragg, who then resided in the district, had taken a sufficiently active part in his behalf, and being now hard pressed by Judge Smith, and the party needing all help at hand, he yielded to the general request and made several speeches in the district. But this spasmodic feeling soon vanished with the time, and this circumstance was forgotten, and these men left behind them lives alike well spent and distinguished, and memories equally honored and revered.

When the Holden Impeachment Trial took place, he had commenced to fail but not very perceptibly. The severe struggle, mentally and physically, which he underwent during the trial doubtless hastened his end. He began, soon after its conclusion, rapidly to decline, and it was visible to all that his "last of earth" was fast approaching. It was painful to see the pallor of his countenance increase day by day; but he did not give up, and it may be said that he worked in the harness up to his death.

On Friday, the 19th day of January, 1872, he took to his bed, never again to arise from it. He knew he was going to die, but he was calm and composed, and exhibited not the slightest fear of death. He said: "For the benefit of my family I would like to live ten years longer, but apart from that the matter of death gives me no concern." He said this when he was raised in bed to sign a short codicil to his will, which Judge Strong had written at his request, and which he signed with a steady hand. His will was in his own handwriting and in these words: "I give and bequeath to my wife Isabella M. Bragg, all my real and personal estate of every description whatsoever. She knows my wishes, and I know she will carry them out." He was kept alive for a day or two with whiskey and gruel, and when given to him would ask, "How much whiskey, and how much gruel?" When told, he said, "You see the whiskey predominates. This is done to keep me alive for a little while, when I know I cannot live. I do not want it done. There is no use in keeping me alive in this way and giving you all the trouble of waiting on me. I protest against it."

On the evening before he died the door-bell rang. He saw his friend Mr. Cowper go to the door. On his return to the room he called him to his bedside and asked who it was at the door, and being told that it was Governor Graham, asked, "Why did you not invite him in?" and upon being told that the doctors had directed that no one should see him, he said: "I have a high regard for Governor Graham, and I regret very much that he was not asked in. I want you to go down to his room and tell him I am very sorry he was not brought in to see me, and that I should be pleased to see him." Governor Graham was much impressed and deeply moved when the message was delivered to him.

On Saturday evening he called his family to his bedside, and in beautiful language of wisdom gave them counsel and advice. In the midst of such sorrow, which such solemn occasion would naturally bring, his eye was not moistened, his voice did not



falter, and as calmly as if he were going on a short journey he imparted to them words of advice, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." He said: "My children, I wish to impress one thing upon you: always stand together, comfort and assist each other, consider that no necessity can arise by which you could feel justified in raising a hand or uttering a word one against the other."

Shortly before his death, and it was the only like reference he made, he uttered these words: "I have no doubt that I have my sins and transgressions to account for. All men must so account. I have endeavored to lead an exemplary life. I have never seen the time that I felt I could be induced, through fear, favor, affection, reward, or the hope of reward, to do otherwise than my conscience would dictate to me as right and proper. The future has always been to me, and is now, a deep, dark mystery." A little while before day on Sunday morning, while resting quietly, but not sleeping, he heard the sound of wood being put on the fire in the adjoining room, and remarked, "It must be near day; I hear them making a fire in the next room." A few minutes after this, he straightened himself in bed, placed his head on a line with his body, and folded his arms across his breast, and in a little while he was dead.

It was on Sunday morning, January 21, 1872, about the hour of five o'clock, that the life of Gov. Thomas Bragg thus peacefully passed away in the sixty-second year of his age, leaving a wife and seven children—three sons and four daughters—and the wife and two sons have since "passed over the river," and entered into the vale of the future of that "deep, dark mystery."

He was buried the next day in Oakwood Cemetery, near the city of Raleigh, and both Houses of the Legislature and the Superior Court of Wake, then in session, adjourned for the day, and all the business houses of the city closed their doors in honor and respect; and on the following day a large meet-

ing was held in the Supreme Court-room to do further honor to the life and services of the distinguished dead, so recently removed from the scenes of life.

He was a man of kind heart, tender sympathies and noble impulses; a devoted husband and indulgent father; and though he was not demonstrative, yet his friendship was valuable, because it was consistent and true. He was as true a man as ever trod the soil of his native land. The younger members of the Bar will recall with pleasure his courteous bearing to them and the delight it seemed to give him to render them assistance, and the painstaking aid he would bestow when his legal advice was solicited. The older members will long remember his quiet and dignified demeanor, his social intercourse, his manliness of character, and his integrity, merit and worth.

He possessed those qualities which adorn and elevate society, and exalt and ennoble human character. He has left a high and noble name, a reputation unspotted and untarnished—a priceless legacy to his posterity, and an enduring heritage to his State and country; and it will not be dimmed as time proceeds; and the example his life has given should inspire those who follow, to seek high aims, and to secure exalted ends.

## THE NEGRO MUST REMAIN IN THE SOUTH.

(Prize Essay in the Philanthropic Society, 1890.)

BY PLATO COLLINS.

WE SHOULD congratulate ourselves on living in this age, when the pulse of the world is beating warmer and stronger than ever before. Humanity has gathered strength to fight out her greatest battles in our generation. Among these, no one is more tremendous than the battle of the races on Southern soil. In the calm, considerate and courageous treatment of this issue is involved the welfare and tranquillity of the South, and therefore of the Union.

We wish to consider, as a solution of this problem, the removal of the negro from the Southern States.

The total population of the South is about 20,000,000. The negroes number 7,000,000, or nearly one-third of the entire population. Can any one deny that the forcible or voluntary removal of seven million people would cause a social, political and industrial revolution, whose consequences are beyond the reach of the imagination? Has any nation in Europe been so blind to its own interests as to expel the Jews, although, for centuries, they have been objects of national hatred and contempt? The course pursued by the nations of Europe is exactly opposite to the policy which some would have our government adopt. They are taxing their wisest statesmanship to devise means of retaining even the anarchists, socialists and communists who are daily pouring into Castle Garden. Shall we, then, banish millions instead of trying, as crowded Europe does, to suppress the quiet emigration of thousands?

The same God that guides us in our efforts for a nobler civilization has spoken to the heart of the negro and brought him, through our agency, from barbarism to Christianity. Under the beneficent influences of slavery he ceased to be a savage; and in the wisdom of God he is now a free man. Life and liberty are as sweet to him as to us. If he were driven into Africa, he would soon relapse into savagery. If you drive out the negro, you drive out Christ, the Bible and Liberty. This is no fanciful theory; for the negro will go only under the compulsion of irresistible force. Can the South afford to commit the blackest crime ever perpetrated by a Christian nation? The injustice, the cruel inhumanity, the tyranny of it would stamp itself upon the character of the nation, and the baneful influences it would wield would be most damaging to the South. This act of tyranny, if tolerated, would sear our sensibility to encroachments upon our rights; love of liberty would be obscured in our hearts, and the road would be opened up in

the near future for the ripening of the distorted fruit of a monster despotism.

How would this removal affect the South politically? She would lose forty electoral votes and nearly as many representatives in Congress. She now controls even the States where the negroes have a clear majority—she would do no more then. It would then be impossible for her ever again to hold the reins of power. The North and Protection would rule the nation and the South would, indeed, be hopelessly ruined.

It is generally admitted that the whites cannot do the work for which the negro seems adapted by nature. For example, white men can raise some cotton alone, but if we were dependent upon the whites for pickers, over one-half of the cotton would rot in the fields untouched every year. It would be the highest folly to remove the greater portion of the competent labor and muscle of the South. Who can foretell the disasters and the ruin that would follow in the retreating steps of Southern laborers? Values would shrink alarmingly. Farm operations would be stopped and capital would go elsewhere. The South would become the poorest country on the face of the earth. Every branch of industry would be paralyzed. The fountains of our civilization would be frozen at their source. The whole world would feel the shock.

If the negro goes out, the vacuum must be filled—immigration from the North and from the old countries would inevitably take place. What would be the character of this imported labor? We know that no Yankee or foreigner, who is possessed of the principle of self-esteem, that begets aspirations to prosperity and success in life, or who is possessed of the faculty of acquisitiveness to any considerable extent, can be hired as a common laborer on our farms, or as a servant in any menial capacity. And we scorn to resign the higher place to him and to put our hands to service. What, then, must be the character of that labor? It must be composed of the low, the

ignorant, the vile, in whom no confidence can be reposed, and whose very presence would corrupt the morals of the place they occupied. Labor will, indeed, be ennobled when every mechanic is an Irish pauper, a Russian anarchist, a German socialist, or a French communist !

There is a positive and sensible aversion to low white labor among our people. We employ negroes to do our work even in preference to poor but respected white men born and reared among us. The cause of this is plain. White men, however poor, are more arrogant and uncontrollable. Nature has not stamped upon them any degrading mark; they cannot feel their inferiority so plainly, and therefore they will not submit to and are ever grumbling at their fortune. Not so with the negro. He and his fathers have been reared to it; they recognize their own inferiority; they are known by their old master's names, and their interests are closely joined with those of the whites. The negro will always consider himself inferior to the white race, however much he may endeavor to disguise this fact, and he will by training and intuition more readily serve us. The negro is stronger and is accustomed to the peculiar character of the labor in the South, while the foreigner is not, nor will two hundred and fifty years of training fit him for its duties.

Besides, the negro is a cheaper liver and demands less wages. He can live on less, can dress well in our old clothes—while foreigners are more arrogant, full of false pride, requiring higher wages for poorer labor and are rarely men of principle. They are generally lazy, regardless of pledges, skillful in deceit, keensighted to discern the signs of change and swift to avert its consequences by a timely caprice or treason.

Outside of the towns, and wherever not deluded by lying politicians, the blacks and whites live on peaceable and even friendly terms. The negro as a race is peaceful, happy and contented. There is no more blessed land in the world than the happy South. She is cautious and prudent; her prosperity has indeed been slow but sure, and is steadily increasing. She,



unlike the North, is building upon a sure foundation. A comparison of the condition of society in the North and South reveals this. In the North the relations between laborer and employer are strained to their utmost tension, and mutterings of discontent are constantly heard. There is a positive and fatal feeling of enmity between capital and labor; strikes occur hourly, mobs are formed, houses pillaged, trains wrecked, business paralyzed and the families of laborers often starve or steal.

Crime is far more prevalent in the North and West than in the South. Their criminals outnumber ours many times. Their convict rolls are black with unpronounceable names, and their jails and State prisons are crowded by foreigners. What, then, is the conclusion, verified by figures? It is that nine-tenths of the crimes committed in those sections, and nine-tenths of the occupants of their prison cells, are foreigners. It is true that most of the crimes in the South are committed by negroes, but, notwithstanding the negro, far more crimes are committed North than South. Besides, the crimes committed by negroes are usually of minor importance, such as petit larceny and assault and battery. The negro seldom displays the cunning or the bold cruelty which often mark much higher races. There are in the South comparatively few murders, and the majority of those are perpetrated by white men. The negro is too faithful, too superstitious and simple to commit many heinous crimes.

Why is the desire to come to America so strong in the average foreign emigrant? It is this: chafing under the restraint of a European government, he is fascinated with his idea of a free government; in his heart he fancies that here men do as they please, that no law, no order prevails. Thus many come with conflicting ideas of free government, and many come with no idea of any restraint at all. They are, therefore, not in sympathy with our government and must, and do, form a cancer at the nation's heart. The issue between

labor and capital at the North; the flauntings of the red flags of anarchists, and the unseemly demonstrations of communists and dynamiters, combined with the introduction of the Roman Catholic Church, of free-love and spiritualism, form a series of far more puzzling and weighty problems than the negro question, pure and simple, at the South. We believe that the headway which Catholicism seems to be making in our country through emigration is incompatible with liberty and free government.

Another consideration lies in the fact that foreigners are roving and unsettled, and hence could not be relied on as laborers in the South; while the negro is permanently settled, though we do occasionally have exoduses to take off the more trifling. If the negro leaves the South it will be in thousands and millions, as history tells us all migrating people have done in the past. It is impossible to remove him, and he will not go voluntarily. Individuals may go, but the masses will remain.

But, it is argued, the negro votes in solid mass and is, therefore, a menace to our institutions. Why does he vote against us? It is from gratitude, perhaps, to that party which gave him his freedom and not on account of hostility to the whites. This is the only source of trouble between whites and blacks. And why is it thus? Because of the blinded and partisan manner in which the question is treated by unscrupulous men of both parties. This class, we are glad to believe, includes but few men of importance. When they cease to wield an influence in the South, and when the negro is educated, he will see his mistake and divide his vote, as will the white man also. There are already signs of the division of the colored vote. But when the negro is removed we shall get the emigrant, and we point to the North as an example of the fact that the low and the vile vote solidly against the better classes. So we should have the same condition again, only in a more aggravated form, because the negro votes against us through igno-

rance, while the emigrant would do so out of enmity to the better classes.

But the negroes are rapidly increasing and will soon outnumber the whites. This would seem very plausible to the careless observer, because every one is a witness to the greater number of births among negroes. The more careful observer, however, will have noticed the greater number of deaths among them also. An examination of the mortality tables will strengthen this observation. Again, how many of the children born are illegitimate? and how greatly would they be diminished by the growth of virtue through education? But let us turn to figures—from them there can be no appeal. We find by a comparison of the eighth and tenth censuses that in twenty years the whites increased sixty-one per cent., while the blacks increased but forty-eight per cent. This greater increase of the whites was effected in spite of the fact that the ranks of the adult males were depleted to the extent of over a million by the casualties of war, which the negroes scarcely felt. The only decade in which the colored element increased faster than the whites was between 1800 and 1810, during the continuance of the African slave-trade. It will also be seen, according to census reports, that the rate of increase of the negroes, while irregular, shows a marked and rapid decrease—a much greater decrease than that of the whites. The rate of increase for the whites between 1790 and 1800 was thirty-six per cent., while that of the negroes was thirty-three per cent.; and notice, between 1860 and 1870 the rate of increase of the whites was thirty per cent., while that of the negroes was only ten per cent. In 1880 the proportion of whites to blacks was eighty-seven to thirteen. Thus we see that the negroes increased alarmingly even in slavery, when they were property, and when every consideration of self-interest prompted their owners to watch over their health, to encourage child-bearing and to protect and preserve the children. Considering the colored race in this country as a whole,

it seems that it has not held its own, either in a state of slavery or, thus far, in freedom. It would seem, therefore, under the circumstances, more profitable to study ways and means of preserving and strengthening the manual labor element of the South than to debate the methods of getting rid of it. As the negroes are not increasing as rapidly as the whites, either in the country at large or in the South, and therefore are destined to become constantly of less numerical importance, the pressing necessity for doing something to ward off the evils predicted by some does not appear to exist.

But we are warned of the danger of social equality. There never was and never will be social equality between the races. The term itself had its origin in political warfare. All sensible people understand its meaning and pass it over in silence. The pride and instincts of both races forbid it. Nature has interposed a well defined barrier. It is needless for me to assert that the white race will be forever opposed to it. The negro does not desire it, and if he did, as people cannot be associates without mutual consent, the question must remain forever settled. Political and public equality between the races is right, and must come as the light of reason and progress dawns upon their hitherto darkened visions; but social equality can never be realized so long as the inexorable decrees of God and nature shall be obeyed, and so long as our proud race is really worthy of superiority over the negro.

One word about amalgamation, that "vast, vague, affright of amalgamation." It is closely connected with social equality, and of course would grow out of that. If, then, social equality is absurd, amalgamation must be also. The whites undoubtedly oppose it. As to the negroes, there is a well known and growing antipathy among them to intermarriages with the whites. It is as much discouraged by them as by the whites. The fact that the marriage of Frederick Douglass to a white woman was, and still is, harshly criticised by the most intelligent negroes, would indicate that the aversion is as strong

in one race as in the other. In only isolated cases will the negroes seek to marry with white people. Amalgamation will never be realized. The tendency to even an unlawful mingling seems much less strong than under slavery. Whenever the occasion arises the negro is quick to draw the color line, and in some sections of the South, notably in the larger cities, there are well defined social feuds even between the blacks and mulattoes. Statistics and all travellers inform us of the decrease in the number of mulattoes. Thus they are fast reverting to the original type. The probability of intermarriage with the white race will grow less as time passes on and the freedman comes to recognize himself as something more than a chattel, manufactured for the exclusive use and pleasure of a superior race. With the cultivation of his mind, and the expansion of his intellect, his self-esteem will be increased, and the ban which nature herself has placed upon the commingling of the races will be strengthened by their new-found and self-respecting pride of race.

We believe the remedy for our race troubles to be education. Educate and thereby thoroughly christianize the negro. But we often hear it said, the more knowledge they get, the more commanding and haughty they will be. It is true that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing", that the negro with his now scanty learning is somewhat vain because of his too sudden elevation, but we believe that, with his increasing advantages for educating himself and his children, he is outgrowing the restless and feverish condition that marked him for so many years, and soon he will be a healthy factor in the life of the nation. As proof we have only to point you to the few intelligent and really able negroes in this country. They are conservative, and have been, in a measure, successful in their labors to elevate their race. The idea that we can live on better terms with an ignorant and superstitious race than with an educated one is very absurd. Education will, in time, settle the question. With knowledge, the truth and light of



the Bible will be made plain to them. Education, the Gospel of Christ, cannot fail to solve the problem and it is foolish to seek other means of solution until this has been fairly tried.

Senator Ingalls proposes justice. We spurn his false imputation and treat all such with silent contempt. Senator Vance says "Hands off." The lamented Henry Grady said, "Let us do the right, have patience and 'Hope' for the best." Our solution would be a combination of education and "Hope," invoking, in the language of the Emancipation Proclamation, that precipitated the question upon us, "The considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

## AN OLD MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

I AM indebted to Mr. J. C. Hoyt, of Buncombe County, for the inspection of an original copy of a map of this State for which he was indebted to the kindness of an English gentleman, Mr. Sabin, and which was recently sent by mail to Mr. Hoyt from London. The map is in perfect preservation, due, it is explained, by its seclusion until accidentally discovered between the leaves of an old folio. No date of publication appears upon its face, but there is internal evidence that it was issued between 1755 and 1765.

Comparing the geographical knowledge of the State as delineated at that time with that of the present, North Carolina appears on the map as a colonial possession, part of which was relatively well known, and therefore accurately delineated, while other parts seem to have been absolutely unknown, and no attempt whatever made to define them. The coast had been surveyed with minute accuracy, and the changes observable in comparing the old chartings are such as are due to the tumultuous energies of the waves, acting through the long period of a century and a half. The interior, so far as exploration and settlement had gone, is clearly mapped, with the rivers and their

courses geographically correct; and also such counties and towns as then existed. The work of the geographer in the west ceased altogether with a partial delineation of Mecklenburg and Rowan Counties. There was no Western Carolina then. We know that a county by the name of Tryon existed before the Revolution, west of Mecklenburg. But west of Rowan was primitive, unexplored wilderness, the home of the roving Indian, only beginning to be encroached upon by the adventure of the hunter, the trapper or the pioneer. Rowan (or as it is spelled in the map, Rowen,) County was the *Ultima Thule*, beyond which our geographer did not pass, and into which, at his time, white communities, scarcely white settlers, had made no serious effort to penetrate.

North Carolina in 1754 had, as from its discovery, the ocean as its scarcely varying eastern boundary, while its western limits were vaguely defined by a line drawn from north to south through the yet imperfectly known counties of Rowan and Mecklenburg, the north and south boundaries within the area named being practically such as they now exist.

What is curiously interesting in this map is the great extent of the counties, the obsolete names of some of them, the paucity of towns and villages, and the antiquated style of orthography.

I will notice first some instances of this last feature. The Ocracoke of the present was then Occacoke; Pamlico was Pampticoe; Hertford was Hartford; Tuscarora was Tuscaroraw; Scuppernong was Scuponing; Beaufort was Beauford; Tarboro was Tarrburg; and to the confusion of those who insisted upon an æboriginal authority for the name of Tar river, and obliterate the humiliating suggestion that the humble or mercenary avocation of making tar originated the name, and therefore, some thirty or more years ago strenuously endeavored to substitute the name of Taw, I find the name inscribed on the map as Tarr, with a double r, "to make assurance doubly sure."

It is due to the advocates of the Taw form to say that Hawks is on their side, deriving his name from a syllable in what he claims to be the Indian name of the river—Tor-pæo. He says, truly, that monosyllabic names for rivers or places are exceedingly rare in the Indian languages. With the English and American habit of saving time and labor, both in speech and writing, ready illustrations of which will occur to every reader, names partially preserved in terminal syllables are of frequent occurrence. There is Haw river, retaining only the last syllable of the long word Saxapahaw; and there is the Toe river in Western North Carolina, ludicrously abbreviated from the somewhat pretty name of Estatoe. Dr. Hawks is possibly right in his conjecture. But Tar, from its nature, is very tenacious, and the present form of the name will most probably maintain its hold.

Fayetteville has its place on the map as Cross Creek, a name succeeding its first title of Campbelton, but antedating by twenty-five years or more that which is now attached to it. Brunswick, a town on the Cape Fear below Wilmington, long since gone out of existence, is conspicuous on the map as a place of living importance. Salisbury appears, but Charlotte does not. Salem has a place, but there is no Greensboro. In fact, the only places named as towns at that time existing were Nixonton, Hartford, Edenton, Beauford, New Berne, Wilmington, Brunswick, Cross Creek, Tarrburg, Halifax, Hillsboro, Salem, Bethabara and Salisbury.

The counties were Currituck, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Hartford, Northampton, Bertie, Terrell, Halifax, Pitt, Craven, Carteret, Onslow, New Hanover, Brunswick, Pelham, Dobbs, Johnston, Edgecombe, Bute, Granville, Orange, Bladen, Anson, Mecklenburg and Rowen.

Among the counties named is Pelham, covering the territory now occupied by Sampson and Duplin. For such a name I find nowhere any authority. Duplin was formed out of New Hanover in 1749, and was subjected to subdivision in 1784,

when from it was cut off the county of Sampson. But nowhere, in any record to which I have access, do I find in such connection the name of Pelham.

Dobbs County, delineated on this map, was formed in 1758 by cutting off from Johnston County the Parish of St. Patrick, and calling the part so cut off in honor of Arthur Dobbs, the Royal Governor, appointed in 1754, and holding office under a somewhat unpleasant tenure for a period of ten years. Dobbs County in 1791 was divided into the counties of Lenoir and Glasgow; and thus a name become offensive from association with oppression was quietly shelved. Glasgow County was named after James Glasgow, elected Secretary of State for North Carolina in 1776. In 1797 he was charged, in connection with Major John Armstrong, Commissioner of Land Patents, with the fraudulent issue of patents to the Continental soldiers of North Carolina; and having been tried and found guilty, his dishonored name was expunged, and Glasgow County was forgotten in the substitution of that of Greene, a memorial of the great and untarnished man and soldier of the Revolutionary War, General Nathaniel Greene.

Bute County was a part of Granville until the year 1764. In that year, owing to the great extent of Granville, and the inconvenience to its people of attending the courts, it was divided, and to all that portion of it known as St. John's Parish was attached the name of Bute, the residue retaining its original name. In 1779 Bute was divided, and out of its territory were formed the counties of Warren and Franklin; and thus another name, unpleasantly suggestive, passed quietly into oblivion.

In connection with the counties of Dobbs and Bute, it may not be amiss to refer to another obnoxious name, supplanted after the revolution by titles dear to the American heart. Tryon County, though having no place on the map before me, is closely identified with the period in which it was published; for it was called by its former name in honor of that Royal

Governor whose ambition to rear for himself a splendid palace was largely instrumental in arousing his subjects to that spirit of resistance which later on in his history led to the wars of the Regulators, and ultimately to the promptitude in which they joined with the other colonists to throw off the royal yoke entirely.

There is little else on the map to call for further special mention. It presents abundant interesting material for reflection, as showing the actual outline of our State one hundred and thirty years ago; it is highly instructive as fixing a standard of progress, and as giving illustration, by comparison, of the great and solid development of the feeble, imperfectly known and thinly peopled colony of the middle of the last century into the well-settled, if not densely inhabited, thoroughly known and rapidly advancing condition of a sovereign member of the great independent body of United States, forming, near the close of the nineteenth century, a mighty, wealthy and refined Commonwealth, flourishing under a system of laws and government not in human contemplation during the dependent colonial era.

*J. D. Cameron.*

## GRANDFATHER'S TALES OF N. C. HISTORY.

### VII.

#### LOCKE'S CONSTITUTIONS.

**M**Y CHILDREN: Some few years after King Charles II of England had granted Carolina to the Lords Proprietors in 1663, they proposed to establish a permanent government over it.

It was the first constitution ever adopted for the government of our people, and it was such a curious one that I will try to tell you the story of it.



The Lords Proprietors, to whom the King had given all the land extending from Florida to Virginia, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, were English noblemen. They had big ideas of life and bigger ideas about government, and they thought as they had a magnificent territory, they must have a magnificent government.

So they applied to a celebrated writer and philosopher, named John Locke, to prepare and write out for them a constitution of government for Carolina.

The constitution which John Locke prepared for them has always been called "Locke's Fundamental Constitutions for Carolina."

It was a high-sounding constitution, with big offices, big titles and forms and ceremonies. The head man they called Palatin, and then there were Caciques and Landgraves, and High Stewards, and Chamberlains, and Chancellors, and High Constables, and Admirals, and Courts without number. The country was divided up into provinces, and counties, and signiories, and precincts, and baronies, and colonies.

There were one hundred and twenty sections of the Constitutions. They provided for almost everything, and provided that the laws made under it should continue for a hundred years and no longer, and for no shorter time.

The laws of the ancient Medes and Persians were irrevocable. They were never to be changed. Our laws are ever changing. Locke chose the middle course, and his Constitutions for Carolina provided for the laws to last, without change, for one hundred years.

But no fundamental constitutions can exist long unless suited to the character and habits of the people for whom they are made. No laws can be enforced that are repugnant to the will of the people for whom they were made, and Locke's Constitutions, although they were written by a good and thoughtful man, were never entirely introduced into the government of Carolina.

They were talked of among the people. They were discussed around their hunting fires at night. Some condemned them, and some approved them, and few understood them. But they were not suited to the plain hunters and trappers and small farmers for whom they were made.

They were so unsuited that the regulations of the Constitutions were never fully put in force.

Harry Horne and Peter Bainie were hunting deer one still night in November, in the year 1670, in Chyanaw swamp, and while sitting on a log beside a log-fire, Harry said to his comrade:

"Peter, have you heard of these new laws for our Albemarle people called Locke's Constitutions? Some of them sound curious to me, and I don't see how I can get used to them. Funny laws, Peter; funny laws."

"Yes," said Peter, "John Culpepper, our Surveyor General, was talking about it last week, and read the Constitutions in a paper sent to him by Lord Ashley, one of the Proprietors. It's a funny Constitution, Harry. It is made for big men and for their benefit, and not for plain folks who come out here to hunt and fish and raise crops and enjoy liberty.

"It makes a permanent nobility in the Province, and makes a succession fixed by law. It gives one man more power over his fellowmen than he ought to have. It gives a manor lord power to forbid persons living on his manor lands to leave the land at any time without his consent.

"And it gives him the same power over his negro slaves as as it does over the leet men or poor men who are living on his lands."

These, my children, were the laws, or Fundamental Constitutions, prepared in England by John Locke for the Lords Proprietors to be used in their Province of Carolina.

Locke was one of the most celebrated English writers of his time. He was a man of learning and virtue, but he did not understand the people of Carolina.

He had never been in Carolina, and knew nothing of the character or habits of the people for whom he wrote the Constitutions. They were never enforced, because they were unsuited to the people that they were intended for.

*R. B. Creecy.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EDITED BY STEPHEN D. WEEKS, PH. D.

ALEXANDER, WILLIAM LEE, McDowell Co., N. C., son of Wm. Julius and Elvira Catherine Alexander, was born on the 21st of May, 1833. His grandfather, Wm. Lee Alexander, was a captain in the Continental army, and his grandmother, Elizabeth Henderson, was the daughter of Richard Henderson and sister of Archibald and Leonora Henderson, the latter of whom was Chief Justice of the State. Gov. Nathaniel Alexander was his grand-uncle. He was also the grandson of Joseph Wilson, for a long time District Attorney of the Western District.

Captain Alexander was educated at Trinity College, Raleigh, and at the University of the State, graduating with high honors in 1854. He taught school in Charlotte, and during the session of 1858-'59 was tutor in Latin in the University. About 1859 he took charge of Nacogdoches University, Texas, and remained at its head till the commencement of the war.

His war record can best be told by his friend and companion, Dr. James H. Starr, now of Marshall, Texas:

"In the summer of 1861, Captain Alexander resigned his position as the head of the school, then recently established, at Nacogdoches, known as 'Nacogdoches University,' and enlisted *for the war* as a private in Company H, 4th Texas Cavalry, the regiment being one of those constituting the well-known

'Sibley Brigade,' which under the command of Gen. H. H. Sibley, made the ill-advised campaign to New Mexico. This campaign is remembered by the survivors for its hardships and privations, for its successful fighting by citizen volunteers against regular soldiers commanded by old officers of the United States Army, for long marches over desert sands, through ice and snow, and, above all, for the sacrifice of brave men without compensating results to the Confederacy.

"Captain Alexander, though volunteering as a private, soon became captain of the company, fortunately before meeting the enemy; and though he did not pass above that rank, was often charged with duties pertaining to the highest grade of regimental officers, duties involving the gravest responsibility, but for the performance of which his good judgment, unwavering courage, and mind well informed on practical military operations, eminently fitted him. His services in the army were continually with 'the old Brigade,' as the Sibley Brigade came to be popularly known in the army and out of it, and were uninterrupted from the beginning of the war to its close, except during the period of his disability from a severe wound received at the battle of Franklin.

"After the battle of Glorietta, in New Mexico, March 28, 1862, and the loss of a supply train not sufficiently guarded by men who preferred fighting to anything else, it became evident to our little army that the country could not be held, even if the enemy's forces then contending with our expedition could be wholly overpowered and driven from the territory. Our troops there engaged were urgently needed elsewhere. Moreover, they learned that reinforcements for the enemy were on the way from Missouri and would soon arrive. It was determined to abandon the Territory and return to Texas. This resolve was made none too soon, for by the time the scattered detachments could assemble for the march, the enemy, anticipating the retrograde movement, had possession of the only road southward—that on the east side of the river, by which

our army had entered the Territory in February. The west side of the river was considered impassable for an army, the country being a succession of spurs of mountains uninhabited, and an unknown wilderness. Preparations were hurriedly made by destroying wagons and stores of all kinds, excepting five days' rations for each man, his arms and well-filled cartridge box, with such clothing and blankets as he could carry, if he had any besides that covering his body.

"In the battle of Valverde, February 21, 1862, our forces had captured a battery from the enemy with which the soldiers were unwilling to part. The pieces were excellent, and many ready and willing hands volunteered to transport the captured artillery.

"Ropes were provided by which the favorite pieces could be drawn up and let down mountains and steep declivities; and though unexpected difficulties attended the retreat from Albuquerque to the Mesilla Valley below, where reinforcements and supplies came to their relief, none of the pieces were abandoned on the way. Thenceforward this battery did good service to the end of the war, when, it is said, it sank so deep toward the centre of the earth, that no miner will be able to find the rich deposit. The retreat from Albuquerque began April 12, 1862. On the 26th the foot-sore, hungry and thirsty line came slowly into the valley of the Rio Grande.

"About the last of October the Brigade was ordered to Hempstead. It was there in a position to aid in defending the coast, where the forces of the enemy had already made their appearance. On the 1st of January, 1863, it participated in the brilliant and successful recapture of Galveston from the enemy. The recapture was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. Soon after the retaking of Galveston the brigade was ordered to lower Louisiana, where the preparations of the enemy foretold the advance of the forces under Butler, and later under Banks, which continued through the years 1863 and 1864. From its organization to the 1st of October, 1864, the



Sibley Brigade was engaged in sixteen pitched battles and fifty-five skirmishes, in most of which Captain Alexander was engaged, and in some of which he commanded, notably, at the capture of the transport Emma in Red river, May 1, 1864. At the close of the war, Captain Alexander, broken in health from the hardships of the campaign in New Mexico, and from the wounds he received at the battle of Franklin, La., April 14, 1863, settled in Quitman, Texas, and began the practice of law. He lingered here till the 29th of January, 1870, when he died, never having recovered from the severe service he performed in the army." *A Di.* (From his niece, Miss Mary J. Wilson, Lincolnton, N. C.)

BASKERVILLE, GEORGE THOMAS, Mecklenburg Co., Va., was the son of Charles and Lucy Goode Baskerville, and was born Nov. 1, 1830, at Lombardy Grove, Mecklenburg County, Va. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and is buried on the field. A. B., University of N. C., 1848. He married Dec. 11, 1849, Lucy, the daughter of Hon. William O. Goode, of Mecklenburg Co., Va., who represented that district in Congress for several years, and settled in northern Granville, near Brownsville. He was a successful farmer and a man of means. He enlisted as a private in Co. I, 23d N. C. Troops, April 15, 1861, and was promoted Captain May 10, 1862. His regiment belonged, first to Early's, then to Garland's, to Iverson's, and lastly to R. D. Johnston's brigade. He was engaged in the battles around Richmond and was wounded at South Mountain. Dr. T. B. Kingsbury says of him: "His company so much revered him, young as he was, that no swearing was ever heard. He was handsome, well formed, sweet in disposition, beautiful in life, one of the noblest, gentlest, purest of men." Mr. N. A. Gregory, of Oxford, says: "Having a most interesting family of children, he only entered the army from the highest sense of duty, and, like his great chieftain, 'Duty' to him was the sublimest word in our language. The immor-

tal Jackson was a no more devout Presbyterian than he, and had no greater faith in the efficacy of prayer. On every proper occasion he held prayers and made short 'talks,' which the men of his company and regiment attended always with pleasure and great interest. His influence in this way accomplished a vast deal of good. Many a heart was soothed and softened by his earnest, devoted pleadings and example. His men loved him, and his fellow-officers were proud of such a handsome, accomplished and noble specimen of Southern manhood." The story of Captain Baskerville's death was brought home by a faithful slave who had accompanied his master as a body servant. It is believed that his widow died of a broken heart. They left three children, one of whom, Dr. William Baskerville, resides in Oxford. A *Di.* (From Virginia Cousins, supplemented by materials from Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, Wilmington, and Mr. N. A. Gregory, Oxford, N. C.)

BAXTER, GEORGE ADDISON, Lexington, Va., was the son of Sidney S. Baxter, who was for many years Attorney General of Virginia, and the grandson of Rev. George Addison Baxter, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary. He was born in Lexington, Va., Nov. 11, 1833, (an account received from his aunt puts his birth on Nov. 18, 1832). He studied at Washington College, and at the University of North Carolina during the session of 1851-'52. He engaged in civil engineering for some time, then studied law and removed to St. Joseph, Mo., where he took a high stand in his profession. In 1861 he was practicing law, and, along with John H. Boshier, was editing the *Weekly West*, a paper published in the interest of the South. His genial manners and generous, noble heart made him a general favorite, and none could be long with him without loving and admiring his many excellent traits of character. Here he was married, in 1861, to Levace Keys.

At the commencement of the late war, in obedience to the call of his native State, he returned to cast his fortunes with

hers, and nobly and faithfully did he serve her, entering the Loudoun Cavalry, the 6th Virginia, as First Lieutenant of Company K. He was engaged in the first battle of Manassas, at Leesburg and at Ball's Bluffs. At the latter he had command of the company. Col. W. H. Jenifer, his commander, says of him: "This officer was with me at the battle of Ball's Bluffs on the 21st of October, 1861, and behaved in the most gallant manner. With only ten men he charged on two companies of the enemy's infantry, and rendered other efficient services during the day. Such gallant and dashing officers as the one referred to, we need for cavalry service."

Again, Col. E. Hunter, of the 8th Virginia, says: "Lieutenant Baxter was, in the early part of the war, under my command at Leesburg, and rendered me the most efficient service. He was for a long time in command of an out-picket post, and his services as scout and picket were of the most valuable character. He is bold and fearless, and is a good officer." Such was the opinion of his superior officers.

He was for some time commandant of the post in Culpeper, leaving there to join General Stuart a day or two before the battle of Front Royal, May 23, 1862, where he fell in a hand-to-hand encounter with a cavalry officer, while gallantly leading his men to the charge. He lived but fifteen minutes, and spoke only once, to warn his men of danger. His cousin, Major C. R. Wheat, hastened to him on learning he had been wounded, but arrived only in time to see him expire. A portion of his company was detailed to escort his body to Richmond, where it now lies. Thus fell one for whom Generals Stonewall Jackson, Stuart and others had predicted a bright future. His daring courage and nobleness of soul well fitted him to win high rank. He died without issue, and his widow now resides in St. Joseph. *A Phi.* (From the genealogy of the Roberdean family, of which he was a member, furnished by his cousin, Rev. A. R. Holderby, Ashland, Va.)

BALLARD, JOHN WILLIAM, Wake Co., N. C., the son of Willis P. Ballard, was born in Wake County, May 23, 1835. He was graduated from the University with A. B. in 1859, and not long after married Sarah Tinny, of Chapel Hill, and removed to Brownsville, Tenn., where he was chosen principal of a High School. He went into the war with some of his own pupils, became a Lieutenant in the service, and fell at Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Lieutenant Ballard was a pious man, and was studying for the ministry at the time of his death. *A Phi.* (From his cousin, John W. Wiggins, Kelvin Grove, N. C.)

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

DR. MANNING has presented the Philanthropic Society with a very accurate and handsome crayon portrait of himself. It attracts great attention and adds much to the appearance of the Hall.

WE return thanks to the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom for a copy of his speech on the Federal Election Bill, made in the Senate on December 18, 1890. The coloring which he puts on the negro question is somewhat entertaining and very amusing to us.

IT is rumored that the late Mrs. Mary Smith Morehead has bequeathed \$50,000 or \$75,000 to the University. The will is to be contested, but as it was made eight years before she became an invalid, it will be difficult to set aside. Whether we ever get the money or not, her name will always be honored here.

WE have learned that the Trustees have consented to allow us to play football and all other intercollegiate games once more. Fellow-students, now that we have at last been granted the privilege, so eagerly desired, let us go to work in dead earnest to win in the coming contest. Let all who can, go out and play every afternoon, and if you cannot play, go out, too, and lend encouragement by your presence and interest, and help us to keep the enthusiasm up all the time. Let every man chosen to play on the team secure his position only after the hardest kind of work, and let personal fitness be the only qualification required. If we ever expect to win in any contest, all prejudices and preferences must be cast aside. We have had too many reverses already from such causes not to have learned a profitable lesson.

Let no one be absolutely certain of his position on the team. Let the second team men have regular places, let every man on it try to outplay his opponent on the first team, and have it understood that a change will be made at any time if the man on the scrub team proves the better player for his position. This method will stimulate every player to exert himself; it will make the first team do their utmost to retain their positions and will cause the scrub men to play earnestly in the hope that they may win a position on the regular team.

In short, let all selfish motives be thrown aside, and let every student of the University contribute something to help our boys win. Contribute yourself as a player if you are wanted, if not, give your lungs and your presence, your encouragement in every way, but especially give money.

THE season looked forward to with such joyful anticipation, the Christmas holiday, has come and gone. We trust that the students of the University have realized all the cherished expectations of a merry, happy Christmas. After wearisome and exhausting final examinations, they have laid aside for two weeks the burden of text-books, have had the opportunity "once more to assemble about the



paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections," to enjoy the society of old friends, and to engage in all the pleasures of the festive occasion. Yes, and many a one saw the author of those delicate little epistles which he has been receiving; (some, perhaps, "went, saw and conquered"). And now all have returned, with brighter faces, with stouter hearts, with more determined zeal, to enter upon the work of the new term. The classes start off well, we believe, and, from all indications, excellent work will be done and a great deal will be accomplished between now and June. We wish all a successful New Year.

THE Trustees will meet in February. There will be important business to be transacted, among other things the election of a Professor to fill the newly endowed Chair of History in the University. Every one seems agreed that there is no man in the State, or out of it, so well qualified for the position as our worthy and honored President, Dr. Kemp P. Battle. That he will be chosen, if he desires it, is, we believe, beyond question. Dr. Battle has fathered this Institution during the best years of his life. Fifteen years is a great space in a man's life, yet he has sacrificed them, every month, every day, almost every hour, in behalf of his *Alma Mater*. His administration has been a success. He has had hard conditions confronting him at every stage of his progress, but he has safely piloted the University through all the storms which have beset her, and she has now a strong hold on the hearts of the people, and is enjoying a greater degree of prosperity and usefulness than even her most sanguine alumni could have hoped for twenty years ago.

Dr. Battle is loved and honored by all who have attended the University since the reopening. Should he accept the Chair of History, a new President will, we suppose, be elected in June, if not before. Great pains will be taken by the Trustees to secure the very best available man. We have heard several names mentioned as probable candidates, among them ex-Governor Jarvis, Judge Walter Clark, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Dr. Henry E. Shepherd and Chas. D. McIver. Dr. Shepherd is not in the State at present, but he is from an honored North Carolina family, and is, we believe, a native of Cumberland County. Any of these distinguished gentlemen would more than meet the requirements.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Some two years ago a patriotic lady of Fredericksburg, Va., was deeply touched by the sight in the cemetery at that place of hundreds of unmarked graves of Confederate soldiers. This noble Southern woman determined that this should not be. She investigated and discovered the native States of the dead soldiers. She then wrote to the different States, giving the facts and appealing for aid to place headstones at the graves of those unknown but not unhonored heroes.

The bones of North Carolina's sons lay scattered there as on a hundred and twenty battle-fields of the great Revolution of 1861. North Carolina responded nobly to this call. The necessary amount was readily subscribed by our patriotic citizens. The University contributed its mite, not a great sum, but great in the love

which it symbolized of hearts full of gratitude and devotion for the dead soldiers who followed the flaming Southern Cross through weal and woe.

Fifteen dollars and fifty cents were subscribed by the students, who are determined that "Our Dead" shall not go down to posterity "unwept, unhonored and unsung."  
S. B.

## REVIEWS.

WE have lately received two handsome new publications entitled, "*The Unwritten Constitution of the United States*," a philosophical inquiry into the fundamentals of American constitutional law, by C. G. Tiedeman, A. M., LL.B., Professor of Law in the University of Missouri; and another beautiful volume, "*Gustavus Adolphus and The Struggle of Protestantism for Existence*," by C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A. Both are excellent works. Every student of the Reformation and of Politics and Constitutional Government should possess himself of these volumes without delay.

WE return thanks to Major Finger, our popular and able Superintendent of Public Instruction, for a copy of the Biennial Report for the scholastic years 1889 and 1890. In this very thorough report he reminds the people and the General Assembly of the fact that our public schools are sadly inadequate to the needs of this enlightened age. As he truly says, the length of the school term—60 days—is ridiculously short, and the expenditure for educational purposes, amounting to 44 cents on each man, woman and child, is a shame to a great State. The amount of money ought to be doubled anyway, and must be doubled if we wish to keep abreast with an age of education and progress.

THE first manual of the Memory and Thought Series, embodying the introduction to a new and thoroughly logical system of memory training, is on our desk. This system—the Accretive—has received the hearty endorsement of all thinkers to whom it has been presented, including, among many others, Bishop Vincent, of the M. E. Church, and Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, principal of the great "C. L. S. C." movement. It is free from all clap-trap or restrictions, appealing only to common-sense. We are glad to add our feeble commendation to Mr. Down's system. The first one of the series, comprising five others, is on the *Mastery of Memorizing*. These will be followed by others.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

What is mind? No matter.

What is matter? Never mind.—*Exchange*.

The student packs his big valise;

His moustache he uncurls;

He's been teasing for two whole weeks

The jolly Xmas girls. —Varied from *Vidette Reporter*.

We strain and we struggle a passage to make

Through which we may fly to the goal;

In foot-ball, most strangely, the team that succeeds

Is that which gets into the hole.

—*Brunonian*.

Important to women — men.—*Exchange*.

Named his baby after the red-haired law student.

The President of the Pekin University is translating Shakespeare's works into Chinese.—*Exchange*.

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* makes its way to our table. We welcome it. It is a neat, dignified, able paper.

In a year I will be so I can come back to Chapel Hill and indulge my appetite for poetry and science.—*Josh Herring*.

The *Texas University* is welcomed to our list of exchanges. Its last number is handsome and well edited. Its literary department is especially good. We enjoyed reading "Iago."

One of Ann Arbor's students has been appointed to a professorship in Heidelberg University. This is the first instance on record in which an American has been appointed to a chair in a German university.—*Exchange*.

Harvard Freshman travelling abroad—"A ticket for New York, please."

Ticket Agent—"What class?"

Harvard Freshman (reluctantly)—"Oh, Freshman class."—*Exchange*.

Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, recently declared that the Catholic University, the University of Michigan, Johns Hopkins and Clark were the only universities in America, all the others being only undergraduate schools.

The *Academy*, published by the young ladies at Salem, and the *School Girl*, coming from Kinsey Seminary, greeted us during the holidays. Both are neat and as charming as the fair ones whose college life they represent. We return thanks to the *School Girl* for its kind mention of our magazine.

The *U. of M. Daily* comes out in a much improved form with the new year. It is a very newsy and interesting exchange.

Among our new exchanges not mentioned before, we find the *Living-Stone*, the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *Clarksburg Collegian*, the *Vanderbilt Observer*. All are well prepared.

T., after getting 68 on History—"Doctor, when a man gets that near 70, I think you might have pulled him through."

Doctor—"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. T., I had been pulling ever since I left 40, and was rather tired."

The *Wake Forest Student* has changed its course, gaining considerably in appearance. The *Student* is always a pleasant visitor. It is one of our largest and best exchanges. We think the editorial department gives too much space to politics and too little to matters more closely connected with college life. The "Literary Gossip," it seems to us, is a superfluous department.

The *Athenæum* is always welcome to our sanctum. We were much interested by the argument against the present jury system. The writer thinks some change is sadly needed. He proposes that the judges be jurors. We are not prepared to agree or disagree with him, but the unanimity of juries certainly seems to be an evil. Is it right that "one mind" should "equalize eleven?"

The *Davidson Monthly* is on our desk. We have not been receiving it regularly, but it was welcomed the heartier on that account. The exchange editor has seen fit to say many pleasant things about the *MAGAZINE*. We are glad that our efforts are appreciated. We confess that it makes our heart feel good to receive such warm and generous praise after our hard work, from so worthy a contemporary. This writer is grateful to the exchange editor of the *Monthly* for his complimentary notice of his editorials.

The *Trinity Archive* is on our desk. We are always glad to see it. Now we have heard something of a trouble existing between the *Archive* and a little paper claiming to come from the University. In this wrangle we have no part to play. It is no concern to us. The *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* is the official organ of the University students; it represents the opinions and sentiments of our boys. It is published by the students and the Faculty. Its editors receive their election at the hands of their fellow-students assembled in the *Phi.* and *Di.* Societies. They are responsible to their respective constituents for every word written. The paper that has been referred to is an individual enterprise. It is edited by two Sophomores and a Freshman. It is responsible to itself only. Its sentiments may or may not be those of a majority of the University students. There is no restraint whatever put upon its utterances. When Jefferson wrote the "immortal Declaration," in summing up our inalienable rights as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," he blundered badly when he overlooked the inalienable right of some Sophomores

and Freshmen to make themselves ridiculous. He was looking at humanity as a whole, and in the light of history only. We have the advantage of him. Our lot has fallen in strange places, and we have seen some of the abnormal developments of this marvellous century, (the missing link). Right here our faith is shaken in this age as an era of progress. Then, brother, please remember that whatever the paper referred to may have to say, it is the sentiments of a private affair, and that it has no claim to represent the sentiments of the University.

In reference to the game of foot-ball played between the Trinity team and the University of Virginia team, we have heard that *the paper* said this: "Tis ever thus with the braggart. Every student is happy over the result." With the first sentence we are not concerned. We do not know whether the braggart is always beaten or not. We are inclined to believe that the philosophy is not infallible. As for the last sentence, we wish to deny any such statement with distinct emphasis. This editor can speak for himself at least, and he knows he utters the sentiments of every liberal-minded student when he says that we would have been glad to see the Carolina team win. *Why* should "every student" be happy? There can be but one reason—that Trinity has defeated us twice at foot-ball. We are glad that we are not so cramped; we are glad to believe that the boys of this University are too large-hearted and large-minded to be influenced by such little, narrow, contemptible, pusillanimous motives. We hope the *Archive* does not believe us so shallow. All this is uttered in a fraternal spirit. We only wish to vindicate the University boys from such a slanderous charge.

## PERSONALS.

—Nineteen out of forty-four in the first French class fell on final Examination, 93 being the highest mark.

Of all sad words of lad or lass  
The saddest is this: I did not pass.

—The following was found written on the fly-leaf of a copy of Smith's Conic Sections, belonging to a member of the class of '90, who had been unfortunate in his relations to Soph. Math.:

"This book, which treats of Sections Conic,  
Gives breed to all affections chronic  
That sap the mind, and make us all  
On spring examinations fall."

—Paul Branch is in his father's bank at Wilson, N. C.

—John Blount and John Rodman are at the Bellevue School of Medicine.

—Wanted: Something to lessen the size of mouths. Address, B., Box 202.



—The boys who spent the holidays on the Hill, report that they had a very nice time.

—First Fresh. "What was Noah's wife's name?" Second Fresh. "Joan of Arc, was'nt it?"

—L. B. Edwards is teaching in the graded school at Durham. We are glad to have him so near us.

—"Hick," the bright Fresh. from Wilkes, says he has no fascination for the ladies. We agree with him "in toto."

We are glad to publish the following imitations of foreign poetic forms by a former student, Mr. Lucius P. McGee:

#### BALLAD OF BREAKS.

Let all men list who have a tear  
 To shed for my unhappy strait;  
 Yestreen I went without a fear,  
 I bore a heart with hope elate.  
 But now how changed is my state  
 A prey to mad jade Fortune's freaks—  
 For I discovered have of late,  
 A hole hath waxen in my breaks.

When compassed with sorrows drear,  
 And darkest miseries round us wait,  
 Sweet sympathy our souls doth cheer  
 When beauty weeping hears our fate.  
 To me, though bowed neath misery's freight,  
 No tender maid her pity speaks—  
 I cannot say in *tete-a-tete*:  
 "A hole hath waxen in my breaks."

How roams 'neath tropic sunshine clear,  
 The Afric chief of proud, free gait,  
 His only clothing is his spear,  
 All other wrapping doth he hate.  
 His best costume to please his mate  
 A dozen red and yellow streaks—  
 He need not mourn, at any rate,  
 "A hole hath waxen in my breaks."

#### ENVOY.

A wound in front hath honor great,  
 But thus sour fate her vengeance wreaks—  
*Behind*, to crown my sorrow's weight,  
 A hole hath waxen in my Breaks.

## TRIOLET.

FOR AN ALBUM.

When you ask for a verse,  
 I would give you a thousand.  
 Oh, my case is the worse,  
 When you ask for a *verse!*  
 Never full heart and purse—  
 Not a rhyme can I rouse and  
 When *you* ask for a verse  
 I would give you a thousand.

## RONDEAU.

In salad days of judgment green,  
 Our weight of years yet scarce eighteen,  
 The world a vastly pleasant place,  
 Our hours slip by at sweetest pace;  
 There's nothing round us base or mean.

All life's aglow with love's soft sheen  
 And hearts beat high to meet, I wean,  
 A laughing eye, a winsome face  
 In salad days.

When hard experience we glean  
 We smile with cold and cynic mien  
 At youth's illusions, while we trace  
 Our fond, lost dreams of love and grace—  
 Yet half we sigh for joys last seen  
 In salad days.

—Professor of Latin to Fresh.: "You should run these verbs." Fresh.: "I do run them, Professor, but can't catch them."

—Rev. Dr. Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Baltimore, have been spending some time here with their daughter, Mrs. Gore.

—The following is a sample of home correspondence: "DEAR DAD: Busted!—Send stuff. Your affectionate son."—*Ex.*

—Ellen Hickerson, of Wilkes, and Wiley Street Jones, of Goldsboro, have formed a copartnership which is hard to down.

—S. B. Gregory, who left college at the end of his Sophomore year, is now at Georgetown University. We wish him success.

—Lieutenant Little and Mrs. Little are spending some time in our quiet little village on a visit to Captain Payne and his family.

—Any one desiring to see an illustration of the Darwinian theory, would do well to call on the business manager of the *Chapel Hillian*.

—The students of West Point receive dancing lessons daily through the first two summers in order to develop easy and graceful motion.

—It is with great pleasure that we announce the speedy recovery of Thomas Kapp, who has been very ill for two months with typhoid fever.

—Professor (dictating prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph.: "It is under my coat, but I was not using it,"—*Ex.*

—There are several "Fresh" on the Hill. Matt Pearsall no longer has the honor of being the sole representative from the "whortleberry" county.

—The farmers around here seem to think that "Mike" takes advantage of the partridges. "Pink," by a little persuasion, might inform them of the facts in the case.

—A poem on the "Reward of Wit," which seems to be a hit at one of our learned professors, has been handed the editor, but he regrets to say that our columns are full already.

—We are glad to see some of our professors on the Foot-ball Ground. It is a great encouragement to the boys to see them there, and we hope they will continue to come when they are able to get off.

—Some of our exchanges take up their whole personal space in giving foot-ball notes. We think it would be an improvement if they would change to some other subject, and perhaps, too, it might vary the monotony.

—We have not seen a subscription paper this session. What is the matter? We are really afraid that something unheard of is about to happen. Surely all the church bells, carpets, &c., have not been purchased!

—Four new names have been added to the roll of the law class: Cook, of Wake Forest; Parker, who left here last June; McLean, of Rockingham, and Bailey, of Halifax. The class now has twenty-four members.

—Sterling Ruffin, class of '85, is in Washington. He is an M. D., having graduated from Columbia College last summer. He is assistant lecturer in the College, a worthy son of the University, and a growing man.

—Prof. L. (to freshman): “What course do you intend taking?” Fresh. (in a manly tone): “I believe I will take the Pharmacy course; I am going to be a farmer.” It is needless to say that this Fresh. has quit college.

—Boys, get your candidates ready for “Dude,” “Borer,” and “Ugly Man.” This editor has a candidate for “Borer.” It is needless to mention him, as we think he will poll the largest vote ever cast in the history of the University.

—The Senior Class regrets very much to lose one of its members, B. T. Green, of Franklinton, who is kept at home on account of business. The class now has twenty-three members, and with the aid of the B. Lit. course, all will be able to graduate.

—Warren is making a strong run for “Dude,” but it is rumored that “Buck” Guthrie will be entered as a dark horse. The candidates for “Ugly Man” are too numerous to mention, but we are of the opinion that one of the Asheville Fresh. will lead the ticket.

—The following is a Freshman’s idea of Stephen A. Douglas: “He was a slave in Virginia, a pupil of a good white lady in Boston, a refugee from slavery in England, and is now an aged colored statesman, who is acknowledged to be a man of great ability and an orator.”—*Ex.*

—The editor of this department is responsible for nothing which appears in its pages. He has no office hours, and his room is always closed; but those desiring satisfaction are referred to Bailey, the two-hundred-pound “law student,” who has been employed to answer any grievances, and to give satisfaction to all.

—The law class have added greatly to the amusement of the students for several months by having “Moot Courts” every Saturday night. They have been quite enjoyable affairs, and no doubt they are very beneficial to the members of the law class as well as to the students of the University. We hope they will continue to have them.

—We are really glad that the Christmas holidays are being forgotten. We are tired of the questions: “What sort of Christmas did you have?” “Where did you go?” and “What did you do?” The above questions have been asked and answered by almost every boy in college. But now the editors of the MAGAZINE are extremely bored by about ten boys in college asking them at every opportunity, “when the MAGAZINE will be out?” To these gentlemen we would say that their frequent questions do not hasten the issue of the MAGAZINE in the least, but are extremely unpleasant to the editors. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

—Most of the boys have returned to College—all with brilliant hopes. The Senior’s hope is to get the Mangum medal at Commencement; the Junior’s to be representative or marshal; the Sophs hope they will be elected ball managers, and that there will be some Fresh. on the Hill to hack; the Freshmen have no hopes at all.

—Prof. Holmes, J. V. Lewis, and H. B. Shaw took an extensive geological tour during the Christmas holidays, in the eastern portion of the State. They collected many rare and valuable specimens, which will be placed in the Museum. Prof. Holmes has done a great thing for the State in making these tours, and we hope that he will continue his beneficial and wise plan.

—Prof. J. L. Love is another rising man. Last year he went to Harvard on a Morgan Fellowship. At the close of the year he was appointed Instructor in Mathematics for '90 and '91. He has now been elected Professor of Mathematics in the Laurence Scientific School. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE rarely has the pleasure of recording such a rapid promotion of a son of the University, and at Harvard University.

—Never has the University opened the new year with brighter prospects. The old boys have returned, with a few exceptions, and a good many "new students" have already arrived and more are expected. Now, with two or three large endowments almost assured, and a Legislature made up largely of University boys, we see no reason why the University should not push ahead, and become one of the greatest seats of learning in the South.

—Politics have been comparatively dull here this year, the two parties having compromised, as they thought it a good plan to take politics out of the Ball Manager elections. The following are the managers for the Commencement of '91: Mike Hoke, chief; Alston, W. Kenan and Snow the sub-managers, from the Philanthropic Society; Pearsall, Gaither and Peschau, the sub-managers from the Dialectic Society. We think both parties are to be congratulated on the selection of such worthy and good-looking managers. We expect a grand Commencement under the supervision of these gentlemen. Rosettes are selling cheap, nevertheless.

—*Chapel Hillian!* We greet you and wish you long life and success. We sincerely hope that you and the MAGAZINE will stay on friendly terms. This paper fills a long desired want. As the MAGAZINE comes out only six times a year, some paper is needed to give the college news oftener than the MAGAZINE, and the *Chapel Hillian* certainly has the opportunity to do this. Besides this, the MAGAZINE is more of a literary journal, and its editors have neither the time or the space to give all the college notes. But we should advise the *Chapel Hillian* that hereafter, when it makes attacks on a college, or anything else, that it be more careful in its statements. It was not, and is not, the desire of the mass of students at the University to see *Trinity* defeated by the *University of Virginia*. This editor feels safe in asserting that three-fourths of the boys at the University would have preferred to see *Trinity* win the game of foot-ball; and, furthermore, we think it would be a good idea to challenge the University of Virginia to play a game in Raleigh.



—The following is a conversation between a would-be ball manager and a Freshman just arrived on the Hill: Ball Manager—"I am very happy to meet you, sir. I have heard of you often. My father knows your father very well. What course are you going to take?" Fresh. (in a frightened manner): "Optional." Ball Manager: "That is the best course in college; I have always regretted not taking it when I entered college. Where do you intend to room? I should be glad to have you go up and spend the night with me." In a few minutes the ball manager approaches the Fresh. on politics, but great is his surprise to find that Fresh. has joined the party opposed to him. The would-be ball manager immediately leaves the Fresh. and, *mirabile dictu*, that same Fresh. is blacked from head to foot that night. Such is political life at college.

—E. A. Von Schweinitz has already made a success of life. After teaching here he went to Germany and took the degree of Ph. D. He is now Chemist to the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. He has a well-filled laboratory, and has done a piece of brilliant work for the Government. The *Medical News*, for September and October, '90, publishes the results of his investigations upon hog-cholera. This work is a "practical continuation of the experiments of Drs. Salmon and Smith, made upon pigeons in 1887." Dr. Von-Schweinitz has discovered a chemical substance with which he inoculates the hog, and thus prevents cholera. The Doctor informs us that the farmers around Washington are using the chemical preparation and getting satisfactory results. It looks now as if this son of the University has already won his place among the immortals, and the University rejoices with him.

—The Faculty and Trustees of the University have consented to let the students engage in intercollegiate athletic contests. We are glad to chronicle this piece of good news, and we hope, and really believe, that the Faculty will never regret having taken this step. It is a great thing to have intercollegiate contests, it puts the colleges and the students on better terms, it gives exercise to students that never think of going to the gymnasium, it greatly relieves the monotony of college life, and we honestly believe it is an incentive to study. We hope to get our team in good fix and play the teams of Wake Forest and Trinity. Of course we hope to be victorious, but both of the above mentioned colleges have great advantage over us, in having practiced a good deal during the fall. We go into the field with a vim and determination to win, and if we are defeated we shall be content and feel assured that we have fought a good fight. We expect and hope that the games will pass off quietly and pleasantly, as they have done in the past; at least our team will do its part in this, though we may be defeated.

## PAUL C. CAMERON.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

*Hall of the Dialectic Society, University of N. C.* }  
 Chapel Hill, January 6, 1891. }

WHEREAS, The Almighty Father, in His omniscient Providence, has seen fit to remove from us our honored member, Paul Carrington Cameron; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in his death the Dialectic Society loses a staunch and ardent member, the University a faithful supporter, wise counselor and true friend, and the State a man who has been distinguished for his ability as a statesman, his success as a financier, his fidelity to his State and her interests, and his complete devotion to any and every duty imposed upon him.

That we remember with feelings of gratitude his great and useful services to our University at the re-opening and in every hour of its need; his presence at our Commencements; his kindly and encouraging words to us, and his interest in whatever pertained to the students and their welfare.

That we extend our sympathies to the bereaved family in this hour of sorrow.

That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Dialectic Society upon a page dedicated to his memory; that its hall be draped in mourning; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the various State papers.

A. H. PATTERSON,

W. J. ANDREWS,

W. E. ROLLINS,

*Committee.*

## A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }  
 Wednesday, 7th January, 1891. }

"Death loves a shining mark." This aphorism has been forcibly exemplified in the death of Hon. P. C. Cameron, of Hillsboro.

On Monday last, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, the hands of age quietly untied the chords of life.

It is fitting on such an occasion that the Philanthropic Society should place upon record a testimonial of its appreciation of his greatness of heart and mind in the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the State and Church have cause to mourn for a Christian patriot and a pure and able statesman.

*Resolved*, That the University of North Carolina, which he watched and guarded with a father's tenderness and care, has lost a friend indeed—one who was ever ready to befriend that Institution which is the "legacy of Revolutionary aims and a sacred trust to posterity."

*Resolved*, That his wisdom, his independence, his integrity and his diligence are worthy the imitation and emulation of the youth of the State he loved so well.

*Resolved*, That we tender our sincere condolence to the Dialectic, our sister Society, upon the loss of a truly good and great member.

*Resolved*, That we desire to extend to the sorrowing widow and relatives of the deceased the hand of sympathy in their hour of sore bereavement, and we remind them that they mourn not as those without hope.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to his memory, we send a committee of three to Hillsboro to attend the funeral.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Cameron, a copy to the Dialectic Society, a copy to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with request to publish, and that we spread them upon the record of the Philanthropic Society.

SHEPHERD BRYAN,

PERRIN BUSBEE,

GEORGE RANSOM,

*For the Society.*

—The following letter from Mr. John D. Battle, who is in the Geological Survey, and is a nephew of our honored and esteemed President, will no doubt be very interesting to all those desiring information on the Indian tribes of North Carolina:

TARBORO, N. C., Nov. 20th, 1890.

HON. K. P. BATTLE—*Dear Sir*: A few days since father and myself went down to Chowan County to look over the Holly property, which is now controlled by Dr. J. M. Hays, who married a daughter of Mr. Holly. We met Dr. Hays there, by appointment, and, in his company, inspected the property, which is a place beautiful to look at.

Among its attractive features which appeal both to the eye and heart, it is not without interest to the antiquarian of American history, for on and included in the property is the site of the ancient Indian town of Chowamook, which was the largest Indian village in North Carolina in 1584, when Amadas and Barlow made their first voyage to the coast of America, and which is described more fully in the voyage made by Sir Richard Greenville in 1585. See Hawks' History of North Carolina, vol. 1, Nos. 2 and 3, with accompanying charts, &c.

The Indians, like the old Romans, were fond of shell-fish, and they have left a monument which not only proclaims their fondness for the bivalves, but which also locates the old Indian town. Just opposite the present village of Coleraine, on the east shore of the Chowan River, on a beautiful bluff, thirty or forty feet above the water, overlooking a scene which has been compared in beauty to that of the Bay of Naples, once stood this ancient town, which numbered in its wigwams some twenty-five hundred people. From one to two feet below the surface, and extending down the river from Johnson's Point for a distance of six hundred yards, there is a deposit of mussel shells thirty yards wide and three feet thick, interspersed among which are found countless pieces of broken Indian pottery.

The bluff is caving away and by going down to the water's edge a fine view of a cross section of the deposit of shells can be had. Dr. Hays and myself had climbed up the bluff and were examining these shells when we found in the sand some two feet below them two skeletons, one, that of a very large man, the other that of a young squaw. The bones of the warrior crumbled to dust at the touch. much to my disappointment, but those of the woman were better preserved and I secured a part of the thigh bone and the lower jaw with most all the teeth intact, which I send to you for your museum, if you care to have them. When the Doctor and I observed the wonderful preservation of the jaw, after a lapse of from three to five hundred years, we marveled greatly and winked at each other.

You will observe that the squaw had not yet cut her wisdom teeth when she winged her flight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

I suppose there are twenty or thirty thousand tons of these shells which are almost pure carbonate of lime and undoubtedly a fine land-plaster, and equal in every respect, I should say, to commercial oyster-shell lime with the advantage of not holding as much moisture in them, as they will crumble between your fingers, leaving a white dry powder.

To a seeker after Indian relics I know of no place like this, and my observation extends over the tide-water section of several States.

The discovery of those bones caused me to review Hawk's History and I was very much struck with the approximate accuracy of the charts those early navigators made with such few facilities and such a little opportunity for observation.

What an age it must have taken for these people to have accumulated this vast deposit of mussel shells!

Truly and affectionately yours,

JNO. D. BATTLE.

#### BATTLE—MANNING.

Married in Chapel Hill, on December 31, 1890, at high noon, in the Chapel of the Cross, Mr. Gaston Battle, Class '90, of Rocky Mount, and Miss Tamar, daughter of Hon. John Manning, Professor of Law in the University.

Seldom has an event of more interest occurred in the village, on account of the high esteem in which both of the contracting parties were held. The attendants were Mr. George Gordon Battle, the brother of the groom, as best man, and Miss Dot Manning, sister of the bride, as maid of honor; Mr. Turner W. Battle and Miss Ettie Mangum; Mr. Isaac Manning and Miss Minnie Mangum; Mr. Hugh Miller and Miss Laura Payne; Mr. P. P. Winborne and Miss Eleanor Alexander. The ushers were Messrs. Alex. Stronach, Henry Johnston, James Philips, Wray Martin and Charlie Mangum.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and as the inspiring strains of the "Lohengrin Wedding March," pealed forth from the organ, under the skilled hands of Mrs. Dr. John Manning, of Durham, the doors

were thrown open, and the bridal company moved slowly up the aisle. The bride, on the arm of her father, was met at the chancel by the groom, and together they advanced before the minister, Rev. Mr. Wingate, of Durham, who solemnly and impressively read the marriage service of the Episcopal Church. Immediately after the ceremony, the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was served. The happy young couple took the afternoon train for a Northern tour, and standing on the rear platform as the fast mail pulled out, they were saluted with a volley of rice, old shoes, and various other articles.

Mr. Battle is the first member of the Class of '90 to wed, and to him and his young wife we extend our sincerest wishes for a long and happy life.



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Yours sincerely,

EDWARD HURD SMITH."

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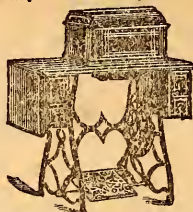
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# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

*Published under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies  
of the University of North Carolina.*

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1890-'91.

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1891.

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NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

No. 4.

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*Paul. C. Cameron*



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## THE LATE HON. PAUL C. CAMERON.

THE pages of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for December, 1886, were graced with a biographical sketch of this distinguished gentleman, prepared by Mrs. C. P. Spencer. It was written when the subject of the sketch was in the full vigor of his faculties, animated by the full play of his vivacity, and illuminated with the full glow of his geniality; and the sketch, therefore, is the vivid presentation of the man full of life, instinct with energy, buoyant in spirit, and, to the writer of that sketch, the embodiment of the hopes and aims which attached to the fortunes of the University, a theme that absorbed the cherished thoughts of both the writer and the subject of it.

The "inevitable hour" has come in which that subject must be viewed, not in the cheery light of contemporaneous record, but as manifesting itself out of the shades and gloom of the grave; not as standing before us as the living presence, but with such reflections of the original as time and character and

service and memory have impressed upon those who recall him as he was. And this, in the freshness of the recent past, is not difficult; for men who have lived to good purpose do not quickly fade away from human consideration; they continue to live as those whose work is never done, whose influence for good still continues to act, whose characteristics are fixed and ineffaceable. In every generation there arise men who tower above their fellows in force of character and in expansion of views, who draw to them that deference which mankind yields to superior endowment—these are those who naturally take their places as “leaders of men;” these are the men whose sagacity discerns, whose wisdom guides, whose energy leads, whose courage sustains in all that contributes to social and material advancements; the men whom a contemporary generation trusts and follows; the men whom after generations revere and imitate. And such confidence or reverence is not so much the necessary effect of prominent or striking action or service as they are the influence of a uniformity of excellence, always sustained on a lofty plane, a form more enduring than is often attained by more daring challenge to the wonder and admiration of mankind.

Such position was that of Paul C. Cameron, always elevated, never conspicuous; always active and useful, never obtrusive or ambitious in the pursuit of what the world calls distinction. Distinguished he was, most assuredly; but distinguished more for fullness and volume than for noise and impetuosity; more for depth and strength than for those outward manifestations of power which dazzle, astonish, or overwhelm. In his calm, unobtrusive pathway through life there was manifested a consciousness of strength to attain his own wise ends, to achieve his desired aims, to impress and enforce his own views; there was never purpose to conquer by the use of popular weapons, to win by popular arts. All that he gained came through that confident reliance upon his own faculties, that patient abiding the results of his wisdom, that calm conviction that he was

always following the right. Therefore, though never courting popular favor, he commanded popular confidence; though not seeking public honors, he was accorded distinguished claim to them all; and for two generations he had been a central figure in the annals of North Carolina, around which the old or mature thronged for counsel and guidance, around which the young clustered in reverential admiration and confidence; he held the one by his wisdom, he won the other by his geniality and the broadness of his sympathy; and the note of sorrow comes up from both with equal force and sincerity.

The sketch of Mrs. Spencer gives an interesting view of the Cameron family, of which Paul C. Cameron was a distinguished member. It is not, therefore, necessary to reproduce more of that history than relates to the father of the deceased, the Hon. Duncan Cameron, who was the oldest son of the Rev. John Cameron, D. D., a native of the Highlands of Scotland, a lineal descendant of Sir Ewin Cameron, Chief of the Clan Cameron, the Lochiel whom Macauley portrays as "a man in personal qualities unrivalled among the Celtic princes; a gracious master, a trusty ally, a terrible enemy; a man with countenance and bearing singularly noble; a courtier with manners that would have graced the levees of Louis the XIVth, to whom he bore in countenance a striking resemblance, though greatly exceeding him in stature; in courage, and skill in the use of weapons without an equal; a mighty hunter, with his own hands killing the last wolf of the savage bands that, up to that period, had wandered through the British islands; a fierce soldier, but a wise and prudent statesman; and though unlearned, a liberal patron of letters. \* \* \* His high qualities, if fortune had placed him in the English Parliament or the French Court, would have made him one of the foremost men of his age."

Such was the man, the progenitor of the Rev. John Cameron, who emigrated to Virginia during Colonial times, and married Ann Owen, daughter of Colonel Thomas Nash, elder brother

of Governor Abner Nash and General Francis Nash, both distinguished in North Carolina revolutionary annals. There were born of this union four sons and two daughters, all, with the exception of one daughter, Jean, wife of the Rev. Andrew Syme, D. D., long time rector of Blandford Church, and subsequently of St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, Va., removing to North Carolina, and becoming prominent in social, political and professional life. The eldest son, Duncan, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in Prince Edward County, Va., in 1777, and came to North Carolina before he became of age, and soon after obtained license to practice law. He first settled at Martinsville, then the county seat of Guilford, but subsequently removed to Hillsboro, where he soon became a successful and prominent practitioner. He married Rebecca, the only daughter of Richard Bennehan, a wealthy merchant and planter in the north-east corner of the present county of Durham, then a portion of Orange. Mr. Bennehan was a man of reading and culture, of high consideration with the revolutionary patriots, with the most prominent of whom he maintained close and confidential correspondence relating to the momentous questions of the period. His character had marked influence upon that of his distinguished grandson, who often referred to him with pride and reverence.

The career of Judge Cameron is part of the history of his times. In his relations to his State and to society, to politics, to law, to finance, to education, to measures of internal improvement, he was always conspicuous. His reputation was early made, and, though of rapid rise, was of enduring stability. For every position in life in which he was placed he proved his eminent fitness. As Clerk of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, as lawyer, as Judge of the Superior Court; more conspicuously as President of the old State Bank of North Carolina, the affairs of which he directed from 1829 to 1849 with singular wisdom, fidelity and success, he wielded unbounded influence and inspired the supremest confidence throughout the State.

His sound judgment, his unerring sagacity, his unquestioned purity and elevation of character gave him an authority that was implicitly deferred to: and appeal from his conclusions or disregard of his counsels was rarely known.

By his marriage with Miss Bennehan Judge Cameron had two sons and six daughters. Of his children, his oldest son, and all his daughters except Margaret, who married Mr. George W. Mordecai, of Raleigh, a lawyer and banker, died unmarried after reaching maturity; and Mrs. Mordecai dying without issue, the only descendants of Judge Cameron are the children of Paul C., the subject of this notice.

Paul Carrington Cameron was born on the 27th day of September, 1808, at Stagville, in the then county of Orange, now in Durham County. His early boyhood was passed at Fairtosh, the residence of his father, and at school in the vicinity. Of those early days, a member of his family has given me some particulars, which I use, sometimes in the language of my informant. Though somewhat voluminous, the incidents provide a key to the character of one who showed most strikingly the truth of the adage, "The boy is father to the man." His first preceptor was an old country school-master, who taught at the farm known as Ellerslie, two miles from Fairtosh. Of this period in his education little is remembered. He was then placed under the charge of Willie P. Mangum, a resident of the family of Judge Cameron, as a law student, as was also at the same time William H. Haywood, the only law students, with the exception of his son, Judge Cameron ever had, the two names afterwards prominent in public life and both honoring seats in the Senate of the United States. Subsequently, he was placed under Mr. John Rogers, at Hillsboro, and when of sufficient age was sent to Dr. McPheeters, at Raleigh, a gentleman celebrated in his day as a teacher, and living yet in affectionate remembrance as the good man and able divine. The following is related as an incident of Mr. Cameron's school life at Raleigh: Old Col. William Polk, the last surviving field-officer of



the Revolutionary army in North Carolina, was in the practice of having his wheat threshed in his carriage-house by the tramping of horses. In the carriage-house were two large doors, and old Henry Jet, the negro carriage-driver, told the Colonel that his son Hamilton and Paul Cameron were in the habit of stealing away from Dr. McPheeters' school and coming to the barn to ride the horses. The Colonel ordered Jet to have a bunch of switches ready, and notify him the next time they came, which he faithfully did, and he closed one door while Colonel Polk closed the other, and thus they were caught, flogged, and ordered back to school, the Colonel remarking that he had saved his old friend Duncan Cameron the pain of administering the needed chastisement. In a few days Judge Cameron came to Raleigh and stopped with the old Colonel, who informed him what he had done, and was heartily thanked.

From Raleigh he was sent to the celebrated military school at Middleton, Conn., famous all through the United States as "Captain Partridge's School," the Principal having been a Revolutionary officer, a good tactician, his school, in its best days, presuming a rivalry with West Point. Here Mr. Cameron early developed his character as a leader, for he was soon the ranking Captain of the four companies of Cadets. He commanded the battalion in an excursion famous in the annals of the school. The boys marched from Middletown to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where they took boat for West Point, where they engaged in a match-drill with that corps which had then on its roll the subsequently illustrious names of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. The Partridge Cadets then sailed for New York City, where they spent a week, and then took up the line of march for Washington City, stopping a day or two in Philadelphia and Baltimore. At the Capital they were reviewed by John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, and then disbanded for their summer vacation.

He entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1825. His appearance must have been a very striking one. He was clad in a full suit of red homespun; his head was fiery red, and his complexion beamed with ruddy glow. The boys promptly dubbed him "Red Bird," which title he as promptly resented with continued fusillade of red brick-bats with such effect as to bring about his expulsion on the day of his admission to the University. He was, however, taken back. His pugnacity was a bar to his graduation. One morning in the chapel, while President Caldwell was conducting prayers, Mr. Cameron engaged in a fight with one of the Seniors, much to the scandal of the place and the occasion. The Faculty thought that, in the interest of discipline, the expulsion of both was necessary. Mr. Cameron justified his own conduct, and so did his father and friends. The sentence of expulsion was not executed; but after spending two years at Chapel Hill he left and entered Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, Conn., where he graduated in 1829. And then in 1879, half a century later, he delivered the Commencement Address.

While at this college he was a great athlete; but his favorite amusement was skating and sleigh-riding. One moonlight night he skated fifty miles on the Connecticut River, to find, on his return, that the Sophomore class, which was denied the privilege granted to the Seniors of leaving the College grounds, had filled all the beds of the latter with snow.

Soon after his marriage, Judge Cameron selected a fine site for a dwelling, about a mile and a half west of Stagville, and there erected the commodious dwelling in which his large family was reared, and which yet remains in perfect preservation after the lapse of three-quarters of a century. In the construction of this dwelling, the careful, prudent characteristics of Judge Cameron were strikingly displayed. He tested or inspected every plank or piece of timber that entered into its construction, and inexorably rejected whatever was faulty

or defective. The result has been that, though the building was of wood, it stands to-day, and that without material intermediate repair, as sound as when it came from the hands of the builders. Taste and judgment were exhibited in the selection of the site, on the margin of the broad valleys, or bottoms, which distinguish the confluence of the Eno, Flat and Little rivers, uniting not far below Fairtosh to form the Neuse, and presenting to the eye the most beautiful, extensive and fertile valley to be seen in Middle North Carolina. The land had originally been densely set with a massive forest of oak, hickory, and other "hard-wood" trees, indicative of great strength of soil; and here, along the broad bottoms of the rivers above named, the eye was gladdened as it swept over the wide luxuriance of fields covered with the wealth of the crops of wheat, corn, cotton and other products, all responding generously to good land tilled with care and intelligent system. The taste and judgment which guided in the selection of the site also controlled in the adornment of the domain; and sturdy oaks, with massive trunks and wide-spreading boughs, standing in stately parks, or overshadowing the road-sides in long extending avenues, gave it a baronial aspect, more characteristic of English than American scenery.

On this magnificent estate, comprising many large plantations, worked by a great and constantly increasing body of slaves, was exhibited the best of agricultural skill, the most admirable foresight, the most sagaciously economical administration of vast and various occupations, joined with the most humane consideration for the vast body of workers; and also the most watchful care for the comfort of those who had passed the age of active work, and the judicious provision and care for those who had not reached that period. A wise economy was observed in all the affairs of the several plantations, in their several parts, and in the aggregate. Looms converted into clothing for the slaves the wool clipped from the flocks or the cotton picked from the fields—all the products

of the estate, all the work of its own trained and skilled labor. Shoe-makers, wagon-makers, blacksmiths, artisans of many kinds, combined to make the operations of these large plantations self-sustaining. The cultivated fields supplied the breadstuffs, the large herds of hogs and cattle provided the meats, the cotton fields and the sheep-folds furnished the material which domestic skill converted into clothing. The sick were carefully tended in well equipped hospitals under the care of skillful physicians, or nursed through their sickness by the females of the white family. Nor was the care of the souls of the slaves neglected, for divine services were regularly held in the neat chapel on the Fairtosh farm, or in other places of public worship on one of the plantations. It was patriarchal life on a grand scale, in which one great family was combined, where the interest of the master and servant manifested its mutuality; where the hard hand of the master was restrained by the joint influences of humanity and interest, and where the slave bent cheerfully to a burden he could not feel as oppressive. Slavery was divested of its sterner features, as master and slave regarded each other with mutual good will and affection; an affection which did not expire with emancipation, as was touchingly illustrated long years afterwards when the death of their old (long time before their young) master touched the hearts of the former slaves with a genuine grief, and they thronged to the scene of sorrow to pay their last tribute of love and reverence to the remains of Paul C. Cameron.

It is necessary to have dwelt at such length upon the foregoing topic, because of its governing influence upon the subsequent destiny of Mr. Cameron. His predilections led him to the study of law, a calling suited to his tastes, the character of his mind, and the ardor of his temperament, an avocation, in his young days especially, to give active employment to the accumulated stores of a liberal education, and a becoming equipment for the future attainment of those high political honors to which his position might justly entitle him to

aspire. He, therefore, read law with his father, and was admitted to the bar; but he never engaged in the practice of the profession, because of the burden which fell upon him in aiding his father in the management of his vast and varied interests. An important portion of the time of Judge Cameron was passed in Raleigh, in directing the affairs of the bank of which he was President. He could not give that close, personal attention to the steadily enlarging area of his private affairs they imperatively required. He had, meanwhile, extended his investments to other States to provide employment for the growing number of his slaves, and had established large cotton plantations in Alabama and Mississippi, and these demanded an interested personal periodical oversight which Judge Cameron himself was not able to give. Unavoidably these duties devolved upon the son, who cheerfully sacrificed the ambitions to be gratified in a professional or political career, to the more obscure, more exacting, more responsible, but not the less useful, life of the intelligent planter. He saw in the planter something nobler than the mere tiller of the soil; in agriculture, some aim higher than the extraction from the earth, by the rude process of unskilled labor, those products in all ages recognized as indispensable to human sustenance and comfort. He saw in it the great mainspring of commerce, of prosperity, of social happiness, the foundation upon which was laid the great superstructure of human advancement and enlightenment. With such view, he saw that agriculture was an avocation that must be advanced by intelligently applied skill, and elevated by all the appliances that might be exacted from science. He also saw, in his case, that, in the control of such wide territory, such an army of laborers, such magnitude and variety of productions, demanded for successful direction and harmonious reconciliation of various conditions, there were required executive and administrative qualifications scarcely inferior to those called out in the government of a State or the command of an army. He therefore



devoted himself to the study of agriculture, both practical and theoretical, with earnestness equal to that which had marked his acquisition of what are regarded as the liberal branches of education. He became the model farmer; he infused his own ideas into others; he became president of the first agricultural society organized in North Carolina; an address delivered by him before the Society at Hillsboro in 1830 was so replete with practical wisdom, and so adorned with literary excellence that it was called for for publication, and long remained as a model of its kind, a guide to those who chose to follow in his enterprising footsteps.

In an excellent sketch of Mr. Cameron, presented by Colonel John H. Wheeler in his "Reminiscences of North Carolina," and quoted by Mrs. Spencer in her "Biographical Sketch," occurs the following passage, which bears upon the above remarks: "Mr. Cameron has exhibited in the conduct of his responsibilities, for more than fifty years an administrative and financial ability, an energy and integrity which would have secured him high honors in any field of action. His career has been characterized by the simple, straight-forward devotion to what he conceives to be duty in every relation of life. As a son, as the head of a family, as a citizen, and as the guardian of nineteen hundred slaves, his course may challenge inquiry, and would doubtless repay it. The very mistakes of such men are instructive. That Mr. Cameron has never erred, no one will affirm; that he has ever been able to please everyone in the conduct of his multifarious interests, is equally doubtful; but his strict sense of honor, of justice, and his unflinching adherence to what appeared to him at the time right, has never been called in question." This is judicious generalization of characteristics called into exercise by the multifarious duties and varied positions in which Mr. Cameron was placed in the course of his long life. An independent thinker, with expanded observation, he acted out his own line of thought with fearless

confidence, only controlled by that governing principle of right and duty that shaped the conduct of his life.

With a mind so active as his was, with information so extensive, with the prominence and responsibility of his station, he could not be indifferent to the strong influences that were agitating the public mind, either in their relation to material or mental welfare, or to the political questions in which the peace of the country or the safety of the domestic institutions of the South were involved. The life of a planter, full of action and of care as he found it to be, did not give full enough scope for the wide range of his energies and faculties. Therefore, he was full of that spirit which began to inflame the statesmen and people of North Carolina to redeem the reproach which had fallen upon the State for that suspended animation which had followed the once vigorous enthusiasm in the work of internal improvements. Other States in the South, entering upon the same path, had persisted and prospered; North Carolina had been the pioneer, had faltered, had fallen into the rear, and was suffering from the paralysis of energy. Into the new measures undertaken for resuscitation, no man entered more earnestly than Mr. Cameron. He was an active promoter of the building of the North Carolina Railroad, designed as the great central artery of the State in its ultimate perfected railroad system. When the work on it was begun, he was among the first to undertake a large contract, and he was the first contractor to turn over his finished work. He was for a number of years a director in the company; and when Colonel Charles F. Fisher, its President, resigned that position in July, 1861, to take command of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, on the point of marching to the seat of war in Virginia, he was succeeded by Mr. Cameron, who, for one year, managed the affairs of the corporation with energy and ability, and with much of self-sacrifice, his private affairs, in such time of general confusion, suffering from enforced neglect. He was also for many years a Director of the Raleigh and Gaston and of the

Raleigh and Augusta Air-Line Railroad Companies. He was also, from their beginning, a Director in the two leading banks in Raleigh—the Citizens and the Raleigh National. He became also largely interested in the cotton manufacture, and was a large stockholder and director in two of the largest factories at Rockingham, Richmond County, a large stockholder in the cotton mills at Rocky Mount, and also in one of the largest mills in Augusta, Ga.

As a politician, he had strong, clear and decided views. He had grown up as a Whig of the old school, and had clung tenaciously to his party principles and measures, until, as the portentous questions which began to overcast the political sky, his party, in its Northern wing, gave unmistakable token that it had become sectionalized, and that the peace of the whole country was imperilled and the institutions of the South menaced with ruin through the favor extended to the unconstitutional purposes of the Abolitionists, then, with many other prominent gentlemen of the State, he promptly and unreservedly surrendered his old convictions and ranged himself in line with the Democratic party, which alone stood firm and fast to the Constitution; and to that party, proved by the test of experience to be pure, honest and patriotic, he undeviatingly adhered to the day of his death. He did not want political preferment. Once only did he yield to the call of his county-men; in 1856 he represented Orange County in the State Senate. Of his career as Senator, Wheeler says: "Wherever an important committee could procure Mr. Cameron as its chairman, the public felt secure that the business in hand would be done, and well done." It was in such duty, rather than as a frequent speaker on the floor of the Senate, that he gained distinction as one of the most laborious, useful and able members of the body to which he belonged.

The occasions were rare which enforced his participation with public political life. Once again, indeed, he took prominent place as Chairman of the North Carolina Delegation to

the Democratic Convention which met at St. Louis in 1876, and in which Mr. Tilden was nominated for the presidency; an occasion which Mr. Cameron enjoyed with the keenest zest, as presenting to him the novel features of travel and scenes in sections of the country over which he had never before traveled; which brought him in personal association with distinguished men with whose fame and character he had become familiar, and made him an active participator in one of those grand national dramas periodically enacted, in which the policy and fortunes of a great nation are sought to be defined and secured.

But it was his interest in the education of youth that brought him into the most intimate relations with the intelligence of his State. He had the keenest appreciation of the educational needs of the people, and was the earnest advocate of every liberal measure devised to supply them. He performed his part of the noble work by giving his care to the maintenance of such leading institutions as might shed abroad their light of good in the most extended beneficence. In the decay of the old Episcopal school for boys, established in Raleigh in 1833, upon the sale of the property Judge Duncan Cameron became the purchaser; and by his wish, and under his direction, St. Mary's school for girls became the successor of the Episcopal school for boys. Upon the death of his father, Mr. Cameron succeeded to the property; and, carrying out with filial piety the wishes of his father, the institution, under his solicitous care and liberal provision, has thriven without hindrance, and now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, prospers in unchecked vigor. As the landlord of the property, Mr. Cameron displayed judicious and enlightened liberality in the care of and addition to the buildings, and in the adornment of the extensive grounds, and also in the erection on the premises of a large, elegant and full equipped structure to be used as an art gallery, which stands as a monument of his sound judgment, good taste and generous appreciation of what was needed

for the perfection of a system designed for the cultivation and refinement of the higher faculties of youth.

The same interest, but with less happy issue, attached to the Military Academy established near Hillsboro in 1859 by Col. C. C. Tew, and prospering as such through the war; then, with the fate that darkened all Southern fortunes, falling into decay. The death of Colonel Tew, who fell during the war, made necessary, as soon as it was practicable to effect it, a settlement of his estate. A sale of the Institute property was made, and Mr. Cameron became the purchaser. His purpose was to establish a school for boys of the highest grade in relation to classical, literary and business education, with a military feature recognized, but subordinate. With this view he secured for its conduct two gentlemen of the highest qualifications to be obtained in North Carolina—Mr. Ralph H. Graves and Mr. James H. Horner—both natives of the State, both graduates of its University, and both educators of long experience and wide repute. Mr. Cameron had been at great expense to put the buildings in complete repair, to finish such as had been left incomplete to add such as were found to be necessary.

The school was opened under the brightest auspices; it prospered to the most sanguine expectations. Mr. Graves died very suddenly; the health of Mr. Horner completely failed him, and he was forced to abandon his work. Competent successors for two men so remarkably fitted for their duties could not readily be found; and after much and unsatisfactory effort to that end, the doors of the school were closed, and so remain to this day. It need not be said how keen was the disappointment and mortification of Mr. Cameron. He had fixed his heart and mind upon the success and fame of an institution established in the town of which he was a resident, and whose career he might supervise, a prospect gratifying to his laudable pride, grateful reward to his generous hopes.

It was, however, in the welfare of the State University that his interest was most actively enlisted.



To this object he was thoroughly drawn by his own conception of duty. There was indeed a controlling influence in the sentiment of heredity. In the tribute to the memory of Mr. Cameron, recently paid by the Faculty of the University, it is truly said: "As well by inheritance as by inclination, he was a devoted friend of the University. His grandfather—Mr. Richard Bennehan—was one of its founders and earliest benefactors. His father and his uncle were active and faithful trustees. He knew the University longer, more intimately and more devotedly than any other alumnus. He was a student under Caldwell's administration, a friend and counsellor under Swain, a father and guide under Battle."

But it was in the dark days which overshadowed the University after the war that his interest was developed in its fullest intensity. Ruin, material and financial, menaced its existence. Its resources had vanished, but its debts remained; the buildings were falling into neglect and decay; partisan reorganization had accelerated the ruin; its venerated President had been displaced; its old and experienced Faculty had been set aside to give place for new men and unproved strangers; more fatal than all, a popular indifference, amounting almost to open hostility, had been promoted, and a mischievous sentiment was generated to suffer the venerable *Alma Mater* to lie where she had fallen under the burden of her miseries. Strong interest, strong will, strong effort were needed to counteract these fatal tendencies. Appeal to State pride, to State duty, to the faith of constitutional obligations, to the pressing needs of higher education, to popular interest, to legislative wisdom, to sectarian generosity, must needs be awakened to avert the dismal catastrophe. Happily, it was averted; and the University once again lifts its head as the great central light for the intellectual illumination of our Commonwealth.

No one lent his aid with more readiness, more earnestness, more efficiency than Mr. Cameron. He took upon himself, as the cherished mission of his latter days, the work of encour-

agement, of counsel, of supervision. He animated the spirit of those who joined with him in the arduous labors of resuscitation, he inspired courage in the despondent, he infused energy into the hopeful. He made frequent, almost weekly, visits to the scene of reviving animation, and his cheerful words and vigorous action were an inspiring presence. His judicious and liberal pecuniary advancement to the work of repair resulted in the renovation or completion of dilapidated or unfinished buildings, and secured to the University the present possession of structures ample for existing needs, and worthy of the spirit and purpose that called them into existence. With none of these structures is the name of Mr. Cameron so closely identified as with the Memorial Hall, that grand, capacious and unique monument to its long-time President of the University, David L. Swain—to all its great and good men—Trustees, Professors, Alumni, who had reflected honor upon their *Alma Mater*; and most touchingly and appropriately to those of the latter who had gone forth at the call of patriotic duty, and nobly laid down their lives for a cause sacred to them. The tablets that make their mournful record on the walls of the noble hall are scarcely more honorable memorials of the dead than they are as monuments to the patriotic piety which suggested their erection; and upon no one does the honor fall with more distinguished lustre than upon Mr. Cameron, whose intimate knowledge of State history, of the special character and services of the men whose memory was thus to be preserved, and sense of the impression of such form of memorial upon the amiable sensibilities or aspiring ambition of youth, peculiarly fitted him to lead and guide in the inscription of the holy record.

In other tributes to the adornment of the University, he did not neglect the refining influences of those beautiful forms in which nature presents herself to the consideration of the young, and his bountiful gifts of trees and shrubbery to add to the

beauty of the college grounds live and flourish as perennial reminders of a gentle heart and a thoughtful brain.

Mr. Cameron grew to regard the University with the solicitude with which a fond father watches the destiny of a loved and hopeful child. His visits to it were frequent; often on business; more often from affectionate wish to mark its gain in strength and growth in usefulness. It need not be suggested that he was never absent from any meeting of the Board of Trustees, or ever failed to respond to any invitation to attend any meeting of the Faculty, to which he was frequently called in the capacity of adviser. In the other his presence was always regarded as indispensable, and he was never absent.

Of his attendance at the annual Commencements, the tribute by the Faculty, before referred to, presents so just and lively a picture, that I adopt it without change:

"At every Commencement for many years he has been present, the most conspicuous figure amid thousands—his majestic person, his ruddy countenance aglow with health and resolution. His strong features, his noble brow and piercing eyes, crowned with a wealth of snow-white locks, formed a picture which was delightful to behold, and which could not easily be forgotten.

"He was often called upon to speak at our annual festivals, and he performed his duty with readiness, with dignity, and with power. At times he rose to eloquence, as the flood of memory swelled in his mind. In 1885 he delivered the oration at Commencement on the dedication of Memorial Hall. Although then in his seventy-seventh year, his address was characterized by vigorous thought, deep feeling, scholarly diction. The year before he had generously supplied the funds necessary to complete the hall. It was a pleasant memory that he had been instrumental in the erection of this noble memorial."

In connection with his great and continued services to the University, I quote from Mrs. Spencer's memoir: "One strik-

ing evidence of the public estimation of the value of Mr. Cameron's services is seen in the fact that he was unanimously elected Chairman of the Alumni Association, and continued for a succession of years against his earnest protest as not being a graduate."

He had fine gifts as a public speaker, always called into play on these Commencement occasions. He was earnest and animated, without much action; and his voice, pitched on a somewhat high key when he became warmed with his theme, clear and distinct. Of his qualities as an orator, Wheeler says: "Mr. Cameron is a capital public speaker. He goes to the point, commands attention, and is always effective. Those who have been so fortunate as to hear his singularly neat, elegant and impressive short speeches on various occasions at the University Commencements, will remember them as models of the kind. His frequent visits in term-time to the University, and his short, unpremeditated addresses to the students, present him in a most amiable and interesting light. His fine ruddy complexion and bright dark eye, surrounded with an aureole of snow-white curling hair, his air of habitual command, conjoined with the fine courtesy of a thorough-bred gentleman of the old school, afford a picture that our young people will do well to keep in mind."

It was a picture that reflected back upon the mind and sensibilities of Mr. Cameron with most admirable light. He was made happy by it. The familiar intercourse with the young renewed his own youth. Whatever there was of sternness in his character softened as he entered into the sympathies of the young, and he enjoyed with them the natural pleasures incident to his time of life. There was no more delighted participator than he in the exhilaration of the annual ball; no sprightlier interlocutor in vivacious conversational interchanges; no one more sparkling in his humor; none more apt in his repartees, and no one more courteously graceful or entertaining in his devotion to the fair damsels who adorned with their

charms of grace and beauty the innocent festivities of the occasion. It was so always in his intercourse with the young. He unbent himself easily and naturally as he entered into their feelings, and made himself partaker with their young enthusiasm. And this was largely the character of all his social life. He could be a most charming entertainer; he was a reader of wide range; he had a retentive memory, a fluent utterance, and a striking happiness of narration. His conversation was always interesting and often highly instructive. No man of his day retained a more lively impression of the men with whom he had met, their lives, their connections, their characters, their transactions; and there was no more enjoyable treat than to hear him recall them, and blend the histories of the past and present generations by bringing the men of the past, under the fascination of his narrative, to take their place again upon the living stage in just connection with the chain of events.

In habits he was plain and unostentatious, and in manners somewhat unconventional. This was the result of his characteristic honesty and directness. With him there was no pretence; no evasion; no subterfuge. A manly courage and an honest heart impelled him to speak out openly what he thought; to act out fearlessly what his judgment counselled as right and proper. And men accepted him, as he showed himself to be, at his real worth, with singularly just relation and equipoise of his physical, mental and moral framework. He stood among the people an unobtrusively, yet undeniably, great man—adequate to meet any demands upon any one or all of his dominating qualities. What was apparent to all men was his unflinching honesty of purpose, and to those who were thrown in business contact with him, his lofty and undeviating sense of justice, exercised inflexibly, without fear or favor, but with such fairness and frankness as to win acceptance, even when his decisions involved disappointment to the subjects of them.



Mr. Cameron shared with his distinguished father-in-law, the elder Judge Thomas Ruffin, the somewhat rare perpetuation of mental faculties, in reference to the current public and local affairs, to the day of their final illness in the extremes of old age. Old men mostly live in the past, with memories tenacious of old times and incidents, with interest only awakened by the recall of what has long since passed away. Like Judge Ruffin, he lived as vividly in the present as in the past. The latter might furnish food for pleasant retrospect or useful example. With him there was no hiatus in the chain of life; there was unbroken continuity, and the several links were bright in all their sections by the steady use of the whole; he was as much a part of the present as of the past, with interest as lively, with observation as acute, with judgment of current affairs as just of the contemporaneous as of that which had gone by. He watched the course of public events with intelligent solicitude; he scanned the public prints with his old-time sharpness of criticism; he reviewed public policy, or the measures and conduct of public men with just and keen discrimination; he observed with an intelligent eye the questions in which the good of his State were involved; he noted private enterprises with cautious, yet sagacious interest, and, if his judgment approved, encouraged or embarked in them with laudable liberality. In social life his interest was never abated, and he listened to the gossip of the day with humorous enjoyment, and entered into the pleasures or the sorrows of his friends with sympathetic spirit. In truth, while years laid heavy weight upon his frame, they wreathed around it the flowers of perennial cheerfulness and vivacity. Some of the external senses had been dulled; within all was light and brightness. The mainspring of his mental and social life remained untouched. He approached the final bourne with not a faculty impaired, not a <sup>y</sup>sensation blunted, not a fountain exhausted. Death came to him later than to most men; and it came to him—not as it comes to most of the aged—as welcome relief to the

weariness of the flesh ; not as glad deliverance from the burden of care and sorrow, but as cheerful—almost painless—giving up of a life still bright in its anticipations, still to be cheerished for its attractions. As he lay in the stillness of death, there beamed on his countenance an ineffable sweetness of expression, the smile that played in life like sunshine in the heart of him accounted stern by those who knew him not, and lingered with ineffaceable beauty as it lighted up the dark pathway to the grave.

Mr. Cameron died at his residence in Hillsboro on Tuesday morning, January 6, 1891. His illness was of brief duration. He had obeyed the call of business to visit Raleigh in weather trying to his age and infirmities. He contracted a cold which, in the end, developed into a form of pneumonia, happily not accompanied with its usual acute intensity of pain. Distinguished medical skill was unable to baffle a disease attacking physical powers enfeebled by age, and he passed away, after a few days' struggle, peacefully and painlessly.

On the morning of Thursday the 8th, his remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Matthew's Church adjacent to his own beautiful grounds, and under the shadow of the evergreens he had planted and nurtured. The funeral was of that imposing kind appropriate to the character and position of the deceased. He was attended by the Governor of the State and other officials and prominent gentlemen from Raleigh, who came up on a train provided for the occasion ; by the President, some of the Faculty, and a deputation of students of the University ; by a large number of leading gentlemen from Durham ; by almost the entire population of Hillsboro ; and relatives of Mr. Cameron from abroad, as well as the members of his household, swelled the solemn and imposing cortege. All realized that a strong tie between the past and the present had been sundered, and the grave was closing upon one whose place on earth could not to them be filled.

A striking feature of the solemnities of the funeral was the

presence of a large body of the former slaves of the deceased; some of them grown when they become free men; others, children at the time of liberation, and many of them continuing in his service to his death. With affectionate remembrance, they gathered around his remains to render their last tribute to their old master and life-long friend. A selected number, with badges of mourning on their arms, bore the casket from the house to the hearse, and, joined by a larger number of their fellows, followed in reverential sorrow, and took their places in the body of the church while the solemn burial service was being performed, that they might stand as near as might be by him they had so loved and respected through life. Surely there is some vivifying spirit in slavery which could thus so perpetuate in all their freshness and strength loving and gentle emotions in the hearts of the slave; sentiments ignorantly and unjustly assumed to be unnatural and impossible.

Mr. Cameron, on the 20th of December, 1832, married Ann, daughter of Thomas Ruffin, the distinguished jurist and Chief Justice of North Carolina. He passed a wedded life of a few days more than fifty-nine years, blessed beyond ordinary experience in the mutual love, confidence and respect between these partners for life, without interruption, except from those sorrows whose shadows inevitably fall across the pathway of humanity. A large family blessed a happy union. Two children, the first born, died in infancy; a daughter, Mary, died at the age of twelve or fourteen. All the others reached maturity. His eldest son, Duncan, married Mary, daughter of Col. H. B. Short, and died in 1887, at the age of thirty-seven, leaving three children. His son Bennehan, his daughters, Anne, wife of Mr. George Collins; Margaret, daughter of Capt. Robert B. Peebles; Pauline, wife of Mr. William B. Shephard, and Mildred, unmarried, are the surviving children. Rebecca, wife of Major John W. Graham, died some years ago, leaving six children.

Such is the outline of the life of one whose impression upon his times will not soon be effaced, whose strong personalty is

stamped on features not to be forgotten, whose influence for good will long act upon those who fell within its sphere.

The lines of the poet Armstrong furnish of him an illustration so nearly apt that I quote them in conclusion ;

“ Though old, he still retained  
His manly sense, and energy of mind ;  
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
He still remembered that he once was young ;  
His easy presence checked no decent joy,  
Him even the dissolute admired ; for he  
A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,  
And laughing could instruct.”

*J. D. Cameron.*

## DISRAELI'S CHARACTER.

**W**ELL-BORN, but belonging to a despised and outcast race, Benjamin Disraeli became the first man of the greatest nation on earth.

When yet a youth, the fires of ambition kindling in his heart nerved his arm for the conflict of life. He knew the great odds against him, but his eyes were fixed upon the goal, and he was determined to win. He was endowed with all the physical and intellectual qualities necessary to success in life. With a strong mind he had a strong body to sustain it.

There was, however, an obstacle to his success—that a great one. In England, where the lines of rank and caste are so rigidly drawn, many an ordinary man in his station might well have despaired of ever attaining position and influence. Not so Disraeli.

His first attempts were literary. His books gained for him the recognition of the world. The doors of the great were thrown open to him. He became the lion of London society. But Disraeli's ambition was not for literary fame. His heart's

desire was set upon the highest gift in the power of the English people. The chances for success—note them! Without rank, without influence, coveting a place that Pitt had been proud to occupy, a pariah of society, a Jew! What was it in his character that enabled him to succeed under these disadvantages—yea, even more, against these barriers of granite?

To use the words he himself applies to Vivian Grey, he had "courage, pure, perfect courage." His hopes themselves were the conception of courage. What man in his surroundings but he would have dared dream such ambition? Who but he would have thrown upon the world a novel like *Vivian Grey* when scarce yet out of his teens? The instance when, to my mind, he exhibited the supremest courage was during his maiden speech in Parliament. This scene has been too well described by abler pens than mine for me to attempt it. I can only refer to the close, when he hurled his defiance at the hooting rabble. The question under discussion was a bill to appropriate a certain sum of money to Her Majesty's printer to be sent to Ireland for election purposes. Disraeli had spoken for perhaps an hour in favor of this bill. Amidst laughter, shouts, hisses, whistling and yelling, he had continued. Interrupted for the hundredth time with cries to "sit down, sit down," at last he lost his self-control. With heart burning with anger and wounded pride, he cried: "I have undertaken several times many things. I have often succeeded at last. Aye, sir, I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." This prophetic determination he fully and completely redeemed. The time came when the whole English nation hung with joy upon the utterances of his lips.

Many men have ambition—great ambition—but not the energy to consummate it. Disraeli's energy and persistency were tireless; his energy was tremendous.

As the first round in the ladder of his hopes he desired a seat in Parliament. Defeated three times or more he finally triumphed. In the elections of 1837 he was returned from the



borough of Maidstone. Step by step he pressed forward. Beaten back on every side his unconquerable ambition pushed him on, slowly, maybe, but all the more surely. He had proclaimed his slogan to the world: "*Forti nihil est difficile.*"

In 1868, on Lord Derby's retirement, he became Prime Minister of England. The darling ambition of his heart was realized. Can it be that the prize for which he had fought so long turned to ashes in his grasp? Is man ever satisfied? After struggling for thirty years against misfortune, against abuse, against hatred, he could look down upon his enemies from his exalted position.

If courage merits success, the reward was his; if persistent energy, if battling prejudice and adverse fortune, if labor and toil deserve success, Disraeli had paid the price.

We can admire the great qualities in Beaconsfield's character—and with good reason—his courage, his indomitable will, his greatness of intellect, his eloquence. But a blot mars the beauty of his character—his supreme selfishness. In his every effort self was uppermost—

"Self the trembling balance shook."

He could not, like the truly great spirits of this earth, rise above and out of self. The princely unselfishness of Washington in refusing a crown could have found no responsive throb in Disraeli's heart. He begins his political life as a radical reformer. Failing in this *role* the great charlatan takes another tack. He becomes a Tory of the deepest dye, with all their prejudices and passions. Here he finds his element so—he does not change sides again. "No man liveth to himself alone," else Disraeli would have done so. His philosophy was self first, patriotism, home, England next.

But let us be fair. Even this dark side of his character has its lines of light. There is something inspiring, something grand in his devotion and constancy to his race. Disraeli was proud of his race. He believed it the aristocrat of races. He

was ever ready to stand up and declare himself a Jew. No countryman of his was so humble and obscure as not to have a claim on his sympathy and assistance. His reply in Parliament to the prejudice which cast slurs and aspersions upon the Jewish race is historic. It was a just tribute to that race from whose loins have sprung the law-giver of the ages—a race in whose annals are recorded the eloquence of an Isaiah, the conquests of a Joshua, the glory and justice of a Solomon, the poetry of David—a race, the chosen people of Jehovah.

Disraeli was not to remain long in his position of honor. In the elections of 1868 the Tory cause met defeat—the Gladstone Ministry entered office. What a contrast, the retiring Premier and his successor! The one a charlatan, an adventurer, a political demagogue—the other pure, able, patriotic, a statesman. The one has passed away and his memory will fade with the years. The other, now a “grand old man,” still living, spared by God for noble purposes, is still fighting for right and justice—and though he may not live to see his principles triumph, they surely will because they are fixed in the eternal and immovable granite of truth.

Such is my conception of the character of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. If I am harsh in my judgment of his character, it is an error of head, not heart.

*Shepard Bryan.*

## THE COLLEGE BORER.

[This was a speech written to present the Borer Medal last Spring. As the medals were not delivered, we give it now for the benefit of new students.]

THE history of the word Borer is no less interesting than the institution of this medal at the University. It is a very old word; though not especially noted for its sweetness of sound or its classical sisterhood, its antiquity is more interesting.

The first record we have of it was when used in the epic of Blowulf. It was used as an adjective, something in the sense of our modern word "sweet-natured" or "angelic." That it was to be short-lived could be readily seen, as it was used extensively by the Anglo-Saxon Dudes, and exclusively in referring to young ladies. But as this class of women soon became extinct, our word also went out of use, and as we have never heard or seen this class again, our word has a different meaning afterwards. It was used just before the Norman Conquest to denote such pesting insects as *fleas*, *flies* and *fliris*; but through the breaking up and corruption of our language it disappeared. But, like Banquo's Ghost, it will not down.

We notice that it has not yet crossed the Atlantic. It has ruled and ranged in the Old World, but like "empires westward go," it crossed to America and was used by the early settlers to denote "pretty women." But, like its Anglo-Saxon ancestor, it was soon to suffer fall and decay with the specie it denoted. For, with the extinction of "pretty women," it sank to rise, but not in the rich melody of its Puritan sound—not the potentate to whom all paid homage—not the light-dressed courier of love and flattery—but sadder, yet truer, it appears to denote a class most worthy of its history and heritage.

The Borer of the nineteenth century of the college specie is a peculiar beast, his habits yet more peculiar and interesting. He can be studied either by the science of comparative philology or anatomy, though his classification is not easy. Not falling wholly under either the animal, mineral, vegetable or spiritual kingdom, yet he combines them all. His intellect is wonderful, his structure amazing, his habits startling, his sagacity fearful. He knows a busy student by instinctive guidance—he is his natural prey. They flock around them like ladies around a mirror, or dudes a millionaire. They regard neither time, place or circumstances. They are omnipresent at each and every point of space, at one and the same time. Fly to the North Pole, through Battle's Park, up by Professor W.'s, then down by the hotel, pass Memorial Hall, to the

second floor of South Building, in either recitation room—look out, if you don't find one. Go even on French recitation, or, in extreme cases, on English—pull down the curtain!

The College Borer is decidedly healthy—never has one died here—not even Chapel Hill board affected him. A sick or dead Borer is as rich and rare a phenomena as pretty women, fleas without bills, or an easy examination. They are indefatigable laborers, grudging no expense, regretting no sacrifice, scrupulous about no result. This College Borer is the most interesting and intensifying of all classes of Borers; he is the Valedictorian; the “Leader of Tammany”—Generalissimo. He is by right, and should be, Professor of Moral Science or Mathematics, or a South Building Monitor. He has all the science, the enthusiasm, the refinement of all classes of his specie. He can assume more forms and act more parts than any of his kind. He is perfect as a “cigarette beater,” unsurpassed as an automatic overhanded “motion-maker” in Society, and speaks on every one he makes. He is first at his meals, and is sure for the hottest cakes and first choice at the chicken. In the Reading-Room is his parade-ground. He is always first to have *Puck* or *Judge*, and has them promised to someone else when you ask him for them. His seat is always at the daily papers. At the post-office you are sure to find him in his glory and greatness—borrowing the daily paper, if not continually looking over your shoulder. His stand is sure to be in front of your box, and he has never been known to move when you want him, though he never gets any mail. If you buy any sweetmeats or cigars he is forever present, and has not, up to this time, been known to refuse them. He is a perpetual “booter” of the Faculty. He can ask more questions and answer less on recitation than should be allowed by modern civilization. He has never been known to be out of a chair at the drug-store when anybody wanted to take a seat. He knows more, studies less; does more, works less; sees more, looks less—in short, he is an over-produced, under-consumed pest of college life.

*Matt J. Pearsall.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE WISH to say, for the benefit of some who seem desirous of misrepresenting us, that this MAGAZINE is edited by the editors, and that no member of the Faculty has seen or will see anything in this department until the MAGAZINE is issued. We are personally responsible for what appears in the Editorial and Exchange Departments of the MAGAZINE. We ask all parties who do not like what we write to attack the editor of this department and not to vent their cheap, dyspeptic wit on the magazine as a whole. Do not be so unfair as to quote from two separate departments and attempt to leave the impression that the Exchange editor is inconsistent. In short, "Be just and fear not." There are some people in these parts who think it fearless and brave to be always criticising the authorities that be. Better be *muzzled* by common sense, than be always misrepresenting and meddling with things with which you have nothing to do.

GROVER CLEVELAND's letter on the Silver question is regarded by the country as one of the most courageous and heroic acts in the history of our country. He has been for two years considered as sure of the Democratic nomination in 1892. He has been the idol of his party. He differed from his party while President. The Farmers' Alliance declared for free silver. The Democratic party is irrevocably committed to free silver, and it was thought that Mr. Cleveland had changed his views to suit the times, but he proves himself a hero. He has made a martyr of himself. He has stood by his convictions. He has preferred honesty to political power. He has risen, like Henry Clay, above the presidency. Mr. Cleveland is a statesman, not a politician. We know little or nothing about the Silver question, but right or wrong, Mr. Cleveland is honest and we give him our feeble praise.

JUST as we all thought, Dr. Battle has resigned the Presidency of the institution and accepted an election to the new Chair of History. It seems that his election has given general satisfaction, though we feel that his place as President will be hard to fill. Give us a man who can handle books and men also. We feel that there is one man in North Carolina, at least, who is splendidly fitted for the position, but we cannot name him. We feel that he will be recognized without being advertised for the place.

WE HAVE a library here of which we may be justly proud, but there are a few things lacking yet to make it perfect. In the first place we should have a better system of cataloguing. The system now used is a miserable one. It is impossible to get what you want without spending hours in the Library hunting for it. Besides this, the two Societies should consolidate their libraries. We now have the Di. books on one side and the Phi. on the other. This distinction should be wiped out, and all novels put together, histories together, and so on. Until these changes are made our library will fail to reach the highest usefulness.



EVERY graduate here must either deliver a suitable oration on Commencement day, or present an original thesis. The Misses Mangum, of Orange, have for some years given a handsome medal to the graduate delivering the best oration. Heretofore there has been offered no inducement to the graduates to perfect themselves in the art of essay writing. But our able and popular Professor of English, the Rev. Dr. Hume, has conceived the idea of offering a medal for the best original essay. Those who speak will strive to win the Willie Mangum Medal for oratory, and they will not be allowed to compete for the Essayist's Medal, while those who can write better than they can speak will gain as much praise and reward as the Senior upon whose lips the honey-bee has lighted. It is hard to determine which is the better gift, the power of harmonious speech or the art of composition. What influence will this innovation effect? All will admit that we have too many men to speak at Commencement. The Faculty have been earnestly seeking to remedy this in some way. Dr. Hume has solved the problem for you. We know that in the past the public generally have thought that the best men always speak, and have looked upon the graduates who presented theses only as men of smaller mental calibre. For this reason, and because each man thought he might happen to get the medal, nearly all the graduates have been speaking. But now it will be different. Now every man will do that thing for which he is the best qualified. The graduate who writes well, but who has some defect in articulation, or other hindrance to good speaking, will be guided by common sense and write for the Essayist's Medal, while he whom nature has gifted with grace and voice full of harmony will speak. There ought to be more theses than orations now since writing has been elevated to its proper place, and since but few of us can lay claim to even a small degree of oratory. There may be a slight majority among those speaking, since so many young men's "fathers" desire that they speak. So, gentlemen of the Faculty, we would say to you, abandon your scheme of having a competitive speaking, choosing the ten best in the class, and let this scheme work it all out to the satisfaction of every graduate. The Mangum Medal is given to the Senior making the best oration, and it has not been customary for the Faculty to sit on the Committee, as they would practically do in the scheme they have seen fit to adopt after this year. Dr. Hume will pay this money out of his own pocket. He has taken this step in the interest of his Essays and Orations course, hoping to stimulate increased interest in the work. He doesn't wish to put himself forward, and he knows nothing of what we are about to propose. We think that inasmuch as the Oratory Medal is given in honor of Willie Mangum, that the medal for the best essay should be called the "Hume Essay Medal." We hope that this suggestion will be received with approval on all sides, and that the medal may be finally endowed through the efforts of the Senior Class to be called as above, as long as the Essays and Orations course finds a place in our curriculum.

LORD TENNYSON, who is *the* poet of the century, complains very bitterly of false criticism. Critics are good things in their place, but it does seem to us that criticism runs to indiscreet extremes in almost every direction. Not a few who set

themselves up as able to pass judgment upon men and their works are quite as ignorant as the man who said he derived no pleasure from reading Shakspeare's "As You Like It," because, as he said, it was nothing but a compilation of worn-out phrases which he had been hearing all his life.

One of the best things we remember to have heard in some time was what Bishop Duncan said here two years ago in his sermon to the graduating class. He said: "When you ask one his opinion of a man's character he will reply, 'He is a right good man,' and then with a deliberate hesitation as if to convey to you that he is reflecting closely, 'but'—. You ask him to express himself on a certain oration, and he replies, 'It was very good, *but*'—". It is an eternal *but, but, but*—. It is *but this, but that, but so and so, but*—. It is sure to come, I care not how good and noble the man, how grand and eloquent the orator. Rare, indeed, is it for any man to give his approbation to any person or any performance without qualifying it.

Our observation, of necessity, has not been extended through many years, but what we have noticed leads us to believe that envy always shapes our criticism. It seems to us that it is a principle imbedded deep down in the human character to deny to others the possession of endowments which we ourselves have not inherited, or, if admitting them to him, we deny him some other quality which we do possess, in order that he may not rise superior to us.

No man ought to presume to distinguish between the natural and the artificial in poetry who is not himself a poet. He need not be a writer of verse, yet he must possess the true imaginative spirit. As Senator Vance said that he thought it necessary for a speaker to know something about his subject, so we think it necessary to just criticism for the critic to know what he is talking about. For instance, it is folly for a man who knows nothing about how to teach English, to criticise the manner in which English Literature is taught in a great university by a master. But we were speaking of Mr. Tennyson. He, with every great, as well as every little writer, has been accused of plagiarism. Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Darwin, Bacon and thousands of others were plagiarists, say the false critic. It is a noble line and an honor to be in such company. Yet the Poet Laureate is stung by the accusation. The case we refer to was when Mr. Dawson thought he saw a likeness in these lines—

"A wind arose and rushed upon the South  
And shook the songs, the whispers and the shrieks  
Of the wild woods together"—

to lines occurring in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." We admit that there is some likeness between the lines, but that does not detract from Mr. Tennyson's. Tennyson himself says that the lines of Shelley are unfamiliar to him, and that the arising of the wind actually occurred while he was walking in the New Forest.

Mr. Tennyson justly says: "There is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, book-worms, index-hunters, or men of great memory and

no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate."

He says that when he was quite a young man he went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying one day among these mountains before a water-fall that comes down near a thousand feet, he sketched it in these words:

"Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn."

"When I printed the line, a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a water-fall, and graciously added: 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to nature herself for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to nature herself. I think it is a moot point whether—if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage—I should have ventured to publish the line."

Very much of the criticism of the day is quite as disgusting and false as the above.

THE noted explorer Henry M. Stanley, is in this country delivering his lecture "Athwart Dark Africa," in all the large cities and at the chief universities and colleges.

SENATOR VANCE has recently presented a handsome oil painting of himself to the Dialectic Society, of which he is a member. The painting represents him as he was during the war. He has also recently presented the University Library with a copy of the tenth census, for both of which we are very thankful. He has not forgotten us, and the University will always remember him with pride.

[COMMUNICATED.]

IT IS very evident that if the sanitary arrangements of Chapel Hill are not more carefully looked after, the town will not become a summer resort as some of us have hoped and expected. Our hotel proprietors seem to be entirely forgetful of the fact that their summer guests expect a good health record from the student body during the past seasons. The hotel yards are in a very bad condition, cattle being allowed to run free in the rear lots, and refuse from the kitchens being emptied almost at the doors, or thrown in heaps near the college walks and village streets. It seems that the hotel men would recognize the fact that reports of this sort will materially decrease their next summer's business. The town authorities have been spoken to in regard to the matter, and have only responded by a feeble effort to open the public gutters and ditches. Hasn't the Mayor of this village the right to demand a thorough investigation and cleansing of all objectionable places? If the town authorities will not act, is it not the Faculty's *duty* to take the proper steps toward remedying the evil? It is not a very pleasant thing to bring a question of this sort in a literary journal, thus forcing the learned (?) editor to turn his pen to a discussion of the good and bad effects coming from pig-pens, chicken-

coops and compost heaps, but it is still more unpleasant to the fathers and mothers of the State to hear of the unhealthy condition of the town in which their sons reside. It doesn't make a good, general impression throughout the State. Honored sirs of the Faculty and hotel proprietors, do you think so?

W. W. D., JR.

[COMMUNICATION FROM THE LITERARY EDITOR.]

IT IS contrary to the methods generally pursued by the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to enter into discussions with other publications. On the present occasion, however, we feel that a reply to the article contained in the last issue of the *Chapel Hillian* is necessary, and enter upon the duty feeling that we have the endorsement of every liberal-minded and patriotic student in the college. We cannot agree with our little friend, the *Chapel Hillian*, in the statement that the notice of the game between Trinity and the University of Virginia was posted in public out of any other motive than that which prompted the posting of all important foot-ball news items of the season. The "hideous yells" celebrating a North Carolina team's defeat we did not hear (perhaps our auditorial organisms are deranged), but we are sure that there were many expressions of regret at Trinity's misfortune in not receiving justice from the hands of certain parties in Richmond. Developments have proven that Trinity's playing was superior to that of the University of Virginia, and that victory should rightfully have perched upon her banner. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would desire, above all things, to see the University of North Carolina claim and hold the championship of the South. It would go to any legitimate length to further this end, but having never raised this claim, it would not place a single obstacle before a North Carolina institution which aspired to the honor. Our State has often been unjustly called "a strip of land between two States," and we do not doubt that this same spirit which has prompted the *Chapel Hillian* in its article referred to has left the impression upon foreigners that we are a people devoid of State pride and patriotism. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE staff, together with every true-hearted North Carolinian in this institution, would have stood by Trinity's side at the Richmond game, and, had she received justice, would have joined her gallant team in singing Gaston's "Old North State" to the chagrin and discomfort of Virginia's rushers and half-backs. We believe as firmly as do the editors of the *Chapel Hillian* that U. N. C.'s foot-ball team is superior to any in the State, and we do not doubt that coming contests will sustain us in the assertion. We do not court favor with Trinity or any other institution, but we do maintain that North Carolina's future prosperity depends on the mutual sympathy and concerted action of her people. If we, as young men, sons of a common mother, cannot extend to one another earnest and patriotic congratulations, together with manly regrets, when need be, then our future influences will only assist in widening the breach which seems to be slowly opening between the various interests of our State. Probably the *would-be-monitor* of this institution will *score a touchdown* by proving that the MAGAZINE "grows eloquent." We thank it for the compliment, and regret that all its powers of eloquence have been leveled against the efforts of Carolina's sons to win the laurel which Virginians now unjustly wear.

W. W. D., JR.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

## CREED OF THE PLAGIARIST.

He writeth best who stealeth best  
 Ideas great and small ;  
 For the great Soul who wrote them first  
 From nature stole them all.—*Ex.*

England has but one college paper, while on the Continent journalism is practically unknown.—*Ex.*

She—"I don't think I shall go rowing with you again." He—"Why not, pray?" She—"Because you only hugged the shore."

St. Peter—"Halt!" New Spirit—"Can't I come in?" St. Peter—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the Universe."—*Ex.*

It looks like Princeton will surely defeat Yale at base-ball this year. Her team was thought superior last season, but Yale played in her usual luck and succeeded in defeating Princeton's aggregation. Princeton's old nine are all back this year with one exception.

Among our new exchanges we notice the *Iowa Wesleyan*, *Mount Union Dynamo*, *V. M. I. Cadet*, *Alfred University*, *Primitive Catholic*, *Pinnacle*, *Academician*, *Chronicle*, *Old Homestead*. All of these papers are good, the *Old Homestead* being especially excellent.

It is a great point to learn to respect the opinions of others—even of inferiors. The man who has opinions and sticks to them is to be admired; but the same man is more to be admired if he have sufficient broadness of views to see that there are other opinions to be held.—*Copied.*

We welcome the *School Chronicle*, published by the girls and boys of the New-Berne Collegiate Institute, with Prof. J. S. Thomas at the helm. Our readers will remember Prof. Thomas. He was with us last year and won the Declaimer's Medal in the Phi. Society. The *Chronicle* is very interesting.

We have received a copy of the *Southern Educator*, a progressive educational magazine, published at Durham, N. C. It has many eminent contributors. We notice that Dr. J. L. M. Curry is decidedly in favor of opening the colleges and universities to women. He says the best results are attained by educating the boys and girls together. Let them come. We will welcome them here.



Junior asks Professor a very profound question: Professor—"Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that two wise men could not answer." Junior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—*Ex.*

The youngest Professor in this country is Arthur S. Abernassy, Professor of Ancient Languages, Rutherford College, N. C. He is eighteen years of age and has won quite a reputation as a classical scholar.—*Ex.*

The *Free Lance* reports that an English paper has started a foot-ball insurance system. Foot-ball players are insured against fatal accidents for the sum of £100. A penny insures this benefit in addition to buying the paper. We think it would be a good thing for our boys to get out insurance papers by next fall.

In the death of Julius A. Bonitz, North Carolina has lost her most energetic and successful journalist. He has founded a great paper, which always holds the ear of the people of the State. He was a friend of education. He was a noble philanthropist. His death has called forth more genuine expressions of regret than any death that has occurred within our State for many years. The secret of his success was in his indomitable will, in his energy. It was our fortune to know him and we sincerely mourn his death.

From the following description, copied from the *Free Lance*, our readers will see how the *Washington* thinks foot-ball will be played in the future. It describes the rush-line as composed of sluggers, the quarter-backs armed with clubs, the halves with Bowie-knives, and the full-backs with navy revolvers. An extract is here given: "Everyone regretted the mortality, but it was wonderful sport. After the killed and maimed had been carried off—the former to the hearses waiting in line at the south end of the field, and the latter to the hospital close by—Gripes, of Princeton, substituted for Plunker, made the great run of the game. The ball being cleverly passed to him by Slugger Toodles, he dashed through the opposing rush-line like an eel, notwithstanding the fact that two or three Yale men came within an ace of stopping his career by the well-known 'savatte' method, plunging on their hands and launching backward kicks at his head as he passed. Evading the club of the quarter-backs with consummate skill in dodging, the Princeton boy received but a scratch or two from the Bowie-knives of the half-backs, and found himself in front of the Yale goal. Bapper and Fliske, the Yale full-backs, discharged their navy revolvers at him point blank, but Gripes secured a touch-down, and in a few moments the ball sailed high up between the posts, and the game was won just as Gripes fell a corpse, and the umpire shouted 'time!'"

## REVIEWS.

"COLLEGE AND SCHOOL" BECOMES "THE LOUIS LOMBARD."—MR. F. G. Barry has sold his monthly magazine, *College and School*, to Louis Lombard, of Utica, N. Y. The next number will appear February 15th, entitled *The Louis Lombard*, with a guaranteed circulation of 5,000 copies and a list of contributors comprising Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Allan Forman, Fannie Edgar Thomas, Clinton Scollard, W. H. Hayne, Rev. Charles F. Thwing, and many other well-known American and European writers. While the high literary character of *College and School* will be maintained, it will no longer be an exclusively educational journal. The motto on the new frontis-piece, "Whatever interests mankind interests me," explains its future policy.

*The Old Homestead*, published at Savannah, Ga., will be issued hereafter by a syndicate capable of advancing its interests even more successfully than its projectors were. It is a Southern literary and musical publication conscientiously striving to foster and encourage Southern talent, and to give to the people a magazine that is essentially one for the home for the superiority of its literary, fashion, domestic and musical character. Its staff of contributors is among the best in the South, and in every essential it is a magazine that the people of the South ought to encourage and support. The subscription price is but \$1 a year, while many publications of less merit cost \$3.50 and \$4 per annum. Address, The Old Homestead Publishing Company, Savannah, Ga.

THE NEW WEBSTER.—Webster's International Dictionary is the book which is destined to go into every library, every public school, every household where American literature is received and where the English language is studied.

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Every page has been treated as if the book were now published for the first time. The claim of the publishers is that it retains that excellence in definition which has made Webster the safe and familiar authority to which judges, journalist, scholar, artisan and man of business refer, and that in etymology, pronunciation, citations and pictorial illustrations it carries to greater perfection the merits of its predecessors.

We believe that it abundantly justifies these modest claims, and that, as a comprehensive popular dictionary, it is likely to retain the pre-eminence which has long been held by "Webster's Unabridged." No dictionary can be final, but for the next twenty-five years the "International Dictionary" must be accepted as the best work of its kind in the English language.

## PERSONALS.

- March examinations are over.
- What's the matter with the Wake Forest foot-ball team?
- It was once a beautiful room. But now—oh, my! O. K.
- Thomas Kapp, we regret to say, is still confined to his room.
- Mills R. Eure has been elected captain of the base-ball team.
- Cousin Malvern Hill Palmer is about to take unto himself a wife.
- Why is a pig a good mathematician? He is good on a square root.
- The Senior Class have decided to hold their class day on April 15th.
- Henry Johnston, class of '90, is here taking law under Dr. Manning.
- C. O. McMichael delivered the Washington Birthday address at Oak Ridge.
- George Bridgers, who is now at Lehigh, spent several days on the Hill lately.
- T. B. Philbeck, class of '90, is principal of a flourishing academy at Gibson Station.
- Sam. Blount has settled in Washington, N. C., and is doing very well in the practice of law.
- Fred. Green, of Durham, came over on Washington's Birthday. His many friends were glad to see him.
- Dock Holt has been compelled to leave College on account of sickness. We hope to see him return next fall.
- Professor of Chemistry—"What kind of acid can you form with Iodine?" Bright Soph.—"Idiotic acid, sir."
- Alex. Stronach has been elected editor-in-chief of the *Hellenian*, with J. M. Morehead business manager.
- Chas. G. Foust is principal of a large school in Aberleen, Texas. From what we can hear, he is getting on very well.
- Messrs. J. A. Hendricks and J. P. Bryan, members of the Legislature, spent Sunday on the Hill several days ago.
- John D. Bellamy—the third—who has been sick for some weeks, went home some days since. We hope to see him back soon.

—Professor Rayhill has quite a large class in Elocution and Oratory. The entertainments given by him have been greatly enjoyed.

—Flighty Buck is growing flightier, if possible. We are really afraid that this gentleman will take one of his flighty fits some day and land at Waterloo.

—Redwine and Martin are practicing law in the courts of Orange and Chatham. They have been very successful so far, having gained all their cases.

—How many tailors have been here this spring, and how many suits have they sold? We will give a prize to anyone who will answer this question correctly.

—What will the Freshmen do for cigarettes, now that the Legislature has passed the Cigarette Bill? The higher classes will not condescend to buy cigarettes for a Fresh.

—The Fresh. Class have at last gotten them a yell. We have not been able to catch it yet, as the Soph's only allow them to give it in the "wee small hours of the night."

—The little college in Rockbridge County, Va., founded by George Washington, has educated thirty-seven governors, eighty United States senators, and thirty-one college presidents.

#### A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,  
"Will you unite with me?"  
And Molly Cule did quick retort,  
"There's no affinity."  
Beneath electric light plant shade,  
Poor Atom hoped to metre;  
But she eloped with a rascal base,  
And her name is now Saltpetre.

—Rev. Mr. Gushee, of Boston, has returned to take charge of the Episcopal Church here. We are very glad to have him with us, and hope that he will remain some time.

—Students who smoke, chew or snuff tobacco are denied admission to the University of the Pacific. It would be a good plan if our Southern Universities would adopt this plan.

—We hear that there is to be a Tennis Union formed in College. We are glad to see the boys have so much spirit for athletics. And right here, we wish to let the students know that our Faculty are highly pleased to see the boys enter into athletics, and that they will do all in their power to help us.

—Professor (after lecturing for forty-five minutes): “Young gentlemen, the substance of this is, that water runs down hill, and if a hill goes up on one side it must come down on the other.”

—Since our last issue, Prof. Toy has resigned from the editorial staff of the *MAGAZINE*. We beg to thank him for the help he has given us and the kindness he has always shown towards the editors.

—Mr. H. T. Watkins, class of '78, now a lawyer in Henderson, N. C., was married to Miss Maggie McIver, at Jonesboro, on the 3d of March. To him and his bride the University and the *MAGAZINE* extend their best wishes.

—We are requested by Dr. Battle to announce that the game of Knucks will commence the first week in March. Judge Eure will be the instructor, and the boys will be allowed to play at all hours and in all places, except the Chapel.

—We have it from good authority that one of our professors is so extremely polite, that while returning from the post-office some nights since he stepped off the sidewalk and was heard to exclaim: “Oh! Oh!! Excuse me”—. But there was no response.

—Washington's Birthday passed off very pleasantly. Mr. W. W. Davis, of Virginia, was the orator of the occasion. His speech was very highly spoken of by the Faculty and boys. Shepard Bryan was the introductory orator, and, as usual, did himself credit.

—George P. Howell still holds the first rank in his class at the United States Military Academy, with R. P. Johnston second. Both of these boys left the University at the end of their Sophomore year. It is with pleasure that we publish such encouraging news.

—The next Inter-Society Debate will be held in the Phi. Hall on March 15th. Collins and Harding are the debaters from the Phi.; Rondthaler and Argo from the Di. The Phi.'s have been victorious in both contests heretofore, and it is said that the Di.'s are going to put forth their strongest arguments. Nevertheless, we think the Phi.'s will answer them, and if the Di.'s don't watch out they may do more.

#### CONTENTMENT.

A girl to love, a pipe to smoke,  
 Enough to eat and drink;  
 A friend with whom to crack a joke,  
 And one to make me think;  
 A book or two of simple prose,  
 A thousand more of rhyme;  
 No matter then how fast Time goes,  
 I take no heed of Time.

—*Lyrics for a Lute.*



—The foot-ball season is over, but the memory of the game still lingers with us in the shape of broken collar bones, broken legs, sprained ankles and the physiognomies of some of our most handsome boys are marred. We regretted very much not being able to get up a match-game. Wake Forest and Trinity were both challenged by us, but neither accepted. We hope to get a chance at them next fall, as we suppose Trinity will play us then.

—Tuesday evening, February 24th, the foot-ball team and substitutes were invited down to Mrs. Hogans to a banquet given by Prof. Horace Williams. After a half-hour spent in pleasant conversation, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open and we beheld a most sumptuous repast. It is useless to say that the boys enjoyed themselves after the supper. Prof. Williams paid a very nice tribute to our captain, George Graham. Several toasts were made by members of the Faculty.

—We clip the following from the Greensboro *Workman*:

“DAVID SCHENCK, JR.—The opening speech in the case of the State against John Sellars for the murder of Sam Brooks, which began yesterday, was made by our young townsman David Schenck, Jr., and it is the general impression that he acquitted himself with great credit. It was by no means a boyish speech. It related wholly to matters of fact in evidence, and comprehended the whole scope of the case as it had been given by the several witnesses who had testified. It is unusual for so young a man to hold himself so well in hand, to be so systematic, so cool and so thorough in detail, and withal so logical. As an effort before a jury on a capital case it was highly creditable and full of promise.”

This gentleman received the Lazy Man's medal while in college.

—We take great pleasure in copying the following from the *Wilminnton Messenger*: “Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, a young North Carolinian, connected with Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has a capital article on ‘Raleigh's Settlements on Roanoke Island,’ which appears in the *Magazine of American History* for February, 1891. It is the paper read by him before the American Historical Association in Washington City in December last. It is the careful work of one trained in historic investigation. We have read it with much pleasure, and it is, in our judgment, a very clear and conclusive discussion of an entertaining subject—particularly entertaining to North Carolinians. He proves that the so-called ‘Lost Colony’ was not lost, but became absorbed in the Hatteras tribe of Indians, known generally now as the Crotans, whose descendants live in Robeson and other counties and several States now. Dr. Week's paper is a valuable contribution to North Carolina history.”

—According to long-established precedent, the students assembled in the Chapel Monday afternoon in order to recognize the merits of the Fresh. Class of '94. Shepard Bryan was called to the chair. Pearsall and Gaither were appointed Tellers, and Peschaw, Secretary. The election of Borer was first gone into.

Hickerson was unanimously elected. Sawyer, of Asheville, was elected *Conceited* Man. Hendren, W., was elected *Lazy* Man. The contest for this position was very close and interesting. Hickerson, of Wilkes, made a strong run, but when John Gilmer recommended Hendren he was immediately elected. The candidates for Ugly Man were too numerous to mention. Gilmer and Warren were the most prominent, and on the seventh ballot Warren was declared elected by a majority of three votes, the ladies of the village giving him a complimentary vote. O. Kenan was elected Cheeky Man on the first ballot, with the provision that King should have honorable mention. Harding, W., was elected Dude, with Morris and McKenzie following close behind. Both of these gentlemen being medical students, it was decided by the chairman that they were ineligible. Guthrie, Battle, K. P., and Gilmer, J. L., were elected to certain positions, which will be published in the next issue of the MAGAZINE. Messrs. Gaither, Connor and Pearsall were appointed as a committee to procure suitable medals for these gentlemen, which will be delivered to the *Fresh*. on Class Day. Hickerson was elected Color Bearer of the Fresh. Class, and K. P. Battle, Jr., Commandant.

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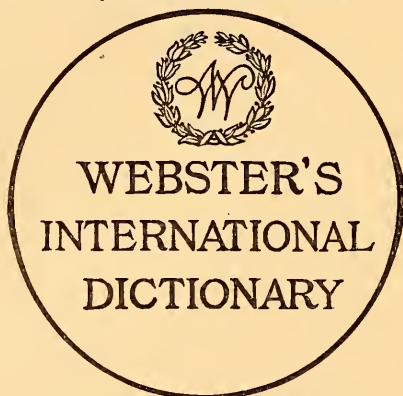
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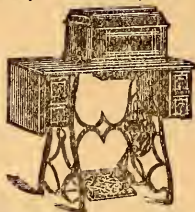
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1891.

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NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

*No. 5.*

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY,  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

1891.



NORTH CAROLINA  
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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OLD SERIES VOL. XXI.      No. 5.      NEW SERIES VOL. X.

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EDITORS:

PHI.

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GEORGE RANSOM.

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THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY COL. S. H. WALKUP.

[Below we publish an article from the *North Carolina Argus*, a paper printed in Wadesboro, N. C., in 1858, which was handed to us by R. B. Redwine, who procured it from C. C. McIlwaine, an intelligent and highly respected farmer in the northern portion of Union County, this State. We think it establishes the fact, beyond a doubt, that Andrew Jackson was born in that part of Mecklenburg County which is now Union County, N. C.—Eds.]

RECENTLY I have discovered some errors in the papers gotten up by Mr. Davenport, of Virginia, as to the birth-place of Gen. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. The *Lancaster Ledger* has pretty clearly shown the absurdity of any such pretension on the part of Virginia. It can be very clearly established, beyond question, that old Andrew Jackson died before the birth of his son Andrew, on Twelve-mile Creek, in North Carolina, where he resided about one or two years before his death; and that General "Andrew Jackson was born 15th March, 1767." Therefore the account of "*his* parents leaving Virginia in 1768 with a son Andrew," could not be true; since

his father died in the first of the year, and before 15th March, 1767. But the Lancaster *Ledger* and public opinion *abroad*, and indeed General Jackson himself, were and are all equally in *error*, about his (Jackson) being born in *South Carolina*. I think it can be as clearly demonstrated as any such thing can be at this distance of time, *that General Andrew Jackson, late President of the United States, was born at the house of George McKemey or McCamie, in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, after his father's death, on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina.*

The truth of the whole matter seems to be about this: There were six sisters, Miss Hutchisons, who intermarried as follows; Margaret married George McKemey, or McCamie, who settled on Waxhaw Creek, North Carolina; Mary married John Leslie, and settled on Camp Creek, South Carolina; Sarah married Samuel Leslie, and settled on Waxhaw Creek, North Carolina; Jane married James Crawford, who settled on Waxhaw Creek, South Carolina; Elizabeth married Andrew Jackson, senior (the father of the President), who settled on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina; and Grace married James Crow, who settled near Landsford, South Carolina. That during the early part of the year 1767, (before the birth of Andrew Jackson, the President, on the 15th March,) Andrew Jackson, senior, died at his residence in Mecklenburg county (now Union), near Pleasant Grove Camp Ground, on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina. That his mother, being quite poor, removed, after the death of her husband, to Waxhaw Creek; and on her way to Major Robert or James Crawford's, she stopped with her sister, Mrs. McCamie. That whilst there, she was taken down and delivered of a son Andrew, who was afterwards President of the United States. That as soon as she was able to travel, in about three weeks, she went forward with her son to Mr. Crawford's, in South Carolina, where they afterwards remained until the Revolutionary war; and his history is well enough known from that time forward.

The above is the *current tradition* of his *neighbors* and *relations*, who best knew his true history. Many old persons, who well knew his father, where he lived, died and was buried, prove that he (General Jackson's father) lived at the time of his death in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina; and that he was buried in the old Waxhaw church yard. That his (General Jackson's) mother removed to live with her friends in Waxhaw; and on her way gave birth to Andrew, at the house of George McCamie, her brother-in-law, near Cureton's Pond in Mecklenburg (now Union) county, North Carolina. This is oral tradition among the near neighbors and nearest relations of Jackson himself in Waxhaws, North Carolina and South Carolina, as is shown by the certificates of Benjamin Massey, Esq., and Messrs. John Carnes, taken in 1845, and John Lathen (his second cousin), James Faulkner and Thomas Faulkner (also second cousins of Jackson), who *all* testify that old *Sarah Leslie* and *Sarah Lathen*, the *aunt* and *cousin* of General Jackson *often asserted* that "*he (Jackson) was born*" at *George McCamie's*, and that THEY WERE PRESENT AT HIS BIRTH." That "Mrs. Leslie," his (Jackson's) *aunt*, "was *sent for* on the night of his *birth*;" that it was at her brother-in-law's, "George McCamie's, in North Carolina, close by where she (Mrs. Leslie) lived in North Carolina," and that she "took her little daughter, Mrs. Lathen, with her," and "recollected well of *walking the near way through the fields* in the *night* time."

In addition to this positive testimony, we have the testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth McWhorter and her son George McWhorter, and Mrs. Mary Cousar, who state that they were "*near neighbors, and present on the night of the birth of General Jackson,*" or were there on the "next day," and have a distinct recollection that "*he was born at the house of George McCamie, in North Carolina;*" which testimony rests upon the statements of Samuel McWhorter, the grandson of Elizabeth McWhorter, Thomas Cureton, senior, and Jeremiah Cureton,



senior, who heard these old persons very often speak of these facts in the most positive terms, and who gave many circumstances in corroboration of its truth. And *all* these witnesses, and those whose traditions they relate, were persons of *unimpeachable honesty and veracity*, who had the very best *opportunities of knowing the truth of all the facts they narrated*, who were near *neighbors*, near *relations*, and intimate *associates* with Jackson in his *youth*.

There are *other* witnesses, who testify of facts they personally knew or heard from good authority, whose characters for truth cannot be called in question. Many of their statements have been *published* long ago, and *often and always publicly proclaimed*. Many of their statements, I understand, were published in the *United States Telegraph*, edited by Duff Green, about 1828 or 1832, when General Jackson was a candidate for President. Others, Benjamin Massey's, Esq., and John Carnes's, were published in 1845 in the two Charlotte (N. C.) papers, and in the *Lancaster Ledger* some two or three years ago; and these statements have never been successfully controverted. In fact, I have seen no attempt at the time to controvert them at all.

The most and strongest testimony comes from the immediate *relations* of General Jackson and *persons living* in the State of *South Carolina*, whose prejudices and inclinations would naturally all tend to the *opposite direction*. Then it is *certain*, if they are to be *credited*, that General Jackson *was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina*. Where, then, did George McCamie live? Many old persons know the place well, and the ruins of the place still mark the spot. It is still called the "Old McCamie House," and is near Cureton's Pond in *Union county, North Carolina*, about one-fourth of a mile east of the State line between North Carolina and South Carolina (which line here runs north and south), and a little over one-fourth of a mile southeast of Cureton's Pond, and now belongs to Wm. J. Cureton, of South Carolina. We have the

statements of Mr. Hugh McCommon and wife Julia, and of Mr. John Porter, and of Mr. Thomas Cureton, senior, persons all over sixty and some near eighty years old, and the neighborhood tradition, of where both the George Camie and the Leslie houses stood; and these persons were *born* and *raised* in the *immediate neighborhood*, and *lived* there for the last *sixty* or *seventy* years.

We have the stronger evidence of the LAND TITLES, showing that the patent of the McCamie tract was *surveyed* in 1757 for John McCane; that it was patented in 1761; sold to Repentance Townsend by McCane in 1761, and by Townsend to George McCamie in 1766, the year before Jackson's birth, and the year after, his biographers say, his father and friends arrived in Waxhaws. It was held by McCamie until he sold it to Thomas Crawford in 1792, and by Crawford to Jeremiah Cureton, senior, in 1796; and is now the property of his son, William J. Cureton; all of which deeds have been duly *registered*, and they describe the land as *lying in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina*. [See Register's book xiv, page 202—book xi, page 38, in Charlotte, N. C., &c.] All which deeds *locate the McCamie tract in North Carolina, where it has been so conclusively proven that Andrew Jackson was born*.

As to Aunt Phillis's testimony, which the *Ledger* speaks of I saw her in the presence of her master, Mr. M. P. Crawford, a few days ago. She has quite a confused idea from hearsay evidence, and says she "*does not know* where Jackson was born;" that she only knew him and waited on him when he was a *school-boy* boarding at her master Crawford's, and she did *not know* whether he or herself was the *oldest*; that her "old master Crawford said, when she did not state, that he (Jackson) was born at the Wren place; that some said he was born *away down on the river*, for her part, *she didn't know where he was born*." She did not even know George McCamie or his place, although he lived within two miles of her master until 1792.

But, says the *Ledger*, "surely a man ought to know where he was born." I should suppose he would be rather a promising youth, that could recollect that far back in his helpless infancy. It is said that he is a wise child who knows his father, and, I think, he would be equally precocious who could tell his birth-place of his own knowledge. But suppose that General Jackson says that he was *told so* (viz.: where he was born,) by *others*. Then let us hear who those persons were that told him so, and see if their opportunities for knowing the fact were as good as were those of his *aunt*, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, who was a near neighbor, was sent for at the time, and who is said to have been the midwife who delivered her sister on that occasion; for she positively asserts that "Jackson was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina, and that she was present at his birth,"—if James and Thomas Faulkner, John Lathen, and John Carnes are to be believed. Were their opportunities for knowing as good as Mrs. Lathen's, his *cousin*? For she said that he (Jackson) was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina, for she was present and remembers well going with her mother (Mrs. Leslie) on that occasion the near way through the fields—if Benjamin Massey, Esq., John Lathen (her son), or Thomas and James Faulkner, her nephews, (and these last three all second cousins of General Jackson,) all of South Carolina, are to be credited. Or were the means of these narrators for knowing the fact as good as Elizabeth McWhorter's and her son George, or Mrs. Cousar, near neighbors and intimate friends, who say they were "present on that night" or "next day," "and that Jackson was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina?"—if Samuel McWhorter, Jeremiah Cureton, and Thomas Cureton, seniors, and many others are reliable. Recollect that the witnesses are chiefly *South Carolinians*, and mostly *relations* of Jackson, near *neighbors*, and all of *unquestionable veracity*, not only the *speakers* but also *those who related* their conversations. Could anything be more conclusive to an unprejudiced mind than that General

Andrew Jackson *was born at George McCamie's or McKemey's, and that McCamie then lived in North Carolina?* Surely no honest jury could have a reasonable doubt, with such convincing testimony, *that his birth-place was in North Carolina.* General Jackson, doubtless, formed his opinions as to his birth-place upon his own earliest recollections and youthful associations, which were connected with the Crawford place, where his mother removed to when he was but three weeks old; or from information derived from persons who had no such means of forming as correct opinions themselves as those persons had whose information we have above given.

The fact is, I suppose, that very few men can tell, even from information received from others, where they were born; especially if they have lost their parents in early life, and have been far removed, for a very long time, from the scenes of their native place, as was the case of Jackson. His mother died when he was about fourteen, and we never hear of his being in Waxhaws after the Revolution. What means had he then of getting information of the place of his birth?

I have seen three biographies of General Jackson, one written about 1818, by I have forgotten whom, who states that he was "born in the Waxhaws, Marion District, South Carolina." Another, written by John S. Jenkins, and one by William Cobbett, both of which put him down as born in "Waxhaw Settlement," "about forty-five miles from Camden," and one states "near the North Carolina line"; but neither of them say in what State. I have not seen Kendall's "Life of Jackson," which is said to have been written by his authority; and which states, as I learn, that he was born at Crawford's, in South Carolina; but which his South Carolina friends assert to be at *Wren's*, one of Crawford's places. And there being, therefore, such manifest discrepancy in the description of the proper place, it shows, evidently, that there was no settled opinion by General Jackson himself of the place of his birth. And, therefore, he just supposed that he was born at Craw-

ford's place, near the Waxhaw Creek bridge, because his earliest associations were connected with that place.

South Carolina has *some* pretensions to *claim* the birth place of Jackson, although they seem to be more *specious* than *true*. But Virginia might, with as much propriety, claim the birth-place of Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the Great, as to claim that of Andrew Jackson.

The truth is, that General Jackson's father settled and lived one or two years of his life in North Carolina, and died there; and he, Andrew, junior, his son, was born in North Carolina at George McCamie's; and in North Carolina is where he finished his education, and studied law, and practiced it in his early manhood. As far, therefore, as those things can give character or consequence to a State, *North Carolina* is justly entitled to the honor of giving birth and a profession to Gen. Andrew Jackson; and if ever the truth of history shall be vindicated, she will have the honor of having been the State of his nativity.

September 7, 1858.

LANCASTER DISTRICT, S. C., August 5, 1845.

SIR: Agreeable to your request, and to fulfil my promise to you, I herewith send you Mrs. Lathen's history of the birth of Andrew Jackson, as related to me by herself about the year 1822, as well as my memory now serves me. Mrs. Lathen states that herself and General Andrew Jackson were sisters' children; that Mr. Leslie, the father of Mrs. Lathen, Mr. McCamie, Mr. Jackson, the father of Andrew, and Mr. James Crawford, all married sisters; Mr. Leslie and Mr. McCamie located themselves in Mecklenburg, N. C., Waxhaws; Mr. Crawford located in Lancaster District, S. C., Waxhaws; Mr. Jackson located himself near Twelve-mile Creek, Mecklenburg, N. C.; that she was about seven years older than Andrew Jackson; that when the father of Andrew died, Mrs. Jackson left home and came to her brother-in-law's, Mr. McCamie's previous to the birth of Andrew; after living at Mr. McCamie's awhile, Andrew was born, and she was present at his birth; as soon as Mrs. Jackson was restored to health and strength she came to Mr. James Crawford's, in South Carolina, and there remained.

I believe the above contains all the facts as given by Mrs. Lathen to me. Mrs. L. was lady of very fair standing in society.

BENJAMIN MASSEY.

MR. S. H. WALKUP.



LANCASTER DISTRICT, S. C., August 22, 1845.

Mrs. Leslie, the aunt of General Jackson, has often told me that General Jackson was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina, and that his mother, soon after his birth, moved over to James Crawford's, in South Carolina; and I think she told me she was present at his birth; but at any rate, she knew well, he was born at McCamie's, and that the impression that he was born at Crawford's arose from his mother moving over there so soon after his birth. Mrs. Leslie was a lady of unblemished character and excellent reputation.

JOHN CARNES.

S. H. WALKUP.

AUGUST 26, 1858.

Mr. James Faulkner, of Steel Creek, N. C., states that he is sixty-two years of age, and is the son of James and Mary Faulkner; that his mother was a daughter of Samuel and Sarah Leslie, and therefore his mother was full cousin of General Jackson, and his grandmother was sister of Mrs. Jackson; that he was born and raised in South Carolina, and that Mrs. George McCamie and Mrs. James Crawford were sisters of Mrs. Jackson and his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Leslie. He locates the places where they settled, and shows that Mr. Andrew Jackson, senior, settled and died on Twelve-mile Creek, N. C.; that George McCamie settled a quarter of a mile east of Cureton's Pond and a quarter east of the public road, and in North Carolina; that Mrs. Leslie was a very near neighbor to Mr. McCamie, and in North Carolina; and that James Crawford settled about two miles and a half south-west in South Carolina. He states particular reasons and circumstances why he knew the McCamie place, viz.: that his father lived with McCamie in 1785, for one year, and spoke of hobbling and turning out the horses to graze at Cureton's Pond, and of his making only fifteen bushels of corn at that place that year as his share of the crop; and further, that his uncle, George Leslie, lived with McCamie for several years, and until the death of his aunt, Mrs. McCamie, in 1790; that he was named for McCamie to inherit his property. He states that old Mr. Jackson died before the birth of his son, Gen. Jackson, and that his widow, Mrs. Jackson, was quite poor, and moved from her residence on Twelve-mile Creek, N. C., to live with her relations on Waxhaw Creek, and whilst on her way there she stopped with her sister, Mrs. McCamie, in North Carolina, and was there delivered of Andrew, afterwards President of the United States; that he learned this from various old persons, and particularly heard his aunt Sarah Lathen often speak of it and assert that she was present at his, Jackson's, birth; that she said her mother, Mrs. Leslie, was sent for on that occasion and took her, Mrs. Lathen, then a small girl about seven years of age, with her, and that she recollected well of going the near way

through the fields to get there ; and that afterwards, when Mrs. Jackson became able to travel, she continued her trip to Mr. Crawford's and took her son Andrew with her, and there remained. He thinks also that his aunt said that her mother was the midwife who delivered Mrs. Jackson on that occasion ; that his aunt was a woman of good character, and sound mind and memory to the time of her death.

Before:

Signed.

JAMES FAULKNER.

JOHN M. POTTS, J. P., and

SAM'L H. WALKUP.

WAXHAW, near the WAXHAW CHURCH,  
LANCASTER DISTRICT, S. C., August 30, 1858.

The following is about what I have heard my mother, Sarah Lathen, say in frequent conversation about the birth-place of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. She has often remarked that Andrew Jackson was born at the house of George McCamie, and that she (Mrs. Lathen) was present at his birth. She stated that the father of Andrew Jackson, viz., Andrew Jackson, senior, lived and died on Twelve-mile Creek, in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and that soon after his death, Mrs. Jackson left Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, to go to live with Mr. Crawford, in Lancaster District, South Carolina. That on her way she called at the house of George McCamie, who had married a sister of hers (Mrs. Jackson), and whilst at McCamie's she was taken sick and sent for Mrs. Sarah Leslie, her sister, and the mother of Mrs. Sarah Lathen, who was a midwife, and who lived near McCamie's. That she, Mrs. Lathen, accompanied her mother, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, to George McCamie's; that she was a young girl and recollects going with her mother; they walked through the fields in the night, and that she was present when Andrew Jackson was born. That as soon as Mrs. Jackson got able to travel after the birth of Andrew she went on to Mr. Crawford's, where she afterwards lived.

The maiden names of my grandmother and sisters (Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. McCamie and Mrs. Crawford) were Hutchison. One of them married Samuel Leslie, my grandfather, one married James Crawford, one married George McCamie, and one married Andrew Jackson, senior. Jackson lived on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina ; Leslie lived on the north side of Waxhaw Creek, North Carolina, on the east side of the public road leading from Lancaster Court-house, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, about one mile east of said road, and east of a large branch, and near to George McCamie's, as I understood, but not so near the public road as McCamie's. I don't know where McCamie lived. Crawford lived near Waxhaw Creek in North Carolina.

My mother, Sarah Lathen, was the daughter of Samuel and Sarah Leslie, and died about thirty-five years ago, and was over sixty years old at her death. My mother lived near me until her death, and we lived about seven or eight miles from Samuel Leslie's and William J. Cureton's place, and about two miles from old Waxhaw church, in South Carolina. I am seventy years of age and have a very distinct recollection of all the facts above stated as true and correct, as stated by my mother, and as recollected by myself.

Tests:

JOHN LATHEN.

DIXON LATHEN,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

I remember the statements made by Mrs. Sarah Lathen substantially as above stated by my husband, and heard Mrs. Lathen often repeat them as above given about Andrew Jackson being born at George McCamie's, and she being present with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, at his birth.

Tests:

AGNES LATHEN.

DIXON LATHEN,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

NEAR THE OLD WAXHAW CHURCH, S. C., August 31, 1858.

I have heard my grandmother, Sarah Leslie, say that she was present at the birth of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States—that he was born at the house of George McCamie. She stated that the father of Andrew Jackson was married to her sister, and that he had died up in North Carolina on Twelve-mile Creek before the birth of Andrew Jackson, junior; that her sister, Mrs. Jackson, had left that place and came to George McCamie's, and there was delivered of Andrew Jackson, and that she was sent for on the night that he was born, and went through the fields, and that it was but a short distance from where she lived to Mr. McCamie's. She lived in North Carolina, north of Waxhaw Creek, and east of the public road leading from Lancaster, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, about one mile east. She lived with my mother, Sarah Lathen, after I was grown to manhood. I think my grandmother was a midwife, as was also my mother. Mrs. Leslie had her mind and memory up to her death in full vigor. She was an old woman when she died at my mother's, near to this place, Waxhaw church, South Carolina. She died about fifty years ago. All of which I certify to be correct.

JOHN LATHEN.

Test: DIXON LATHEN,  
S. W. WALKUP.

AUGUST 31, 1858.

My recollection of what Mrs. Sarah Lathen said of the birth-place of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was about this: I have often heard her say that Mrs. Betty Jackson, the mother of Andrew Jackson, "was taken sick at the house of Mr. McCamie, and sent for Mrs. Sarah Leslie at the time, when she was delivered of Andrew Jackson, and that she, Mrs. Leslie took her daughter, Mrs. Lathen, with her on the night of Jackson's birth; and that they walked through the fields, the near way, from Mrs. Leslie's to George McCamie's." I have often heard my grandmother, Sarah Leslie, say "that she was sent for, on the night of the birth of Andrew Jackson, by her sister Mrs. Betty Jackson, who was taken sick at the house of her brother-in-law, George McCamie, and that she took her daughter, Sarah Lathen, then a small girl, with her; that they walked the near way, through the fields, to McCamie's, and that she was present when Andrew Jackson was born at the house of said George McCamie." These women were both of sound minds and excellent memories and characters, up to the time of their deaths. Mrs. Leslie died about fifty years ago, and Mrs. Lathen died thirty-five years ago. I am now seventy years of age, and reside now, where I have ever since my birth, in Lancaster District, South Carolina, near Craigsville P. O., and about two miles from the old Waxhaw church. I am the grandson of Sarah Leslie, the aunt of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and son of Mary and James Faulkner. My decided opinion is that Andrew Jackson was born at the house of George McCamie, and that George McCamie lived at that time on the east of the public road leading from Lancaster Court-house, S. C., to Charlotte, N. C., on the north side of Waxhaw Creek, and in a north-west direction from where my grandfather Samuel Leslie lived—about half-way between where the public road crosses Waxhaw Creek, at Major Crawford's, in South Carolina, to Walkup's Mill, in North Carolina, on Waxhaw Creek; being, I think, nearer Walkup's old mill than Crawford's, on the north side of Waxhaw Creek, and about one-half or three-fourths of a mile from Waxhaw Creek, on the east of a small branch, and about one mile from the public road from Lancaster to Charlotte. George McCamie, after the death of his wife (my aunt Peggy), removed to Thomas Crawford's, on Cain Creek, S. C., where he died. All of which is hereby certified to be true and correct, according to my best recollection.

his

THOMAS X FAULKNER.

mark.

Test: SAM'L FAULKNER,  
SAM'L H. WALKUP.

NEAR WILSON'S STORE, UNION COUNTY, N. C.,

September 4, 1858.

I, Samuel McWhorter, do hereby certify that I have oftentimes heard my father, George McWhorter, speaking of Gen. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. He said he had been very intimate with Jackson in their youth, were intimate associates, and went to school together, and lived in the same neighborhood within about two miles of each other; that his mother, Elizabeth McWhorter, was a near neighbor, and was present on the night of Jackson's birth; that his mother went back on the next day to see Mrs. Jackson and took him, George McWhorter, with her; that he was then a little over five years old, and saw Mrs. Jackson and her son Andrew, and recollects very well all about it; that Mrs. Jackson was removing from where she and her husband had resided on Twelve-mile Creek, in North Carolina, where old Joe McCommon afterwards lived, (and where Mrs. Laney now lives, near Pleasant Grove Camp Ground, and near the Howie gold mine now owned by Commodore Stockton;) that she, Mrs. Jackson, was on her way to live with Mr. Crawford and her other connections in Waxhaws, and was taken sick at the house of George McCamie, who had married a sister of hers and was then living in North Carolina near where old Jeremiah Cureton afterwards had a store, and was delivered at that place (McCamie's) of Andrew Jackson. He stated that he was well acquainted with George McCamie and his family, and that they lived in North Carolina between where his father, George McWhorter, lived and old Jeremiah Cureton's store. My grandfather, he said, lived about from three-fourths to a mile north-west of James Walkup's old mill, and that McCamie lived north-west a short distance from his house; and that old Samuel Leslie lived very near to his father's; and that they, the Leslies (Samuel and James) and George McCamie and John McCommon were all near neighbors and very intimate friends. My father was a Revolutionary soldier, he said, under Major Crawford, and was at Charleston, South Carolina, and drew a pension for several years before his death at the rate of about forty-one dollars per annum. The family record, an old Bible, exhibits this record in my father's handwriting: "George McWhorter, born the 8th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1762," and is taken from the original family record now in possession of the family of my brother John McWhorter, and I know this to be a correct copy of the original which I have seen. My father lived at this place about thirty-eight years before his death, and died 4th February, 1841, about eighty years of age; he retained his mental faculties in full strength up to the time of his death.

I have frequently heard my father and grandmother, Elizabeth McWhorter, speak of the birth of Andrew Jackson being at George McCamie's house in North Carolina. She said Mrs. Jackson was on her way from her



residence, on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, to her relations in Waxhaws, and stopped to stay all night with her sister, Mrs. McCamie, and was taken in labor there, and that she, Mrs. McWhorter, was sent for as a near neighbor, and was present at the birth of Andrew, at the house of George McCamie in North Carolina; and that she took my father with her the next day when she visited Mrs. Jackson at McCamie's. My grandmother lived with my father about two years when I was about nine or ten years old, and died about fifty years ago. I am now sixty-one years of age. All of which I certify to be correct.

SAMUEL MCWHORTER.

Tests: SAMUEL H. WALKUP,

H. C. WALKUP.

WALKERVILLE P. O., N. C., September 4, 1858.

This to certify that I, Jane Wilson, have heard many old persons, during the time General Andrew Jackson was a candidate for President in 1828, speak of his having been born in North Carolina, near old Jeremiah Cureton's store in South Carolina. The reputation of his birth-place being in North Carolina was very general. I remember hearing old Moses Vick speak, on a public day, of General Jackson's being born in North Carolina, near Cureton, and claim that he was related to Jackson. I heard old George McWhorter also remark, frequently, that General Jackson and he were playmates and very familiar, and went to school together; and he asserted that he knew the very spot where General Jackson was born, and named the place, and said it was in North Carolina near old Jeremiah Cureton's store. A great many other old persons, also, on the same public day, at Wilson's, and at other times, I have heard speak of Jackson having been born as above stated. I am now fifty-nine years of age.

JANE WILSON.

Witness: S. H. WALKUP.

JOHN PORTER'S, NEAR CURETON'S STORE, S. C.,

August 30, 1858.

I am in my seventy-seventh year, and was born and raised in this neighborhood. I am well acquainted with the place where it is said old George McCamie lived. It is about one mile south of my house, in a field now owned by William J. Cureton, and formerly belonged to his father, Jeremiah Cureton, senior, where they lived for some time—lying east of the public road leading from Lancaster Court-house, S. C., to Charlotte, N. C., about one-fourth of a mile east of said public road and about one-fourth of a mile south-east of Cureton's Pond, and is in North Carolina. My father, William Porter, lived on Twelve-mile Creek, about four miles from this place, and was well acquainted with Andrew Jackson, afterwards President of the

United States. I have often heard my father say that Mrs. Jackson, the mother of Andrew Jackson, lived a short time at the George McCamie place, and McCamie was a relation of Mrs. Jackson; and afterwards Mrs. Jackson went from George McCamie's place to old William Wren's place, where she remained for some time. Andrew Jackson was frequently at my father's house, and taught school in the neighborhood; one of my brothers and sisters went to school to him. The place where General Jackson was born has always been disputed, some alleging that he was born at the Wren place, and others at the McCamie place. There were some two families of Leslies living in a southeasterly direction, a short distance up the creek, from George McCamie's, and on the north side of said creek and east of the public road. I have passed the place often going to Walkup's mill, on Waxhaw Creek, N. C.

JOHN PORTER,

Test: S. H. WALKUP.

Per S. R. Porter.

THOMAS CURETON'S HOUSE,  
Near corner-stone between N. and S. Carolina,

August 31, 1858.

I, Thomas Cureton, senior, being about seventy-five years of age, do hereby certify that my father, James Cureton, came to this Waxhaw Settlement from Roanoke River in North Carolina, about seventy-three years ago, as I am informed and believe, when I was about one year old; and my brother Jeremiah Cureton, who was about twenty years older than myself, came with him. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, bought the George McCamie place some time after he came to this county, in about 1796, and settled down on the same place and in the same house where George McCamie lived. He remained there a few years, and until he bought the place where William J. Cureton now lives. I know the George McCamie place well. It lies in North Carolina, about a quarter of a mile east of the public road leading from Lancaster Court House, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and to the right of said road as you travel north; and lies a little east of south from Cureton's Pond on said public road, and a little over a quarter of a mile from said pond. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, always called that the McCamie house, and the McCamie place. My brother, Jeremiah Cureton, was of the opinion, from information derived from old Mrs. Molly Cousar, the mother of Richard Cousar, that Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was born at the George McCamie place as above described. Mrs. Cousar was a neighbor, and lived then, at the time of the birth of General Andrew Jackson and until her death, in South Carolina, about one mile west from the George McCamie house, and was a very old woman when she died, which was about thirty-five years ago. She was a woman of undoubted good moral character, and her veracity

was unquestionable. The Leslie houses lay about half a mile in a southern direction from the McCamie house, and north of Waxhaw Creek, and east of the public road. I have lived for the last seventy-two or three years within three or four miles of the McCamie place.

All of which is hereby certified to be correct and true to the best of my my opinion and belief.

THOMAS CURETON.

Witness: SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

CURETON'S STORE, S. C., September 3, 1858.

My recollection, from what my father, Jeremiah Cureton, senior, told me, was that he, my father, lived on the old tract called the George McCamie tract, and in the house where George McCamie lived, and where it was said that Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was born; and that he, my father, afterwards removed to the place where I now live. My father has frequently pointed out to me the old McCamie house as the place where, he said, he always understood Andrew Jackson was born. That old persons, who knew all about his birth-place, had said that there was where Jackson was born, and that old Mrs. Molly Cousar was one of the persons he spoke of having made that statement, and he spoke very confidently, from information he had received from various old persons, that the George McCamie house was where Jackson was born. This McCamie house lies about half a mile south-east of where I now live, and is in Union county, North Carolina, formerly called Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and is a little over a quarter of a mile south-east of what is called Cureton's Pond, and about a quarter of a mile east of the State line and the public road leading from Lancaster Court-house, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, about one and a half miles north of Waxhaw Creek. I have the old land papers for said tract, which was patented to John McCane, 1761, upon a survey dated 8th September, 1757; conveyed by McCane to Repentance Townsend 10th April, 1761, and by Townsend to George McCamie, 3d January, 1766; and by George McCamie to Thomas Crawford, 1792; and from Crawford and wife Elizabeth, to my father, 23d July, 1796; and by my father to myself, and which I still own. My father came from Virginia with my grandfather, James Cureton, to Roanoke, North Carolina, and from there to Waxhaws, South Carolina, and purchased the McCamie place, where he lived a few years, and then removed to the place where I now reside, in Lancaster District, South Carolina, where he remained until his death in 1847, being then eighty-four years of age. This is about all I can recollect, from information derived from my father and these old land papers, about the McCamie house and place.

W. J. CURETON.

Witness: S. H. WALKUP.

MONROE, N. C., September 6, 1858.

I, Thomas Winchester, senior, of Twelve-mile Creek, N. C., near Pleasant Grove Camp Ground, aged eighty-four years, do hereby certify that I came to Twelve-mile Creek when I was eighteen years of age with my father, William Winchester, senior; that my father rented land from one Joseph McCommon for the first year, and died; that I and my mother rented the same place for two or three years afterwards; that the place was said to have been owned by Andrew Jackson, senior, the father of Andrew Jackson, afterwards General, and President of the United States; that it had been owned by Sampson Grey, and afterwards was bought by Joseph McCommon, and that afterwards Joseph McCommon lived on the place, and that John Laney next bought and lived on the same place until his death, and that his widow, Martha Laney, now lives on the same place on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, where it was said the father of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, lived at the time of his death. Mrs. Laney is about seventy-five years old. I have heard old Charley Findley speak at different times and say that Andrew Jackson, senior, the father of General Andrew Jackson, lived and died on that place, and was buried at old Waxhaw church, South Carolina, and that he was very poor; and that after his death his widow, Mrs. Jackson, went back to Waxhaws to live, and that Andrew Jackson, junior, afterwards President, was born in Waxhaw, North Carolina; and he spoke of knowing General Jackson well and of having seen him often, and boasted of his being born in North Carolina. Charles Findley lived and died in the neighborhood where old Andrew Jackson died. Mr. Charles Findley was a very old man when he died, and his character was unimpeachable for truth and honesty, and he was a man of considerable intelligence. I have often heard other old persons speak of old Andrew Jackson having lived and died on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, at the above specified place, and they were men who knew old Andrew Jackson; among them was old John Howie, who lived within one and a half miles of the place; Alexander Grey, who lived within two miles; John McCorkle, who lived within half a mile—all of whom were acquaintances of old Andrew Jackson, the father of the President of the United States. I have lived within one and a half miles of the same place for the last sixty-three years. I have heard many other things of the birth of Andrew Jackson, and of his father's residence on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, in accordance with the above which has partly escaped my memory. All of which is certified to be correct.

THOMAS WINCHESTER, SR.

Test: GEORGE A. WINCHESTER.

MONROE, N. C., September 6, 1858.

I, Andrew Secrest, senior, of Union county, North Carolina, aged eighty-three years, do hereby substantially corroborate what is stated by Mr. Thomas Winchester above given, and in addition state that my father, Jacob Secrest, senior, lived at the old Andrew Jackson place about eight years before Sampson Grey bought it of my father, and I lived with my father at the time. My father was well acquainted with old Andrew Jackson, senior, while he lived on the above place, and I have often heard him speak of him. All of which is hereby certified to be correct.

ANDREW SECREST.

Tests: THOMAS D. WINCHESTER, senior,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

I, Hugh McCommon, now aged sixty-nine years, a resident of Waxhaws in Union county, North Carolina, do hereby certify that I was born and raised within less than a mile of this place where I now live, and that my father's house was about one and a half miles due east from what is known as the George McCamie place. I have always well known the George McCamie house from my boyhood, and it was always called the old McCamie house. It lays about one-fourth of a mile southeast from Cureton's Pond, and about the same distance east of the public road leading from Lancaster Court-house, South Carolina, to Charlotte, in North Carolina. The remains of the old chimney are still visible. It is in North Carolina, Union county, and about one mile north of Waxhaw Creek. Jeremiah Cureton, senior, lived once in the same George McCamie house, which he afterwards turned into a gin-house; and I have had cotton picked and packed in the same house when I was a small boy for my mother. It lies about one-fourth of a mile north-east of where Green Yarborough now lives. It was always called, by old Jerry Cureton and other old persons, the "McCamie place." I have often heard several old persons say that Gen. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was born in the above described old George McCamie place. That his mother was on her way, from her residence on Twelve-mile Creek, North Carolina, to Mr. Crawford's in South Carolina, and stopped at George McCamie's, who was a relation; and whilst at McCamie's was delivered of Andrew Jackson. I heard several old persons speak of this fact, and among the rest was old George McWhorter, who said he was well acquainted with General Jackson in boyhood, and went to school with him, and had had many a fight with him, and who said that Jackson never would give up, although he was always badly beaten, as he, McWhorter, was much the stronger of the two. McWhorter told me he was in the Revolutionary war towards its close, doing



some service with the Whigs. He was a man of unexceptionable good moral character, and undoubted veracity, and lived and died in the same neighborhood, and died about eighteen years ago. I also was well acquainted with the two old houses where Samuel and James Leslie lived. They lived near each other not more than one hundred yards apart, on the west side of a branch, and about one hundred yards from the branch; about a quarter of a mile south-east from the George McCamie place, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Waxhaw Creek, on the north side; and about half a mile east of the public road leading from Lancaster, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina. My parents lived about one mile and a half east of the Leslies, and I have been there oftentimes, and they have done many errands of kindness as neighbors for my mother. The houses and men were all old when I was a boy. My father lived at the same place where I was born and raised, before the war of the Revolution. Old Archy and Molly Cousar lived about from three-quarters to a mile west of the Leslies and George McCamie's. There was no woodland between Leslie's and McCamie's, since I knew them. From Leslie's and McCamie's to the old Crawford and Wren places would be over two miles, and a considerable portion of the distance has always been woodland, until of late years. All of which is given under my hand as correct.

HUGH McCOMMON.

Tests: HUGH C. NISBET,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

I, Julia McCommon, aged sixty-six years, do hereby certify that I was raised, until about the age of fourteen years, on this place, and in about two miles from what is known as the old George McCamie place, where it is said Andrew Jackson was born. That place has always been called the McCamie place. Old Jerry Cureton was living on it when I first knew it, and his son, William J. Cureton, now owns the same place. I knew it well and have been at the place more than fifty times when I was small. It was called by my mother and other old persons "McCamie's old place." It lies in Union county, North Carolina, one-quarter of a mile south-east of Cureton's Pond, and the same distance east of the public road leading from Lancaster to Charlotte. My relations lived in the neighborhood, and therefore I was by and at the house. I could now point out the very spot where the house stood.

her

JULIA X McCOMMON.

mark.

Tests: HUGH C. NISBET,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

NEAR CRAIGSVILLE POST-OFFICE, S. C.,

August 31, 1858.

My recollection of the relations of General Andrew Jackson and our own was, that there were six sisters, called Hutchison, who came from Ireland before the Revolutionary war several years, and were married as follows: Margaret intermarried with George McCamie, who settled on the north side of Waxhaw Creek. Molly intermarried with John Leslie, and lived in Lancaster District, South Carolina, on Camp Creek, about two and a half miles from Lancaster Court-house. Sarah intermarried with Samuel Leslie, and settled on the north side of Waxhaw Creek, in North Carolina, about half or three-quarters of a mile from said creek, and on the east side of the public road. Jenny intermarried with James Crawford, and settled near Waxhaw Creek in Lancaster District, South Carolina, on the north side of said creek. Betty intermarried with Andrew Jackson, the father of General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, and father of Hugh and Robert, being the only children he left as I have ever heard of. Grace intermarried with James Crow, who lived near Landsford, in Lancaster District, South Carolina, where John Foster now lives. We are the grandsons of Sarah and Samuel Leslie; and are, Thomas Faulkner, seventy-one years old on the sixth of November, 1858, and Samuel Faulkner, sixty-eight years old.

his

THOMAS X FAULKNER,  
mark.

SAMUEL FAULKNER.

Tests: F. FAULKNER,  
SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

CRAIGSVILLE, S. C., September 1, 1858.

SIR: Your note of yesterday was handed me this morning, and contents noted. Patent facts abundantly justify me in appending the following:

I hereby certify Messrs. Thomas and Samuel Faulkner and John Lathen are my immediate neighbors and men of the highest respectability, and have been from early life orderly members of that branch of the Presbyterian church with which I am connected; and their reputation in this district is an impenetrable ægis against any suspicion involving their veracity.

D. R. ROBINSON.

Gen. S. H. WALKUP.

## MEMOIR.

[We give a short sketch of a man well known, and especially remembered in his connection with the University, of which he was an honored alumnus and a very warm friend. Being a grandson of the first President of the Board of Trustees, he took peculiar interest in its welfare, and his wise counsel and warm personal interest will be sorely missed—EDS.]

WALTER WAIGHTSTILL LENOIR died at his home, at Stonewall, Watauga County, N. C., on the evening of July 26th, 1890. He was born at Fort Defiance, Caldwell County, N. C., March 13th, 1823. He was the son of Thomas and Selina Louisa Lenoir, and the grandson of General William Lenoir of Revolutionary memory, and of Colonel Waightstill Avery, a true patriot, and one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

In 1843 he graduated with high honors at the University of North Carolina. There were but two others of a large class that took first distinction; and it being necessary to draw for the Valedictory, the prize fell to him. He studied Law, was admitted to the Bar in 1845, and came easily to the front rank of his profession. He was especially regarded by his legal brethren as one of the best judges of law in North Carolina.

On the 10th day of June, 1856, he was united in marriage to Miss Cornelia I. Christian, of Staunton, Va., a union so congenial that perfect happiness was vouchsafed to them until the death of their lovely child, Anna Tate Lenoir. The mother soon followed, leaving wound-prints in his heart that were never healed; but being of noble mould he was soon convinced that usefulness lay not in a selfish indulgence of sorrow, but in the path of duty. That path was soon made plain to him. The Civil War came, and he quickly decided how he could best serve his country. He declared his firm belief in the justice and sacredness of her cause, and said that he was ready cheerfully to sacrifice in its defence, whatever it might need,

of his means, his strength, his time, and his capacity of endurance. In December, 1862, he entered the Confederate army as a private. In January, 1863, he was promoted to the captaincy of a company that had been in active service. It was with serious misgivings that he accepted the office; but he proved himself a wise and efficient leader, gladly sharing the hardships of his men, and endearing himself to them by many acts of unselfish kindness. Their love for him amounted to devotion. He was wounded at the battle of Ox Hill, September 1st, 1863. His brave company, of which one-third only was left after the second battle of Manassas Plains, was exposed to a terrific fire, and all but three were either killed or wounded. His account of himself in this hotly contested action is most characteristic. He says in his Diary, "In the twilight, toward the close of the battle, I had thrown myself on the ground from sheer exhaustion, and was talking to Captain Morris, who was in the same attitude. I turned my face from him to speak to my men, when I felt an excruciating pain in my leg. I said to him in my natural voice, 'Captain Morris, my leg is broken by a musket-ball.' Very soon after I felt another blow upon the same leg, and I said to him again in the same tone, 'I am wounded again in the same leg.' After finishing the conversation, commenced before I received the second wound, which shattered both bones of my leg, he was summoned away, and I dragged myself about ten steps or more to a place a little more elevated than the fence at which we had been fighting, thinking there would be a better chance of my being found. While there, I had sand thrown over my face various times by musket-balls which struck the ground near my head, while the shells from the enemy's battery, which was enfilading our line, passed in fearful proximity to my body. I felt a wonderful degree of calmness and resignation to my fate in this alarming situation. I thought that if the wounds I had already received did not prove fatal, it was very probable that I would be struck again and killed, but I felt that I was in the hands of a merciful God, and He

would do with me what was right. In a few hours one of my men found me; and with the assistance of three others bore me off on my blanket, stretched between two fence-rails to a house about a quarter of a mile distant, and laid me on a narrow porch which was so crowded with the wounded that there was only room for me at the entry, and my wounded leg was often struck by passers-by, to my great torture. Next morning I was carried on my stretcher for nearly a mile, and laid on the ground in an old field, with other wounded, to await surgical aid, which could not be obtained until September 3d, when, to my great relief, a surgeon amputated my leg." In another part of his Diary he says: "The life of a soldier is calculated in many respects to have a hardening influence on the heart, but somehow it seemed to soften mine. When, in that hard campaign, I saw the sufferings of my men, and thousands of others—their weary gait, their bare and bleeding feet, and their heroic patience, my heart was touched to the core, and I often found the tears unconsciously coursing down my cheeks \* \* \*."

"At the battle of Cedar Run I was constantly with my men, encouraging them, and assisting them and others whom I knew, to load, etc. They were so worn out by the march and the fight, that, although much exhausted myself, I had to assist two of my men in the last charge through the corn-field, by having them to lean on my shoulder for a while." Other extracts from his Diary might be given which show, not only his unswerving devotion to duty, but his exceeding gentleness of nature. After the close of the war, he turned to peaceful and more congenial pursuits. He lived for several years in Haywood County. From that place his duty called him to Watauga County, where he lived until his death. Under the very shadow of the Grandfather Mountain he loved to abide, and among the noble-hearted people of that mountain section he was best known and appreciated. In 1883 he was elected a member of the State Legislature from Watauga County, and



his grateful constituents would have continued thus to honor him, but for his absolute refusal longer to continue in public office. He preferred a quiet, unobtrusive life among his own people, where his large-hearted beneficence would find ample scope. No man, perhaps, has ever done so much for the people of Watauga as Walter Waightstill Lenoir. He was to them at all times a wise counsellor, a true friend, an unfailing helper. His place cannot soon be filled. A generous, sympathetic Christian life—who can tell its influence?

“ Say not his work is done,  
No deed of love and goodness ever dies,  
But in the lives of others multiplies.  
Say, It is just begun.”

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AS THE CLOSE of the session draws near, we wish to say something about our gymnasium. This is the second year that, under the management of the Y. M. C. A., we have had a trained athlete, and a christian gentleman, as instructor in athletics. Mr. Charles L. Mangum has had control this year, and we feel sure that no more efficient nor more courteous instructor could have been obtained. He has accomplished a great deal and has instilled some degree of enthusiasm into the work, but there is not enough interest manifested yet. So little interest was taken in the work that the idea of having a Field Day had to be dropped. We shall hope that next year the spirit which has been awakened in out-door athletics may also be awakened in the gymnasium work. The two should go together.

A QUESTION the students are now asking is: "What were the Faculty trying to do when they made the Di. Representatives speak before them?" We suppose they had nothing else to do, and just wanted to play like they were doing something.

DURING the present session we have had two or three good THINGS(?) and several new theories imported from the Northern colleges, and, as it seems to be the fashion, we would like to suggest a change in our library regulations, which, we think, would be a wise step. In some of the Northern colleges, at least, the libraries are kept open on Sunday. We think it would be well to open our library on Sunday afternoons. Do not allow the books to be taken out, but permit the students to enter and read. Our reading-room is thrown open on Sunday, then why not the library also? Would it be too much work for the librarian? Then pay him more, or provide that the Societies shall have special monitors for these days. But why should monitors be necessary? Open the library and have no watchers, and let the sentiment of college condemn the man who shall mutilate or steal the property that belongs to others—make it a disgrace for a man to commit one of these offences.

WE ARE GLAD to copy the following from the *Messenger*: "We believe the right man has been appointed to the Geological Survey—Prof. Jos. A. Holmes, of the University. He will do the work thoroughly, conscientiously, enthusiastically, scientifically. The only regret we can have is that his valuable services will be lost to the University. Prof. Holmes is young, competent and fully up to the latest scientific knowledge in his department. He is an excellent gentleman. We are glad the State is to have the services of so efficient and able a Geologist." What Prof. Holmes will do, we are

not prepared to say. We learn that he intends leaving us for the survey, which work is far more interesting to him. His place here will be hard to fill. We hope that he will not think of leaving the University for good. We think this a good time to remind the Trustees that the work which Prof. Holmes has had to perform is entirely too much for any one man. We know that if Prof. Holmes leaves us, that this is one of the reasons why he prefers the survey. He has had too much work here for one man. The Trustees should divide the work into two departments. Make the Botany, Biology and Physiology one department, and the Geology and Mineralogy another, with two separate professors. Each professor will still have a large amount of work to perform. So, gentlemen, we should advise you to consider this when Prof. Holmes' successor is to be elected.

WE TAKE PLEASURE in copying the following from the *Sigma Nu Fraternity Magazine*: "With the exception of Yale and Harvard, no institution in the country has furnished as many illustrious men as the University of North Carolina. During the administration of President James K. Polk, who was an *alumnus* of this University, she had more men filling important public positions than any other College or University in the Union." The paper goes on to name some of the more distinguished. We all know this is true, but we copy it to show our readers that it is known and appreciated elsewhere. This paper comes from Kansas.

WE RETURN THANKS to the "School of Political and Social Science" of Trinity College for a copy of "The Constitution of Brazil," translated in English. It contains an outline of contents, a list of members of the Commission for Drafting a Project of Constitution and the Cabinet Officers of the Provisional Government under the Presidency of General Fouseca. This document is of special interest and value to teachers of history, of constitutional law, lawyers and students in general. Its price is twenty cents post-paid.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE EDITOR heartily endorses the mild sentiments of our good-natured correspondent.

*Mr. Editor*: Allow me a small space in your paper in which to discuss the merits of the *worthy* system of grading now in practice here. My idea of a college course is one in which a young man is trained in a knowledge of those principles on which the whole fabric of our society rests. Justice is that without which man is a brute and society chaos. And yet we are under a system in which justice is perverted and right ignored. In *no* department can it be justified, and as to its bearing in that whose very object is to bring out truth, right, perfection, goodness and unity, I can but say—how absurd! I can conceive of but two ways in which the system could be justified—the first an inexpediency, the second a monstrosity.

First, that the questions be put in the form of a written examination to the class daily; second, the erection of a system of booths, one for every student, communicating by telephone with a central office, in which sits a monster professor without feeling and with as many mouths, ears and hands as there are tubes, so that he may give the identical question to all at the same moment, receive the answer, and give every man immediate credit. Adopt either of these methods and I shall, at least, remain quiet on the question of justice. But why run down a system without saying a few things in its *behalf*? What justice can there be in giving one boy in a spelling-class "cat" and another "daguerreotype," in praising the one for his version of "cat" and flogging the other for exercising his common sense and spelling "dagarrootype"? or what is to hinder me from giving "cat" to James whom I like and "daguerreotype" to John whom I dislike? Or again, what is to hinder me from adding to James' "cat" the extremely difficult continuation of the series "mat," "rat," "sat," "pat," and giving him five perfects, and from failing to notice John again, in which case I reward his diligence with a term grade of zero; or from adding "phthisic" to "daguerreotype," and because the poor fellow spells "tistic" giving him another zero, which, added to his former *grade* (God save the mark!), gives him a record which a final paper from Noah Webster could not counter-balance. Yes, and if I continued this unjust course, I would find, when *my final* came, a page on the Book of Fate so black that the prayers of the whole world could not prevail against it. And yet I am met with the stock phrase against innovation—it is well enough to overturn, but what do you propose? Well, this is what I propose, if nothing better, equalize your questions; but why any questions at all? Let the Professor do what he is paid to do—*work*; let him make of the hour what it is supposed to be, a lecture, and hold the student accountable on his examinations; let questions be reserved for the preparatory school, where the object of the teacher is simply to see that every student does his duty, not by a hidden system of unfair marks, but by a well-regulated dose of hickory tonic. The standard in this University is like water in a barrel full of bung-holes: it will never be raised until we stop up the holes.

REMUS.

## AMONG THE STUDENTS.

There have been few exchanges on our table this month, They are getting irregular in their appearance and poorer in every way as the close of the college year approaches.

The *Davidson Monthly*, *Wake Forest Student* and *Trinity Archive* never vary. They are always welcomed. The *Davidson Monthly's* last issue is especially interesting.

We will add some bright remarks made by our students, not having any magazines to review.

Freshman, talking to a citizen: "I don't know, but it seems to me that playing poker is about as bad as gambling."

Some time ago, on coming out of church where a young couple had just been made one, we overheard D. F. Davis remark to a friend, "Well, K., they are firmly united in the holy bonds of hemlock, ain't they?"

On Freshman English examination this question was asked: "How has the character of Locksley been treated in literature?" One man answered, "He was a great philosopher on the human mind."—H. J.

Here is another answer to the same question, "He wrote Scott's Life, and Tennyson has perpetuated him in the name of his beautiful poem, Locksley Hall." Another fool.

Professor, lecturing: "Gentlemen, a mammal is any animal that has a mammary gland; for a common example, we will take the cow." After a few minutes' meditation, one of the boys ventured to ask, as if greatly puzzled over a problem he was unable to solve, if a bull was a mammal.

Some time ago we received a little booklet of poems entitled "Twilight Songs and Other Youthful Poems," by Hunter Lee Harriss. Mr. Harriss graduated here in 1889. He was one of the editors of this MAGAZINE in his senior year, and wrote the Poem and Song for his class. We will copy one little poem, entitled "New Hanover in 1764":

"Spoke the leader bold of men four-score—  
In seventeen hundred and sixty-four—  
To a sloop of war that sailed one day  
Into the river, and—later—lay,  
With colors afloat as the sun went down,  
Within the harbor of Brunswick town:  
'No England's George's ships land here  
Their odious freight; we do not fear  
The sceptred hand of a tyrant power!  
Make sail and away; delay one hour,  
And your cursed ship shall strew the wave



With flaming brands!' Thus spoke the brave,  
And, drawing nearer—with scarcely a sound—  
They cut the cables that held her bound!

Ere the sun came up on the other side,  
To redden the wave at the ebb of the tide,  
The ship with its hateful cargo passed  
Away out of sight of hull and of mast.  
Hurrah for the men of Wilmington,  
By whom this deed of glory was done!  
Remember the men of old Brunswick town,  
Who stood for the right as the sun went down."

## PERSONALS.

- Base-ball. Examinations. Commencement!
- University *vs.* Trinity: score 8 to 3.
- Wake Forest *vs.* University: score 10 to 7.
- University of Virginia *vs.* University of North Carolina: score 6 to 1.
- Dr. Stephen B. Weeks is on the Hill.
- Matt. Pearsall is the greatest dude in college.
- Marsy Toms will dance at the Commencement.
- Silently, 10 by 10, they fall—on Moral Science.
- Flighty Buck is a little uneasy since his trip to Raleigh.
- Mott. Morehead has made the trip on Conics!!! Hurrah.
- Even Latin professors are not too dignified to crack jokes.
- Thomas R. Ransom spent several days on the Hill some days since.
- The University Minstrels will make a tour of the State after Commencement.
- Bill Little and his bull-frogs made quite a choir. But notice to keep them dry.
- W. E. Headen, now a full-fledged physician, was on the Hill some weeks ago.
- M. J. Pearsall and George W. Connor will teach the young Cherokees this summer.
- By request, we announce that Flighty Buck's history of the Class of '91 was very good.

—Voelkers' Band, of Richmond, has been employed to furnish music for Commencement.

—New names for "Sporty Cook" will be received at our sanctum. No questions asked.

—For sale: Bowser's Conics with nineteen examination papers. Apply to Mott. Morehead.

—Professor Maxwell, of Cornell, is teaching Professor Holmes' classes during his absence.

—Several new names have been received for "Sporty." Esau is considered the most appropriate.

—Chief Marshal Cheek has decided to put the names of the Senior Class on his Commencement invitations.

—Pay up your subscription to the MAGAZINE. It is almost Commencement, and our books are not square.

—"Sporty" is somewhat indignant over big new names, viz.: "B. L.," "Old broken-down Sport," and "P. Co."

—Ed. Battle is developing as a pitcher. The second nine is in need of a good man, and Ed. expects to fill the bill.

—J. F. Watlington has been elected first sub-ball manager from the Di. Society in place of M. J. Pearsall, resigned.

—The Senior Class will soon have its examination on the Philosophical Basis of Theism, and then, one by one, they will — fall.

—Professors A. and G. Bellezza gave entire satisfaction as dancing masters, and most of the boys learned the Terpsichorean art.

—Professor G.: "Mr. Johnston, what kind of a battery is this?" Dicky: "That's-er, that's-er, that's-er, that's not a base-ball battery."

—Mott. is trying to invent an electric machine to keep the students of Conic Sections awake. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

—E. P. Willard and S. A. Ashe, Jr., paid us a visit from Durham last week. We are always glad to see them, Hope they will come again.

—Koonce, Warren and Nunn are the Representatives from the Phi. Society. The Di.'s have not appointed their Representatives as yet.

—A. S. Williams is taking an extended tour in the Western part of the United States. Sid. will return next fall to finish his course in Law.

—She: "I don't think I shall go rowing with you again." He: "Why not, pray?" She: "Because you only hugged the shore."—*Exchange.*

—John Stronach and Ludlow Skinner were both at the late game of ball in Raleigh, wearing the white and blue, yelling for the University boys.

—No one can doubt that Nick is becoming civilized. His head resembles Jumbo's, and he has at last found out that the pompadour is the latest style.

—Mossette Lee was on the Hill some days ago shaking hands with his many friends. Mossette will take Law here this summer under Dr. Manning.

—The Medalists 1890-'91: Di. Society, Debater's, F. P. Eller. Declaimer's, H. Bingham. Phi. Society, Debater's, Shepard Bryan. Declaimer's, W. P. Wooten.

—The game of knucks is still on a boom; the Faculty are even becoming infatuated with the game. It is said that Dr. Battle and Kemp take a social game occasionally.

—We have been requested to get off a joke on Buck's Raleigh trip, but we can't do it. We are not in favor of jokes, and, besides, it is not so much of a joke; it is a certain fact.

—Mike Hoke and Perrin Busbee have been elected Captains of the football and base-ball teams, respectively, for the next year. We congratulate the teams on their excellent selections.

—The boys are highly pleased with the work the base-ball team has done. Captain Busbee and the whole team have done well. The Virginians said that our boys played them the hardest game they had played with any college team.

—If "gall," cheek, "nerve" and brass are elements of greatness, "Windy" will become more famous than Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon. We copy the above from the *Niagara Index*. It seems that all the Windys are constituted alike.

—Cook, B. L. ('92), known at Wake Forest College as the "Old broken-down sport," has requested Mike Hoke, chief ball manager, to have several McGintahs on the Commencement programme, as the McGinty is the only dance he has yet mastered.

—George S. Wills and H. L. Harris, great Y. M. C. A. men, are on the Hill in the interest of the University Y. M. C. A. Mr. Wills is professor at Oak Ridge and Mr. Harris has a very lucrative position in Raleigh. We are glad to see these admirable young men doing so well.

—Howard Alston, the man with the sun-kissed hair, is now in Littleton. Howard has bought him a shop in the centre of Littleton and is now rolling pills for a living; nevertheless, he will return Commencement to fulfil his duties as first sub-ball manager from the Phi. Society, we are glad to say.

—The MAGAZINE editors elected for next year are: Connor, Harvey and Johnston, from the Phi.; Cheek, Willard and Andrews from the Di. Johnston and Andrews are the business managers, and the other four will divide

up the rest of the work. We think the Societies have done well in electing two business managers, as the work up to this time has been entirely too heavy for one to attend to. We congratulate the Societies on their selection of such worthy editors.

—SONG OF THE BALL-ROOM LAND.—[We are indebted to a young lady of Raleigh for this little very happy poem of the *Vers de Societ * class:]

## I.

Into the Ball-room Land,  
Who shall escort us thither?  
"Stags" in their evening suits quite quickly gather,  
And dreamy waltzes are played by the band:  
Who leads us, with a glov'd hand,  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Ball-room Land?

## II.

Into the Ball-room Land—  
To you, ye bounded regions  
Of all perfections! tender evening visions  
Of beauteous clothes! The Present's waltz and band!  
Who, in the German firm doth stand,  
Shall bear home faded blossoms  
Out of the Ball-room Land?

## III.

O Land, O Land,  
Of all the merry-hearted,  
The wildest partner by our Fate allotted  
Beckons, and with out-stretched arm doth stand,  
To lead us, with a glov'd hand,  
To the land of the merry-hearted—  
Into the Ball-room Land.

—It gives us great pleasure to copy an account of the game of base-ball between the University of Virginia and the University of North Carolina, played in Richmond on May first, from the *Richmond Dispatch*, on account of the justice and fairness shown both sides. Our boys are highly pleased with their trip, and also with the University of Virginia boys and the people of Richmond. There was only one thing the matter, and that was the Virginians just purely beat us playing ball. Although we put up a good game, the Virginians were too much for us. We hope some time to have the pleasure of playing the Virginians in our own State, and to extend the courtesies of the old North State to them:

VIRGINIA'S VICTORY—THE UNIVERSITY BOYS DEFEAT THE STUDENTS FROM NORTH CAROLINA—AN EXCELLENT CONTEST WITNESSED BY A LARGE AUDIENCE, INCLUDING MANY SOCIETY LADIES—SIX TO ONE THE SCORE.—Pretty girls wearing college colors, overwhelming yells from hardy, sound lungs, and unbounded good humor—these were the characteristics of the crowd who witnessed the base-ball game at Island Park yesterday afternoon between the nines of the University of Virginia and the University of North Carolina.

Scientists estimate the atmospheric pressure at something like sixteen pounds per square inch, and it is safe to say that every one of the air for two hundred yards around the park must have quaked and vibrated beneath the sound-waves set in motion by the vocal organs of those who viewed the game. One would have thought that not only had the "wild man of Borneo just come to town," accompanied by the "flea on the tail of the dog of the child of his wife," but also a horde of Comanche Indians, who considered life's only aim to whoop. And well might the thousand or more lovers of the national game present whoop, for they saw a beautiful exhibition of ball-playing.

#### VIRGINIA BOYS FAVORITES.

The Virginia boys had the sympathy of the crowd—there was no doubt of that—for their colors fluttered from the lapel of scores of coats, and many a fair girl wore them, but the spectators, with a few exceptions, abstained from derision when the "tar-heels" made unfortunate plays, and likewise cheered them when they distinguished themselves, as they often did.

The "'Varsity" boys, as the Virginians called themselves, had a decided advantage over the Carolinians, as far as weight was concerned. This was very evident, even to the spectators, and the "tar-heels" all seemed younger, too.

The Virginia boys wore cadet-gray suits, short pants, blue stockings, with caps of the University colors—blue and orange. The Carolinians looked exceedingly trim in blue shirts, white knickerbockers, and black stockings, with caps of blue and white.

Betting was decidedly in favor of the "'Varsities," and their admirers staked their money that they would defeat their opponents 3 to 1.

Lonnie Graves was the man who had the temerity and pluck to umpire the game for the collegians, and he certainly gave his decisions fairly, and, strange to say, caused no "kicking" at all.

#### THE BATTERIES.

Johnston and Oldham formed the battery for the Carolinians, the former twirling the sphere and the latter catching it, as he did, in right good style.



They proved an excellent battery and did beautiful work, though the tricks of the pitcher finally became known to the Virginians.

Murray McGuire, an old Richmond boy, pitched for the "Varsities," and the manner in which he threw the ball during the entire game was positively oppressive to the "tar-heels," as they utterly failed to touch him, with two or three exceptions. He was supported by John Greenway, as catcher, who did beautiful work behind the bat.

#### THE GAME CALLED.

Umpire Graves called the game at 3:40 o'clock, five minutes ahead of time, and the "Varsities" went to the bat. Benner was the first man to use the stick. He knocked a fly to third, which was captured. Smith followed him and drove the ball to second, where it was seized and hurled to first in time to put him out. Ad. Greenway then smote the wind three desperate blows, laid the bat aside, and ended the inning for the Virginians.

This beginning was not calculated to inspire the "Varsities," but they certainly did not lose their spirits, which afterwards rose to a high point when Busbee, of the Carolinians, led off the inning of the latter club with a ball to short-stop, who threw it to first, putting him out. Graham was also retired on a grounder to second, while Oldham fanned out.

#### NO FLIES ON THE VIRGINIANS.

In the second inning Schley led off for the "Varsities" with a hot liner, which the catcher fumbled. He made first, and got second on a base hit by Thurman. At this point the "Varsity" nine's admirers loudly sang a melody entitled "There are no Flies on Us." Their hopes were blasted, however, for J. Greenway struck out, Abbott knocked a fly to short-stop, and McGuire was put out at first. Thurman was left on base.

Jones led this inning for the Carolinians with a hot fly to second, which Abbott captured. At this the Virginians yelled: "What's the matter with Abbott? He's all right." Hamlen was also retired on first, and Johnston, a left-handed man, fanned out.

#### THE FIRST RUN MADE.

So far the game had been nip and tug, and certain sports who had been betting on the "Varsities" doubtless felt a little uneasy. Their fears, however, were soon dispelled, for the Virginians, with a base-hit by Al. Greenway and two errors by their opponents, made a run in the third inning, amidst tremendous applause, while the Carolinians were fanned out in one, two, three order.

In the fourth go the "Varsities" again failed to score and their batting was not marked by any great strength. The Carolinians, who seemed to get more and more puzzled at McGuire's pitching, were again fanned out.

Several errors on the part of Carolina's in the fifth inning added another run to the score of the "Virginians." The first two men of the Carolinians then struck out, while Johnston knocked a fly to right-field which was captured by Winston. More yelling and applause followed.

Thurman led off for the "'Varsities" in the sixth round with a beautiful base-hit towards right field, and the inning ended with another run for the Virginians.

The first man of the "tar-heels," Ferguson, was put out on a foul fly, which hummed through the air towards the grand-stand, but was captured by the Virginia catcher, who made one of the most beautiful plays of the game. He was vociferously applauded.

In the seventh chance the "'Varsities" failed to score, although Smith led off with a base-hit to right field and got as far as third by the slow fielding of the Carolinians and sacrifice hits of the Old Dominion batters.

#### STILL THEY STRUCK OUT.

The Carolinians met their usual fate when they took the bat—the first man being put out on a foul fly and the other two striking the wind.

Two more runs were gained by the "'Varsities" in the eighth inning, making the score five to nothing in their favor, and the prospect of an ill-omened "goose-egg" seemed all the Carolinians had to base their hopes upon, but with the ardor of despair they "played ball" with grim determination.

Their pitcher showed no improvement, and in the eighth inning they did not better themselves. Jones being put out on first and Hamlen "fanning," while Johnston smote the ball with terrific force, driving it between centre and right, where it was taken by Winston, who had to run a considerable distance for it.

Every one thought when the ninth round commenced that the star of the Carolinians' glory had sunk, but, though too late to save themselves from defeat, they exhibited, at the last moment, an amount of pluck and skill which justly won them applause on several occasions. In fact, it was in this inning that the "tar-heels" made the two most brilliant plays of the game.

#### THE CLOSING ROUND.

Greenway of the "'Varsities" led off with a smart base-hit, by no means calculated to cheer the Carolinians. Schley then whacked an awful foul with great violence and away it went towards the grand-stand, where it was captured with one hand by Oldham, who had to run back a considerable distance after it.

Tremendous applause greeted this play, and although the numerous lady spectators knew just as much about the game as some of the players did

about the "Math." and Latin which they had been neglecting recently in their practice for the game, they clapped their tiny hands with delight. This play, which was by far the best of the evening, also brought forth most generous applause from the Charlottesville boys and their admiring friends.

#### CLUNG TO THE SPHERE.

Greenway meanwhile stole second and Thurman ingloriously hit three times in the direction he *thought* the ball was coming, but failed to bring the stick in contact with anything but air. J. Greenway then knocked a ball to the right field, where it was fumbled, while his brother "Add." crossed the home-plate. Abbott knocked the ball to short-stop, who fumbled it, giving him first and allowing J. Greenway to reach second. McGuire followed, and a beautiful fly far out in centre-field and a considerable distance over the head of the fielder (Busbee), giving promise of a three-base hit. But although the little fielder was not there—that is, under the ball—he somehow managed to dart back like a flash, and as the sphere neared the ground his hands were ready to receive it. When once in his grasp he clung on to it like the proverbial terrapin, which holds on until it thunders. Although he slipped and fell, he put the man out.

#### BUT THEY GOT ONE.

This ended the ninth inning for the "Varsities," and their spirits rose like yeast, while their yells doubtless caused the Aborigines upon the "bad lands" to blush ruby red, for they must have heard the reverberating echoes. The "Virginians" fondly dreamed—not that they dwelt in "marble halls," but that the world of to-day would learn that they had defeated the "tarheels" by a score of six to nothing. But, alas, the fondest hopes are often dashed to pieces!

Ferguson seized the club and made a nice clean hit. While capering around on first with delight the "'Varsity" catcher hurled the sphere to that base, but Smith muffed it and "Fergy" got his second.

Shaw, the next batter, found no obstacle in the atmosphere to prevent his club twirling around thrice, and he threw cold water on the Carolinians' hopes by his investigations.

Willard imitated his predecessor, and evidently came to the conclusion that three licks were too few to win glory on.

Busbee, the last fond hope of the Carolinians, knocked a feeble ball and got to first on an error, while Ferguson sped like a deer over the home-plate, breaking the "goose egg" and winning great applause, not only from the spectators in general, but from the Virginians in particular. Graham, who came next, got no lick at the sphere, for Busbee was put out while stealing second. Thus ended the game, which all pronounced an excellent one.

The "Varsities" were too strong for the Carolinians, but the latter played beautifully.

## SPECIAL FEATURES.

The feature of the game was the magnificent battery work of both teams. McGuire's pitching was phenomenal. He struck-out sixteen men, nine of whom fanned one after the other. J. Greenway, who caught him, likewise played wonderfully, having only one passed ball.

The work of the Carolinians in the field, despite occasional errors, some of which while costly were almost excusable, was not only good but graceful, and showed that what they lack now will some day be attainable, for they are all quite young. Busbee as centre did the prettiest field-work of the game, putting out four men and covering a large area of ground. All of his catches were good.

The "Varsity" boys played a better game than the "tar-heels," that's an indisputable fact, but the latter were by no means outdone in courtesy. Their conduct while on the diamond and at the grounds was such as to command admiration, and after the game they cheered their conquerors. In fact, so gentlemanly was their deportment that the mouths of the ever-present base-ball smart-Alecks were closed against them, and few sarcastic remarks were made. They have refined players who possess splendid material.

Among the lady spectators were Misses Bessie Pace, Virgie Brock, Virginia Tyler, Isabel Stacy, Annie Doggett, Anderson, Ross, Camm, and Lee.

## THE SCORE.

Following is the score in detail:

*Virginia.*

|                        | A. B. | R. | B. H. | P. O. | A. | E. |
|------------------------|-------|----|-------|-------|----|----|
| Benner, 3d b-----      | 5     | 1  | 1     | 0     | 1  | 0  |
| Smith, 1st b-----      | 5     | 1  | 1     | 5     | 0  | 2  |
| A. Greenway, c. f----- | 5     | 1  | 2     | 0     | 0  | 0  |
| Schley, 1. f-----      | 5     | 0  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |
| Thurman, s. s-----     | 4     | 0  | 2     | 0     | 1  | 0  |
| J. Greenway, c-----    | 5     | 1  | 2     | 16    | 2  | 0  |
| Abbott, 2d b-----      | 5     | 1  | 3     | 3     | 2  | 0  |
| McGuire, p-----        | 5     | 1  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |
| Winston, r. f-----     | 4     | 0  | 0     | 2     | 0  | 0  |
| Total-----             | 44    | 6  | 11    | 27    | 5  | 2  |

*North Carolina.*

|                      | A. B. | R. | B. H. | P. O. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|-------|----|-------|-------|----|----|
| Busbee, c. f.-----   | 4     | 0  | 0     | 4     | 0  | 1  |
| Graham, 2d b.-----   | 3     | 0  | 0     | 6     | 2  | 1  |
| Oldham, c.-----      | 3     | 0  | 0     | 5     | 2  | 0  |
| Jones, 3d b.-----    | 3     | 0  | 0     | 2     | 1  | 1  |
| Hamlen, l. f.-----   | 3     | 0  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |
| Johnston, p.-----    | 3     | 0  | 0     | 3     | 1  | 0  |
| Ferguson, r. f.----- | 3     | 1  | 1     | 0     | 0  | 1  |
| Shaw, s. s.-----     | 3     | 0  | 0     | 1     | 4  | 2  |
| Willard, 1st b.----- | 3     | 0  | 0     | 6     | 1  | 0  |
| Total-----           | 24    | 1  | 1     | 27    | 11 | 6  |

## BY INNINGS.

|                      | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|----------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Virginias-----       | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1—6 |
| North Carolinas----- | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1—1 |

Earned runs, Virginias, 1; left on bases, Virginias, 9; North Carolinas, 1; first base on balls, Thurman; first base on errors, Virginias, 5; struck-out, by McGuire, 15; by Johnston, 4; passed balls, Greenway, 1. Umpire, Graves. Time of game, one hour and thirty minutes.



UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., April 9, 1891.

The committee to whom was assigned the duty to draft suitable resolutions on the death of Governor Daniel G. Fowle submitted the following report, which was unanimously adopted :

Daniel G. Fowle graduated at Princeton in 1851 with high honor, and was made LL.D. by his *Alma Mater*, and by Davidson College, and by the University in 1889.

A good scholar himself, he loved all liberal learning, was in close sympathy with men of letters, and labored zealously and intelligently to foster the University and all other institutions of the State established for the promotion of public education.

As Governor he was *ex officio* President of the Board of Trustees, and although not an Alumnus of the University he felt a just pride in her past history and cherished a confident hope of her continued growth and usefulness.

As a statesman and patriot he considered the maintenance of the University and the establishment of a thorough system of public schools among the highest and most important duties of his office, and he labored with all his might to perform these duties. The education of the people he thought a necessary step to our mental development and progress. We owe him much for his eloquent advocacy and unflinching support of the cause of education.

His public life and political career have been so recently set before the people of the State by our newspapers that it only remains for us to say that in our opinion he discharged the duties of the high offices of Judge and Governor so as to add to his fame and win the approval of his constituents.

Pure and stainless as was his public life, his private life was better, and in all the sweet charities of home and the kindly offices of husband, father, neighbor and friend "he won the white flower of a blameless life" and left an example worthy of imitation. Therefore,

*Resolved*, 1st. That we mourn the loss of our most excellent Governor, Daniel G. Fowle.

2d. That we extend to his stricken household and relatives our heartfelt sympathy with them in their irreparable loss.

3d. That the Secretary of the Faculty send a copy of these resolutions to Miss Helen Fowle, Mrs. P. H. Andrews, Mrs. D. B. Avera, to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and to the State papers for publication.

JOHN MANNING,  
JOSEPH A. HOLMES,  
J. W. GORE,  
*Committee.*

## THE UNIVERSITY'S TRIBUTE.

The Faculty of the University of North Carolina having heard of the death of Col. William Lawrence Saunders at Raleigh on April 2, 1891, desire to place on record their estimate of his worth and their appreciation of his eminent services to the State and to the University.

Colonel Saunders was born at Raleigh, July 3, 1835, and was graduated from the University with the degree of A. B. in 1854, and received the degree of LL.B. in 1858 and of LL.D. in 1859. From his graduation to the day of his death he was loyal to his *Alma Mater*, and gave to her the best thoughts of his big brain and the ardent affection of his great heart. Watchful, steadfast, patient and wise, he never lost sight of her interest, never wavered in her support, and when the crisis demanded it, marshalled and led her alumni to her defence.

He was a Trustee and a member of the Executive Committee from 1875 to his death, and Secretary and Treasurer for almost the same length of time, and although for the last ten years he suffered great pain and was confined to his chair, he was punctual and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and a regular attendant upon our Commencement exercises; and his wise and temperate suggestions generally commanded the approval of the Board of Trustees.

To the members of the Faculty he was ever ready to give the aid of his strong common sense and kindly sympathy.

During the years immediately following the war between the States, his constancy, bravery and example did much to encourage our people in their struggle to maintain our civilization. From 1875 to his death, Colonel Saunders devoted himself to the State and the University, and we know of no man who has done more to put upon an enduring basis the good name of the one, or to revive, foster and enlarge the other.

He believed that "the people have the right to the privilege of education, and it is the duty of the State to grant and maintain that right." Therefore,

*Resolved*, 1st. That we deplore his death and sympathize most sincerely with his beloved sister and other relations in their great affliction.

2d. That a copy of this preamble and resolution be sent to his sister, to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and to the State papers by the Secretary.

GEO. T. WINSTON,  
JOHN MANNING,  
WILLIAM CAIN,  
*Committee.*



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# COLUMBIA \* COLLEGE,

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at the present time consists of the SCHOOL OF ARTS, the original college, founded in 1754; of sundry professional schools, to-wit: the SCHOOL OF LAW, the SCHOOL OF MINES, and its Medical Department by joint resolution, the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, admission to all of which, as candidates for professional degrees, is open to all students, whether or not they are college-bred men; and of the UNIVERSITY FACULTIES OF LAW, MINES (Mathematics, Pure and Applied Science), POLITICAL SCIENCE, and PHILOSOPHY, which conduct all courses leading to the University degrees of MASTER OF ARTS and DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year in the School of Arts, during which year students in the School of Arts pursue their studies, with the consent of the Faculty of Arts, under one or more of the University Faculties.

The various schools are under the charge of their own faculties, and for the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a University Council has been established.

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### I. THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The School of Arts, or the college proper, has a curriculum of four years' duration leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the School of Arts must be at least fifteen years of age and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

### II. THE UNIVERSITY FACULTIES.

The University Faculties of Law, Mines (Mathematics and Pure and Applied Science), Political Science, and Philosophy, taken together constitute the University. These university faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (a) Private or Municipal Law, (b) Mathematics and Pure and Applied Science, (c) History, Economics, and Public Law, and (d) Philosophy, Philology, and Letters. Courses of study under one or more of these university faculties are open to members of the senior class in the School of Arts and to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the University degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

### III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

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dents, as well those not having pursued a course of undergraduate study as those who have, are admitted on terms prescribed by the faculty of each school as candidates for professional degrees.

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2. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers the following courses of study, each of four years' duration, and each leading to an appropriate professional degree, namely, mining engineering, civil engineering, metallurgy, geology and paleontology, analytical and applied chemistry, architecture; and the following as graduate courses, each of two years' duration, and each leading to an appropriate degree, namely, sanitary engineering and electrical engineering.

3. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, by joint resolution of June 18th, 1860, the Medical Department of Columbia College, offers a three years' course of study in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine (M. D.)

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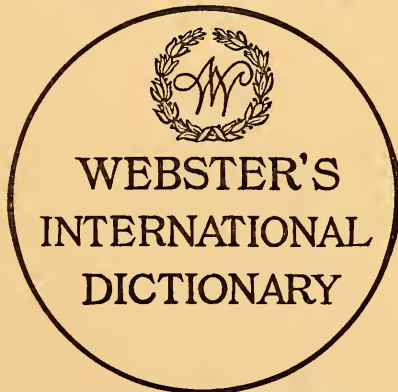
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NEW SERIES VOL. X.

NORTH CAROLINA

# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

*No. 6.*

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.  
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EDITORS:

PHI.

PLATO COLLINS,  
GEORGE RANSOM.

DI.

MATT. J. PEARSALL,  
W. W. DAVIES, JR.

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## OUR RETIRING PRESIDENT—K. P. BATTLE.

WITH the resignation of Dr. Battle as President of the University, an interesting and instructive chapter in its history is closed, one that spans the interval of State poverty and denominational opposition. It has not only been a period of resuscitation, but of larger growth.

Dr. Battle entered the University in 1845 and has been, as student, tutor of mathematics, Trustee, Secretary, Treasurer, member of the Executive Committee and President, connected with it ever since. In 1875 he raised \$20,000 for repairs; he likewise was active in getting the General Assembly to pay the \$7,500 interest on the Land Scrip Fund, which had been invested in State bonds. This enabled the Trustees to elect a Faculty and open the doors for students in 1875.

A chairman of the Faculty, Rev. Dr. Charles Phillips, was tried for a year, but owing to his poor health, it did not succeed. After the strong solicitation of his many friends, Dr. Battle allowed his name to go before the Board, and he was elected almost unanimously.



Immediately he visited the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the North, and reported that the necessary work of such institutions could not be supported without additional aid from the State or other source.

He made many speeches in the State and before the General Assembly in favor of an appropriation for an Experiment and Fertilizer Control Station at Chapel Hill.

This was the first effort of the kind in the South, and was successful till the want of funds weakened it, and it was removed to Raleigh; and in 1887 a separate Agricultural and Mechanical College was there established, and the \$7,500 a year transferred to it from the University.

Foreseeing this would be done, President Battle succeeded in getting \$5,000 in 1881, and \$15,000 in 1885, in grants from the State Treasury.

Previous to 1881 the University had never had a dollar appropriation from the State.

His administration of fifteen years has witnessed great improvements:

1st. The obsolete system of espionage has been abolished, and the students and Faculty now work in harmony.

2d. The instruction has been broadened and deepened; the number of professors is now greater than before the war.

The Departments of Medicine, Natural History and Electrical Engineering has been added, and that of English has been greatly extended.

Physics is now taught practically as well as theoretically; Latin and Greek Composition and sight-reading have been introduced.

The Department of Law is taught by a professor who gives his whole time to his chair.

Instead of three we now have five laboratories.

The Museums have been extended and arranged. Many thousand dollars have been expended for apparatus, maps and new books: and a working library is now open every day. By the consolidation of the two Society libraries with that of the University an excellent library has been formed.

The Mitchell Scientific Society, the best in the South, whose publications are exchanged with similar societies in America, Europe and Asia, has been formed, and a fine scientific library accumulated.

The Shakespeare Club, a successful organization, is in operation.

The Reading-room is now open every day.

The Gymnasium has been built, additions have been made to Person Hall, and the whole turned into the Chemical Lecture Hall and Laboratories.

A splendid auditorium, to commemorate the worthy dead of the University, Memorial Hall, has been erected.

A branch railroad, largely by University influence, now connects Chapel Hill with the outside world.

The first endowment of any chair in the University, that of History, was during this administration.

There have been raised \$110,000 from private benefactors, not counting the State appropriation nor that of Mrs. Mary Smith Morehead, now in litigation.

During this administration the Summer Normal School was conducted for four years with great results toward building up the graded schools and education generally. But these are not all, Dr. Battle has found time to write elaborate monographs on many subjects of historical interest. "History of the Supreme Court" was thought by the Judges to be so valuable as to deserve publication in Vol. 103 of the Reports of their Decisions. His "Judicial Proceedings of the New Testament," delivered before the Institute of Christian Philosophy

in New York, and published in *Christian Thoughts*, received the commendations of the great English historians, Freeman, and Dr. Noah Davis, Dr. C. F. Deams and many others.

For fifteen years Dr. Battle has impersonated this institution as no other could, and now that he retires from the anxious call of the Presidency to the more reflective atmosphere of historical study we all, friends, Faculty and students, wish him as great success in the future as he has achieved in the past.

*F. P. Eller.*

### A PLEA FOR COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

**A**MONG the ancient Greeks the cultivation of the mind and the cultivation of the body were equally emphasized in the national life, and inspired with equal power the ambition of youth. During the Olympic games the contests of intellect and the contests of muscle were held side by side, and the victors in each were rewarded with lasting honors. The beginning of the Greek era was the celebrated victory of Corœbus in the foot-race.

One thing only was lacking to make the Greeks supremely great—the cultivation of the spirit. In our own State we have fallen into the opposite error, of neglecting the culture of the body, deeming it of more importance to cultivate the intellectual and moral faculties. A Professor at this institution made the remark recently, that the students of this generation are physically smaller and weaker, but more studious than the students of three decades ago. The remark is undoubtedly true, and the reason is simple. A generation ago the people of the better class lived in the country upon plantations, and their out-door life of healthy exercise gave them splendid physique. To-day all the conditions of South-

ern life are changed. People, especially young men of ambition and talent, are flocking to the towns and cities, where they lead lives of confinement and inertness, too often of dissipation and vice. If ever there was need of organized physical culture for the young men of North Carolina, it is to-day. Moreover, the young men of our State have been taught in a hard school the reality of life, and they apply themselves to their studies more closely than their fathers did. These studious habits, which tend to produce nervous weaklings and physical wrecks, render absolutely necessary a careful system of physical training. But bodily training, confined merely to the drill of the gymnasium, tends to become monotonous and fails in a measure to accomplish the desired purpose.

The remedy for all these evils is well regulated *College Athletics*. The necessary impulse to the training is given by the interest attaching to the intercollegiate contests, which bring the college students of ours and neighboring States together, and disseminate broader views and more fraternal feeling. What we need is a broad system of athletics, embracing not only compulsory gymnasium work, but also the more popular field-sports, tennis, base-ball and foot-ball. It is claimed that the latter games are "rough," especially foot-ball. This we do not pretend to deny, but there has been no case at this University of a permanent injury received in either of these games. Moreover, the real reason why injuries are received lies not in the roughness of the game, but in the bad training and bad control of the players. Until we have a systematic course in athletics the training will remain bad and some injuries are inevitable. Most of the injuries are received in the beginning of the season, when the players, with their muscles loose and disintegrated from their three months' loaf in the summer, start to playing without a previous course in the gymnasium to harden them up.

The foot-ball field is a school in which the players learn those manly qualities of physical courage, pluck and endurance which have always been the pride and boast of the South, and which made our civil war the most gallant struggle in history.

There is another feature of athletics with which the public is unacquainted, but which is of great importance. Every player voluntarily goes on a training pledge to abstain from the uses of liquor or tobacco in any form, to restrict himself to wholesome diet and to keep seasonable hours of rest. This pledge is more sensible and more wholesome than the usual pledges exacted of students, for it furnishes something *positive* to take the place of the indulgences which are prohibited, and that is a noble ambition in the actual work of training, a strong and manly enthusiasm based upon perfect physical health and the joy which comes to the victor in the intercollegiate contest.

Another point is greatly misunderstood. We do not want in our athletics men who come here for the sole purpose of playing on the teams and not to study. The reason is apparent. It takes two or three years at least of good training to make a veteran player. Now if a man does not study here he is sent away as soon as his negligence is discovered, so it is clearly against our interests to bestow one or two years' training on a man who will be sent away before he is fully developed. No, we want *students* for athletes for several reasons. They will stay here for years in order to graduate, and in that time will develop into veteran players. Besides that, we want quick-witted men in our games, for so-called "head-work" wins in a game of foot-ball, as well as everywhere else.

It is also charged that athletics help the strong to become stronger, but makes the weak weaker; that only twenty or twenty-five men can get on the teams and take the exercise



which their fine physiques do not need, while the weaker on-lookers derive no benefit. This is partly true, and is another reason for encouraging here a healthy spirit of athletics, so that each society and each class, Law, Medical and Engineering, as well as the undergraduate classes, may each have its own foot-ball, base-ball and tennis teams, and have competitive games throughout the year. These teams will embrace all in the University who take an interest in playing, while the gymnasium furnishes exercise for the others. As to the good which athletics will do the University, I may say that it will draw many new students here, especially athletes; will make many stay to graduate who would not otherwise do so, and will cause some to return as post-graduates or Law students who would go elsewhere. But to have athletics we must have numbers. To get up good teams we must have an abundance of material to choose from. Give us these opportunities, infuse the spirit of athletics into the student body, and the results achieved will be a great factor in the future progress and development of the University. The students themselves realize the necessity of numbers to the full development of athletics, and I may promise the hearty assistance of the student body in bringing one hundred new students to the University next fall.

*A. H. Patterson.*

## OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

OWING to the resignation of Hon. K. P. Battle as President of the University, it becomes the duty of the Trustees to select some competent man to fill the vacant position. After careful and earnest deliberation the unanimous choice of the Trustees was George Tayloe Winston.

President Winston was born in Windsor, Bertie county, N. C., in 1852—on both sides a native of the State for several generations. The Winstons are English by race and were originally from Virginia. Just here it might be mentioned that many noted personages have been produced from this family, the most illustrious being the mother of Patrick Henry; from his mother's family he inherits the sturdy qualities of the Scotch-Irish. After a happy childhood spent with his parents he was sent to Oxford to be prepared for college by Prof. James H. Horner. In 1866, immediately after the close of the war, he came to the University. While here there were numbered among his college mates many who are now leaders in our State—W. H. S. Burgwyn, F. H. Busbee, Dr. Willis Alston, Julian S. Carr, John S. Henderson, James E. Shepherd, Eugene Morehead, Dr. G. W. Graham and A. W. Graham, Esq. Among his class-mates were Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Raleigh; Jacob Battle, Esq., of Rocky Mount, and the late lamented Prof. R. H. Graves. These gentlemen, together with President Winston, were very young, they being fifteen and he fourteen, yet they were noted for their studious habits and were known as the scholars of the class. Leaving the University at its session in 1868, on the recommendation of such men as Governor Graham, Governor Bragg, Jonathan Worth and B. F. Moore, he was appointed by President Johnston a midshipman in the United States Naval Academy at

Annapolis. Here he remained for two years, living for one year on the historic ship "Constitution," and making a cruise to Europe on the "Macedonian." Naval life, however, suited neither his taste nor his health, as he was subject to very severe attacks of sea-sickness. He consequently resigned in 1871, being then the *first man* of the five star men in a large class, and enjoying the honor of being the only North Carolinian that has ever stood No. 1. at the United States Naval Academy. Upon leaving there he entered Cornell University, graduating in '74 at the head of his class, and winning Latin prize for scholarship. After graduating he was elected Instructor in Mathematics at Cornell to supply the place of a Professor absent on leave. In 1875, at the reorganization of the University, President Winston was elected to the Chair of Assistant Professor of Latin in the Faculty of seven which then undertook to revive the University. He is now the sole surviving member of that Faculty, which then consisted of J. DeB. Hooper, Charles Phillips, John Kingsbury, Adolphus W. Mangum, R. H. Graves and A. F. Redd. In 1876, by his diligent attendance upon his duties, he earned a promotion to full Professorship of Latin and German, and in 1885, a Professor of Modern Languages being elected, he took charge of the Chair of Latin, which he ably filled until his election to the Presidency.

President Winston has had a continuous connection with the University since 1866, except during the suspension and the Pool administration, and during that time has shown himself an avowed advocate of education, both in its higher and lower branches. He has delivered addresses and lectures more than seventy-five in number, before schools and colleges, besides giving gratuitous instruction during his sessions of the State Normal School, and has attended numerous County Institutes and Normal Schools. His efforts among the teachers

have been appreciated, in as much as he was elected President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, and they were his strongest supporters for the Presidency of the University. He has attested his devotion to our University in many ways, by writing numerous newspaper articles in behalf of it; also by using his influence among the teachers of the State for the upbuilding and maintenance of this institution, and also by aiding and procuring from the General Assembly an appropriation—funds for the erection of Memorial Hall, and also for the Chair of History—and by his activity in organizing the Alumni. His fitness for the position he now holds is attested by all who know him. A young man of energy and enthusiasm, tempered by discretion, tact and broadness of mind, we predict for him a successful career. A man of decided opinions, he is yet far from narrow-minded, and happily we say it, he is characterized by a broadness of mind, which in politics and religion is bound nor fettered by no party restrictions or petty denominationalism.

Sir, as students of the University, we hail you as the worthy successor of a distinguished, able and honored predecessor. You have endeared yourself to the students who have long since left here by your kindly aid in advice and sympathy; and to us of the present day, whom you have instructed and guided, and although we dislike to lose you from the classroom, yet we welcome you to the Presidency, well equipped as we know you to be, and promise to aid you in any way in the upbuilding and development of this institution, our University, of which we 'justly are so proud.

*F. H. Argo.*

## EDITORIALS.

AFTER THIS number of THE MAGAZINE the management changes hands. We may have some apologies to make, but we hope our faithfulness to our work has atoned for any mistakes in the management. The division of the work of THE MAGAZINE has not been fair. Some departments, as the Business Department, had more than was possible for one alone to do. While that of Literary Department had nothing to do. We are very glad the arrangement of next year is a great deal better, and we expect a still better magazine than ever before. The editors, Connor, Cheek, Willard and Havery, are able and interested men. They will work faithfully. While the Business Management will be in charge of Andrews and Johnston, and we feel safe in predicting an able and interesting magazine next year.

HAZING.—It is with great pleasure we are able to safely announce the abolishment of that old and barbarous custom of hazing new students. The class of '94, of their own free will, almost unanimously passed resolutions pledging themselves not to haze. This was a manly step of that class. The College body saw it, and at once unanimously endorsed their action, and pledged their effort to hereafter assist in stopping this ancient and senseless practice. There has been for some time such sentiment among the more thoughtful class of students. It only needed to take a tangible form, so they could take hold of it. It is now a thing of the past. New students may hereafter feel assured that their treatment here will be courteous and friendly. The class of '94 deserves much for their manly position in being the first to give up this practice.

SENIOR CLASS.—On June 4th a class of twenty-seven young men were given diplomas from the University. While this was not an especially brilliant class, or distinctly known as one of any great remarkable qualities, it was certainly one of the most satisfactory classes that has graduated here in some time. Dr. Battle should feel proud of his last class. The Faculty and friends of the University will watch them with peculiar pride. They expect honor to be reflected on their *Alma Mater* by them, and we feel sure they will not be disappointed.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS' ADDRESS.—The students, and especially the friends of Dr. Mangum, were treated to a very fine address by Mr. Daniels, of the *State Chronicle*, on Sunday evening, May 31st. It was especially valuable in being so true to its subject, and was so much enjoyed, as it was of one whom we never tire of hearing. The students have never had a more faithful and earnest friend; they never loved and honored a truer man. This address was excellently prepared and well delivered. It was eminently



appropriate, very true and it was sincere. Mr. Daniels being such a close personal friend of Dr. Mangum, it was proper that he should attempt to portray his character. We will not give an outline of it, but save it for the next issue, when we hope to publish it in full, with an engraving of Dr. Mangum, for we know his host of friends, both in and out of the State, would appreciate it.

TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY.—This very enjoyable assembly of the teachers of the State at Morehead each year is one of the most important educational movements in the South. It has a great many advantages to the teachers from an educational point, besides its special features, which are very important. It will meet again this year on June 15th, and continue till June 30th. With the remarkable low rates on all railroads and the great reduction of prices of board at Morehead, there is no excuse for every teacher in the State not availing himself of the opportunities there afforded.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.—When this was talked of by the friends of the University, there were some grave doubts expressed by many—and they were well founded, too—of the wisdom of the establishment of a medical school here. But we are proud to point those now to the record of this school for last year. And the great success we attribute to Dr. R. H. Whitehead, who has charge of it. The class for the first year was fifteen; that same number has already spoken to come here next year, and we have no doubt of their being twenty-five, and in less time than five years we expect not less than one hundred medical students at this University. Dr. Whitehead is one of the clearest, most practical, interesting instructors we have ever heard. He has, in every capacity as instructor or practitioner, shown himself to be a very able man. In theoretical instruction he is clear, concise and interesting. The Trustees and Faculty made a wise selection in getting Dr. Whitehead, and we feel sure he will make this Medical School the foremost of the South.

COURSES OF STUDY.—The new Catalogue (which, by the way we don't much admire) show some very much needed changes in the course of study. The study of history is given a prominent place, and some changes in Moral Science and English. Modern language is also changed. We were afraid at one time that the Faculty were going to make every student, Trustee, janitor, and citizen who came here take two years of Modern Language, but time will prove all things, and we are glad it took only one year to show the folly of requiring two years of Modern Language in every course. The Scientific Course, as it is now, is one of the most all-rounded and practicable schemes of study we have ever noticed in our Catalogue.

PRESIDENT WINSTON.—Too much has already been said, and Dr. Winston is too well known for us to give any sketch of his life and his work, or enter on any encomiums of his merits and qualifications. Before the election of a President that able and facile editor of the *Messenger*, Dr. Kingsbury, with a true eye for the University's welfare, laid the following qualifications for our President. Said Dr. Kingsbury: "We hope a live man, a true man, a christian man, an upright man, an able man, a scholarly man, and other things being equal, a North Carolina man, will be chosen." These qualifications have been fulfilled, each and every one, in the person of Prof. Winston, and we believe there is a bright and still more glorious future for the University.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.—This was preached by Rev. W. W. Moore, of Hampton-Sidney College, on May 31st. Dr. Moore is a native of North Carolina; a man of about thirty-five years. He has one of the finest and most handsome faces we have ever seen. He has the stamp of a student, which we also learned from his sermon. His text was 12th chapter Ecclesiastes, 13th verse: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." From that text one of the most elegant, purest, most polished sermons we have ever heard was preached. His language was something wonderful. You heard it like a pure mountain stream running down one of its streamlets. So natural, so easy, so pure and simple. Yet this elegant language conveyed deep and grand thought. It taught earnest lessons. It pointed out highest principles, and revealed the grandest conceptions. The speaker was so earnest; his manner so magnetic; his arrangements and conclusions so logical, that he was followed with the very closest attention. Not one who heard but have since expressed their highest praise. We feel proud, though State pride for Dr. Moore, and may he live long to teach and instil the grand examples which he lives in his daily life.

COLONEL ROBERT M. FURMAN.—The University has a strong and valuable friend in the person of that able open-hearted editor of the *Asheville Citizen*. He was with us during Commencement, and there was no one here with whom the boys were more delighted and whose company they more enjoyed. Though not an Alumnus of the University, Colonel Furman is one of its staunchest friends. He was the one who introduced the resolution in the Alumni meeting giving those who are not Alumni a chance to help establish free scholarship here, and he was the first to put down his name; and we know he will stand, as he always has, for the welfare and promotion of the University. He has a big hold on the affection of the students. Come again, Colonel Furman.

THE ANNUAL.—This publication this year has been a decided success in every respect. The reading matter is very good. It contains things which every student can keep with pleasure and profit for a life-time. The heliotype of the Faculty, Graduating Class, Medical Class and Foot-ball Team are very good, and the very thing the boys will appreciate. The finances came out better than last year, which we attribute to the business manager, J. Motley Morehead. He managed well. He worked faithfully and judiciously. If there is any *Annual* or any other thing who wants a successful business manager we advise them to address J. M. Morehad, 1936 West Park Avenue, Leaksville, N. C. Messrs. Stronach and Batchelor also did very good work in collecting and writing material. This *Annual* is not only an honor to the editors and fraternities, but to the University. We hope for another one next year.

PROFESSOR CHARLES D. MCIVER.—It was a happy day for the University when Charles D. McIver was given his diploma and went out in the world for himself, and to reflect honor on his *Alma Mater*. Not only does he reflect honor on it, but he works for it personally. We are indebted to Prof. McIver for introducing the idea of establishing fellowship at the University. The plan he proposes is for every Alumni to pay annually one dollar for this purpose. This is a fine idea and we believe is going to work well. The Alumni of the University are strong enough both in numbers and means to make this a success. The committee appointed consist of three of the liveliest men in the State, George T. Winston, Charles D. McIver and E. A. Alderman. We know that everything that is possible to be made out of it will be done by these men, now it is in good hands. The Alumni must help them. This plan will succeed if the friends of the University will once think of its merits. We ask them to awaken themselves. The payment of one dollar annually will not amount to much from one man. Every one can afford to pay it, and will certainly be instrumental in doing a good work. Let every Alumni send his name and post-office address either to George T. Winston, Chapel Hill; Charles D. McIver, Charlotte, or E. A. Alderman, Goldsboro. They will attend to it.

## UNIVERSITY YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Lake Geneva Encampment, August 18th to 30th.

Northfield Summer School, June 27th to July 8th.

The Association Library is growing slowly. Any contributions to it will be gladly received.

The Visiting Committee will recommend to the Trustees of the University to make the English Bible elective.

Mr. J. L. Cuninggim, of Chapel Hill, has been elected to represent the Association at Moody's Summer School, Northfield, Mass.

We hope to make our Hall more cosy and attractive next year. A committee to solicit subscriptions for that purpose has been appointed and will, no doubt, succeed in raising the required amount.

The "Student's Hand-book" is now in print and will be ready for distribution July 1st. The "Hand-book" contains much useful information to new students, and they would all do well to secure a copy. They can be had by applying to the Bursar.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, W. E. Rollins; Vice-President, Howard Rondthaler; Corresponding Secretary, Roscoe Nunn; Recording Secretary, Hubert Bingham; Treasurer, R. B. Hunter; Organist, E. P. Willard.

### SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT.

In reporting the work of the Association since January, I am quite liable to repeat what has been reported before, for much of our work since that time has been merely a continuation of that begun in the Fall. Certain features, however, have been more strongly emphasized, and certain methods more severely tested than before, and it is to these especially that I wish to call your attention.

The plan instituted last Fall of having the Executive Committee to consist of the officers of the Association and the chairmen of all standing committees, instead of the officers only, as before, has been continued, and, though it has been unsuccessful elsewhere, we are more than ever convinced of its adaptability to our own work. This committee, consisting of thirteen men, has met regularly once per week and transacted such business as might come before it, and at each meeting the chairman has been held responsible for the work assigned his committee the week previous. The promptness and efficiency with which each member of this important committee has performed the work assigned him is indeed gratifying.

We realize the value of conventions to Association work. One delegate was sent to the District Convention held at Reidsville; seven to the one held at Henderson, while we were ably represented at the State Convention by twenty delegates—the largest delegation present. One of our number attended the Students' Deputation Conference at Asheville, and another has been elected to represent us at Northfield. We can hardly overestimate the value of such gatherings to our work. We have thus kept in close touch with the State and International Committees. Fifteen dollars were raised for the latter during the week of prayer, and one hundred dollars were pledged to the former at the State Convention.

The Association Library is growing slowly. Drs. Battle and Hume, of the University, and Dr. J. William Jones, of Atlanta, have recently presented us with several valuable books. The immense need of books for special Bible study has constantly been felt by our Bible classes, and is a sufficient guarantee of the future growth of this special library. Of the religious meetings held by the Association, the most important are the devotional exercises conducted four nights per week in the Association Hall. These meetings have been varied as much as possible throughout the year, and many of the students have taken advantage of them. The average attendance since Christmas has been something over thirty. In addition to these an occasional missionary meeting has been held on Sunday, under the direction of the Volunteer Band, the last one being addressed by Mr. George S. Wills, of Oak Ridge.

The Volunteer Missionary Band consists of five members, who have met once per week throughout the year for prayer and consecration.

No change or improvement has been made upon the methods of Bible study since last year, though improved methods have been proposed, and will probably be carried out at an early date. Two facts are evident: First, the students of the University are deeply interested in Bible study; second, our present methods of study are insufficient. We should feel grateful for the former, but the latter should stir us to action. An important step in this line was taken when the student body petitioned the Board of Trustees that the study of the English Bible be made elective in our course. We can only hope that their petition will be granted.

The neighborhood work has been successful. Three Sunday-schools, one and two miles distant, have been furnished with teachers from the Association, until now they are quite self-supporting. One or two entertainments have been held during the term, and several lectures have been procured. Among the latter those of Dr. J. William Jones are worthy of special mention.

The Physical Department has been under the direction of Mr.\*Charles S. Mangum, a graduate of the Springfield, Mass., Training School. The class has not been so well attended as last year, but even more effectual work, if



possible, has been done. Those who took the drill were mainly hard students and those most in need of such exercise. The healthy change produced in those who have taken the course is especially noticeable, and is a strong argument for the necessity of some such instruction.

Other things might be mentioned in this report, but these are sufficient to give an idea of what is being done. We cannot know all the good we are doing, but He, through whom and for whom we live and labor, knows, and in His good time will reveal all things unto us. Unto Him be all the praise.

W. E. ROLLINS.

#### SOMETHING NEW.

Our work is never finished. When we close the labors of one year we are already interested and engaged in the work for the next. Our work during the past year has been a success, but what for the future? We are more alert than ever, and our prospects are pleasing. The Association has broad plans, consecrated energy and strong faith. It has already invested capital in the work of the coming year by arranging to have a delegate at Mr. Moody's Summer School. During the vacation the Young Men's Christian Association Hall will be refitted and greatly improved in its appearance. This will require an outlay of time and money, but it is needed and we hope to have it accomplished by the beginning of the coming session. We will then be ready to receive all the students, both new and old, with a cordial hand-shake. Several of the Association boys have decided to return to the Hill a day or two before the session begins and be ready to make things pleasant for all those who come; especially to make the new students feel at home.

A bureau of information will be conducted by members of the Association. They will be glad to furnish any information about College matters to all those who desire it, and will be glad to give any assistance in any way.

The Social Reception will be a very interesting feature of the Fall work. The Association is already laying broad plans for this big undertaking and the outlook for a grand success is good. This will be held in some commodious building, perhaps the gymnasium, where all the students will be welcomed. We hope to have refreshments, music, &c., and above all, the ladies of the village with their winning ways, who will assist in preparing for the occasion and in making everyone happy. The reception will probably be held on the first Saturday night after the opening of the session. We urge the students, then, to come back early and enjoy it while they may.

There are many other things which we are planning for, but these will suffice to show that the Association is alive to its duty, and is bending its energy to greater work in the future. It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

The Association gives a Christian welcome to all the students that come to the University the next year, whether for the first or the last time. Give us your help, and let us raise up the individual life and college life nearer to the perfect pattern of Christ. Our hearts' desire and prayer to God is, that many students may be led to live a better life during the coming year.

J. L. CUNINGGIM.

## PERSONALS.

—Twenty-six new Alumni since June 4th.

—A more successful and enjoyable Commencement we have never witnessed.

—V. S. Bryant, who has been reading law here for the past year, will locate at Roxboro next fall.

—H. W. Lewis, Class '88, is here to take the summer Law course. A very large class will be here this summer.

—Robert Ransom, of Weldon, was with us Commencement to see his many friends, and to see "Poss" graduate.

—Shepard Bryan, son of Judge H. R. Bryau, of New Bern, has been elected Librarian for next year. An excellent selection.

—W. P. Bynum, one of the brightest men in the Soph. Class, was taken sick just before examination. We are sorry to hear he is no better.

—Mot Morehead, Class '91, has been elected Professor of Mathematics and French at the Leaksville Practical High School. Much success to him.

—Lacy Little, E. P. Mangum and "Hall" Wood, three of our most popular Alumni, were with us Commencement. They seemed to enjoy it very much.

—We take off our hat to Chief Ball Manager Hoke. His management of the ball this year has been very creditable. The Wednesday night German was excellently led.

—We are glad to notice that F. M. Harper has been re-elected Principal of Raleigh Graded School. R. H. Holland has been re-elected to the same position in the Charlotte school.

—Col. Walter L. Steele, LL.D., much to our enjoyment, gave us his 18th annual address, at prayer, this year. No man has a stronger hold on the affection of the boys than Dr. Steele.

—Chief Marshal Cheek was taken sick just before Commencement and could not serve. Mebane acted as Chief and Pearsall as Marshal in place of Mebane. They all did very well.

—Several of the boys are staying over after Commencement—Patterson, Argo, Batchelor, Morehead, McKethan, Gaither, Stronach, Wills and Pear-sall. They have been having a very jolly time.

—John Hill, L. B. Edwards, Herbert Clement, Maxey John, all old University boys, will be up here this summer to read law under Dr. Manning and Judge Shepherd. There will be a class of about forty.

—We were very glad to see Judge E. T. Boykin here Commencement. The young men take a deep interest in our young men who occupy high offices, and appreciate having them with us, especially on such occasions.

—Dr. John Gibbons, of Charlotte, a young man who recently graduated with such high honors at the University of Pennsylvania, was on the Hill Commencement. He has many friends here and will always be welcomed.

—Neither the Faculties of Davidson, Wake Forest or Trinity were represented at our Commencement. We were very sorry to see this. We think the Professors of the different Colleges and Universities should visit the different Commencements.

—It was a very sad death of William Williams, so well known here as "Wink," which happened in South Carolina last week, by being run over by a freight train. He had a great many friends in the State, and was deservedly popular while at the University.

—It was a pleasure to have R. L. Patterson with us during Commencement. He is now located at Concord, and is general manager of that large bag factory. He is quite a boy, and this is a very great honor to one so young, but we know he deserves it.

—A. H. Patterson, Class '91, will take an advanced course at Harvard next year. "Pat" was one of our brightest and most popular men. He took the degrees of B. E. and Ph. B. in four years. He will make Civil and Electrical Engineering his profession.

—Dr. William J. Battle has won the Morgan Fellowship at Harvard. It is quite an honor for him. He was successful over forty-five competitors. Prof. J. Lee Love, we are also glad to know, has been re-elected Instructor in Mathematics of the same University.

—Dr. P. L. Murphy, of Morganton, who has always taken such a deep interest in the University, was with us during Commencement. Though not an Alumni of this institution, he is a Trustee and always attends their meetings. The boys especially enjoyed Dr. M.'s jokes.

—We notice several new students are here standing examination for entrance next fall. Among them we remember George Marsh, of Morganton; John and Leslie Gatling and Stronach, of Raleigh; Jacob Battle, of Rocky Mount; T. B. Ruffin, Jr., of Wilson, and John Patterson, of Salem.

—Hon. Marion Butler, who so ably represented Sampson county in the last Senate, attended Commencement and the meeting of the Trustees. Senator Butler is a strong friend of the University and is the youngest Trustee. His many friends were glad to see him.

—The many friends of Dr. Russel Bellamy were glad to see him here Commencement. He stood for his license before the last State Board of Examiners and won the D. Appleton prize of twenty-five dollars for standing the best examination before the board. This is quite a compliment to one so young and who has read medicine for such a short time.

—J. V. Lewis, Class '91, has a position on the United States Geological Survey with a salary of first month the fifty dollars. This is a very desirable position, there being a chance to be promoted. Mr. Lewis was one of Prof. Holmes' advanced students in Geology, and is evidence of the thorough course here, and Prof. Holmes' reputation as a Geologist.

—It gave us much pleasure to see the deserved compliment paid to Prof. E. A. Alderman in electing him to the most important chair in the Training School for Girls. No man in North Carolina could better fill it than Prof. Alderman. But while it will be a gain to that school, it will be a very great loss to the public schools, for which he has done so much.

—R. B. Redwine, B. L., '91, will locate, to practice law, in Maxton. Wray Martin will settle at his home in Little Rock, Ark. Peebles has not yet decided. Stronach will locate at Salt Lake City, Utah. If he meets with success we shall expect to see such an advertisement in the *Salt Lake Dispatch*: "Stronach & Martin, Attorneys at Law. Divorce cases a specialty."

—Dr. S. B. Weeks has been elected to the Chair of History of Trinity College. This is a deserved compliment. Dr. Weeks is a young man. He graduated here in '86, afterwards taking the A. M. degree. He was Instructor in English one year after graduation. He has since been at Johns Hopkins, where he took the degree of Ph. D. He has made history a specialty, and has already attained some reputation by his writings and original researches. We believe he will be a great addition to Trinity Faculty.

#### IN TOWN.

—Miss Maria Alston is visiting friends and relatives in Raleigh and Tarboro.

—Governor and Mrs. Holt were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Gore during Commencement.

—Miss Mary Anderson, who has been on a visit to Cincinnati for a few weeks, is back home.

—Mrs. Mary Patterson, of Salem, was on a visit to Mrs. Alexander during Commencement week.

—Miss Mary McCauley is home from Salem Female Academy, where she has been at school for last year.

—Misses Mary McRae and Lilly Rose, of Fayetteville, are spending a few days with Mrs. R. S. McRae.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall, of Wilmington, spent a few days before and after Commencement with Prof. Holmes.

—President Wiuston has gone North to visit the Northern institutions of learning. He will be gone about a month.

—Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, of Wilmington, are visiting relatives and friends in town. Mrs. Jewett will remain here during summer.

—Mr. E. P. Mangum, Principal of the Asheville Graded School, is on a visit to his mother. He will be here during most of summer.

—Mr. Charles S. Mangum left for Morehead City last week, where he will give the teachers a course in gymnasium. We know they will be pleased with Prof. Mangum and much benefited.

—Misses Belle and Maggie Newman, daughters of Judge Newman, of Atlanta, Ga., are visiting Miss Laura Payne. Two or three of the boys are staying over after Commencement. Why?

—Mrs T. H. Hume left a few weeks ago for the summer home of Dr. Hume in the Valley of Virginia. Dr. and Mrs. Hume go to Canada in August, where Dr. Hume appears before the National Convention of Education of Canada.

—Mr. Dan. Currie, Valedictorian '89, and Mrs. Currie (*nee* Miss Stella Hogan) are on a visit to Dr. Hogan. We are glad to know he is doing so well teaching school. He is one of our most enthusiastic Alumni. His school will be represented here next year, we are pleased to know, by two or three boys.

—A new hotel for Chapel Hill! This is nearly arranged. Men of pluck, energy and means have hold of it, such as H. H. and W. T. Patterson, Captain Payne, J. B. Mason, D. M. McCauley and others. We believe it will be a good thing for Chapel Hill, and especially for the students. We hope it will be built this summer.

#### JOKE DEPARTMENT.

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| <p>SACRED to the memory of Mot Morehead, who has graduated. We are therefore deprived of the fun and jokes of College. May he live long and prosper.—EDS.</p> |
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## COLLEGE RECORD.

WE ARE glad to know that there will be some very desirable changes made in our Library this summer. This is one of the most valuable libraries in the South, and no means should be spared to make it the most convenient.

THE arrangement this year of cutting down the Senior speaking was a successful one. It was liked a great deal more than was expected. We had only a few speeches, and they were all good. The competitors for the "Hume Essayist Medal" were not allowed to speak, so a good many tried for the Essayist Medal in place of speaking. This plan works well.

THE practical work in the Physics Laboratory for the past year, under Prof. Gore, has proved a complete success. Every member was required to do some practical work illustrating the principles of Physics. They were thus greatly aided in understanding the theory, as well as having the benefit of the practical experience.

THE Dialectic Society has been presented with a very handsome portrait of Colonel William Johnston, of Charlotte, who is one of our honored members. The work was done by Mr. W. G. Randall, of Raleigh, and is well executed, both in likeness and finish. Mr. Randall also did the one of Colonel Steele, recently presented the Society, which is very good also. The frames of these pictures are very handsome, and are worthy to be seen in any hall.

THE much needed improvements in some of the buildings here, we are glad to know, will be made this summer. We hope that the money they have to expend for improvements will be put for one purpose, or one building, or, at least, when they commence to work on the thing they will furnish it and finish it well before they stop. Don't let them spread it all over everything and do no good anywhere. We are glad to know this is their plan of work. We think water-works are going to be put in every building. The South Building is to be improved. We hope this will be finished next year, and we believe it will.

## COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of this Commencement were shorter, better prepared and more interesting than of any Commencement we have had in a number of years. They began Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.

The Marshals of the two Societies, with their white and blue regalias, were on hand. F. C. Mebane, Chief. From Phi. Society, R. H. Johnston,

P. P. Winborne and C. F. Harvey. From Di. Society, Matt. J. Pearsall, W. E. Rollins and A. J. Edwards.

Wednesday was the Alumni Day. Colonel Steele, the President of the Association, presided with his usual dignity, though often lending fun and amusement to all.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard (who, we may here remark, is one of the ablest and most accomplished divines in the South. He is a true friend of the University, as all true North Carolinians are).

The orator of the day was Colonel John M. Galloway, of Rockingham county. We are very sorry we are not able to give the outline of his speech. His subject was "The Guide of Man should be Love." It was listened to with marked attention, and frequently heartily applauded.

After the address Mr. J. D. Murphy, of Asheville, presented the Class Cup to Kemp Battle Nixon, he being the first boy born of the class of '81. This was one of the most elegant and appropriate speeches we ever heard. It was full of wisdom, sentiment of loyalty to the University, good sense and humor.

After the speech Messrs. McKethan, Johnston, Biggs and Winborne, representatives of the Phi. Society, and Messrs. Patterson, Graham, Rollins and Pearsall, representatives of the Di. Society, marched to the rostrum and presented to Dr. Battle the resolutions passed by the two Societies, expressing their appreciation of his labor for the University and his interest in the Societies.

Colonel Steele then offered his resignation as President of the Alumni Association, which was accepted.

On motion of Dr. Battle, Hon. Thomas S. Kenan was unanimously elected President. Colonel Kenan accepted in a very nice and earnest speech.

Wednesday night was the oratorical contest between the representatives of the two Societies, which is said by all to have been the best in several years. The following is the list of speakers and their subjects:

#### DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

H. R. Ferguson, Waynesville, N. C.—"Home Rule, Not a Remedy."

#### PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

Roscoe Nunn, New Berne, N. C.—"The Stranger Within the Gates."

George W. Connor, Wilson, N. C.—"The Nation's Law and the Nation's Life."

A. H. Koonce, Richlands, N. C.—"Education and Citizenship."

#### DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

S. L. Davis, Asheboro, N. C.—"The Evolution of Nations."

Z. I. Walser, Yadkin College, N. C.—"Journalism and Law."

Thursday morning was the Senior speaking. The following is a list of speakers and essayists, with their subjects and the degrees conferred:

## ORATIONS BY CANDIDATES FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

1. Andrew H. Patterson, Ph. B. and B. E., Salem, N. C.—“The Amber Soul.” (The Philosophical Oration).
2. William L. Spoon, B. S. and B. E., Rock Creek, N. C.—“The Unseen Hand.”
3. John M. Morehead, B. S., Leaksville, N. C.—“Growth of the Iron Industry in the South.”
4. William Watkins Davies, Jr., Ph. B., Drapersville, Va.—“A Bar of Sand.”
5. Shepard Bryan, A. B., New Berne, N. C.—“Reforms and Reformers.”
6. S. C. Thompson, Ph. B., Cedar Cliff, N. C.—“St. Paul at the Council of Jerusalem.”
7. William H. Wills, A. B., Greensboro, N. C.—“An Historical View of the Social Question.”
8. Francis Howard Batchelor, A. B., Raleigh, N. C.—“The Scholar in Politics.” Valedictorian.

## THESES BY CANDIDATES FOR BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

[Prepared according to requirement, but not read on this occasion.]

- William Johnston Andrews, A. B., Raleigh, N. C.—“Our State: What Are We to Do?”
- William W. Ashe, B. L., Raleigh, N. C.—“Schiller's Personality in His Dramas.”
- M. W. Ball, Ph. B., Greensboro, N. C.—“The Ideal King.”
- J. L. Cuninggim, A. B., Chapel Hill, N. C.—“The Italian Reformation.” (The Classical Thesis).
- George H. Currie, B. L., Clarkton, N. C.—“Luther at the Council.”
- Palmer Dalrymple, A. B., Jonesboro, N. C.—“The Youngest of the Sciences.”
- Robert R. Eason, Ph. B., Selma, N. C.—“The Turning Point of English History.”
- John M. Fleming, A. B., Raleigh, N. C.—“Greek Education.”
- George Mordecai Graham, Ph. B., Hillsboro, N. C.—“Ideals.”
- Paul Cameron Graham, Ph. B., Hillsboro, N. C.—“The Industrial Future of the South.”
- Joseph Volney Lewis, B. E., Darlington, N. C.—“Inter-State Bonds.”
- E. R. McKethan, A. B., Fayetteville, N. C.—“An Appeal against Woman Suffrage.”
- Charles S. Mangum, A. B., Chapel Hill, N. C.—“The Diet of 1521: Its Results.”

George Ransom, Ph. B., Garysburg, N. C.—“The Degeneracy of Fiction.”

## THESIS BY CANDIDATE FOR THE DEGREE ON MASTER OF LAWS.

- Rev. James Edward Fogartie, A. M., (A. B. Davidson College '74); “Herbert Spencer's Reconciliation of Science and Religion on the Basis of the Unknowable.”

THESES BY CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS.

Robert Burwell Redwine, B. L., Wolfville, N. C., and Calvert Goosely Peebles, B. L., Jackson, N. C.—“Some Restraints of the United States Constitution on the Taxing Power of the Several States.”

Edwin Wray Martin, B. L., Little Rock., Ark., and Alexander Stronach, B. L., Raleigh, N. C.—“On the Power of the United States to Regulate Inter-State Commerce.”

After the Senior speaking the prizes and medals were delivered as follows:

PRIZES.

Moral Science—To F. H. Batchelor, presented by Dr. Pritchard.

Math. Medal—F. C. Mebane, and Geology Prize, J. V. Lewis, presented by Captain Ashe.

Best Graduating Essay—W. W. Ashe, presented by Dr. Marshall.

Greek Prize—J. C. Biggs, presented by Mr. W. J. Peele.

Rep. Medal—George W. Connor, presented by Hon. Rufus A. Doughton, of Alleghany.

Mangum Medal—W. W. Davies, Jr., presented by Sol. D. Weill.

The following honorary degrees were conferred:

D. D.—Rev. Wilson Smedes, Rev. Edward M. Gushee, Cambride, Mass.; Rev. Wilson McKay, South Carolina.

L.L. D.—Hon. Walter L. Steele, Rockingham; Maj. Robert Bingham, Asheville; Prof. James H. Horner, Horner's School; Hon. J. B. Batchelor, Raleigh.

Dr. Battle made a few very appropriate remarks on retiring from the Presidency. Having been connected with the University for forty-six years, he had a natural right to love it, which love would lay down only with life. That he was glad of the choice of Prof. Winston.

Prayer by Dr. Hume ended the Commencement exercises.

THE SOCIAL SIDE.—On Tuesday night an informal hop: Wednesday night, german; Thursday night, Alumni reception in the Library, and Commencement Ball, given in honor of the graduating class.

The costumes on Thursday night were very elegant. The following is list of young ladies and their costumes:

Misses Mary Anderson, Chapel Hill, blue crepe de chene; Mary Snow, Raleigh, lavender crepe; Miss Smith, Salisbury, white silk; Octavia Winder, Raleigh, white silk; Bessie Tucker, Raleigh, lilac crepe; Sadie Tucker, Raleigh, blue faille; Margaret Hinsdale, Raleigh, white silk; Mary Hardin, Raleigh, china silk; Penelope Wilson, Milton, white silk; Lenora Crudup, Meridan, Miss., white silk; Mattie Lee, Goldsboro, white crepe; Helen Moore, Augusta, Ga., white silk; Charlotte Grimes, Grimesland, white silk; Miss Raney, Kittrell's, white silk; Mary Grimes, Grimesland, white silk; Belle Newman,

Atlanta, Ga., white silk; Bessie Sloan, Greensboro, black lace; Minnie Giles, Wilmington, white tulle; Jessie Kenan, Wilmington, white tulle; Lily Morehead, Leaksville, lavender crepe; Gray Morehead, Leaksville, white crepe; Fan Burwell, Charlotte, white silk; Lily Jones, Patterson, green silk; May Davies, Drapersville, Va., white silk; Annie Bingham, Salisbury, white lace and silk; Carrie Furman, Asheville, white silk; Lillie Rose, Fayetteville, lace and silk; Dot Manning, Chapel Hill, white crepe; Lottie Lewis, Goldsboro, black lace and silk; Janie Andrews, Raleigh, white crepe de chene; Belle Bethel, Danville, Va., green silk; Mildred Badger, Raleigh, white crepe; Mamie Heartt, Durham, lace and silk; Maggie Newman, Atlanta, Ga., white crepe; Mary Phillips, Tarboro, green crepe; Sallie Hill, Faison, white silk; Miss Badham, Edenton, white crepe; Sudie Cain, Durham, white crepe; Miss Peschau, Wilmington, white satin; Eleanor Alexander, Chapel Hill, white mull; Mary McRea, Fayetteville, white silk; Annie Busbee, Raleigh, white crepe; Laura Payne, Chapel Hill, white crepe; Lizzie Bellamy, Raleigh, white crepe; Miss Dancy, Tarboro, green crepe.

Mrs. Thomas Holt, Raleigh, black velvet; Mrs. Gore, Chapel Hill, peach crepe; Mrs. Andrews, Raleigh, black velvet; Mrs. Daniels, Raleigh, grey satin; Mrs. H. B. Battle, Raleigh, lavender silk; Mrs. James Boylan, Raleigh, red satin and black crepe; Mrs. Armistead Burwell, Charlotte, black lace; Mrs. Patterson, Salem, black silk; Mrs. Morehead, Leaksville, black silk; Mrs. Alexander, Chapel Hill, black silk; Mrs. Payne, Chapel Hill, black silk and lace; Mrs. McRae, Chapel Hill, black lace; Mrs. Henry R. Bryan, New Berne, black silk and lace; Mrs. Batchelor, Raleigh, black lace.

The Ball Managers' Rosettes and Marshals' Regalias were presented as follows:

Chief Ball Manager Hoke's to Miss Fan Burwell; Manager Kenan's to Miss Bessie Tucker; Gaither's to Miss Belle Newman; Snow's to Miss Mattie Lee; Peschau's to Miss Mary Hardin; Alston's to Miss Margaret Hinsdale; Watlington's to Miss Annie Bingham.

Chief Marshal Mebaue's to Miss Mary Phillips; Marshal Harvey's to Miss Mamie Heartt; Winborne's to Miss Dot Manning; Johnston's to Miss Mary Snow; Pearsall's to Miss Mary McRae.

APOLOGETIC.—We must apologize for not getting the *MAGAZINE* out sooner, and for any mistakes and omissions which may occur in it. Mr. Matt. J. Pearsall, who had the manuscript all ready, happened to the misfortune to having it burned by a lamp explosion, and it all had to be hastily re-prepared.















